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MISCHIEF IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, in his History of Humor, remarks that in his investigations he encounters a formidable Demon of the Threshold. Any one who has studied the subject and attempted to unravel the mazes in which it is lost will understand at once what the demon is. It is one which causes almost hopeless confusion, entangles and ensnares the unwary, and inspires every student with a new definition. In a word, it is the demon which Mephistopheles represents himself to be when he says, "Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint,"—the spirit that prompts every writer to differ with all others, and deny those conclusions which have been already arrived at. This bewildering uncertainty, which lies as a stumbling-block in the way of all researches as to the nature of humor, is as true with regard to its twin, mischief. Heretofore there has never been a monograph, much less a book, devoted solely to mischief; yet it forms a very common subject, distinct in itself, and, when clearly defined and understood, supplies the missing link in the moral world, bridging over the gulf between the animal creation and man. For mischief runs riot in those animals most distinguished for their intelligence,—in dogs, monkeys, and parrots; it characterizes the youth and childhood of the human individual and of the human

race; it lights up with smiles the dim old mythologies of the world's childhood; it breaks out in the Middle Ages in the jesters and court-fools, in Pulcinello, the prototype of Punch; and it abounds and overflows in the rollicking Panurges and Eulenspiegels of literature.

Much confusion has arisen from the fact that the *noun*, mischief, has usually been defined as evil result, harm, or injury, and in this sense has been used by all standard English writers; whereas the *verb*, to be mischievous, conveys a very different meaning. But it is this latter signification, in accordance with the definition given by C. J. Smith in his Dictionary of Synonyms, that I would here adopt. I will then define mischief (*l'esprit malin*) as selfish wantonness or indulgence of animal spirits; that is, the desire of action not guided by reason, or the desire to feel one's own power, often inspired by humor, which is so common a part of enjoyment that it would almost seem as if, without it, mischief is no longer mischief. Malebranche says that the seventh condition of passion is "a certain sweetness which generally accompanies all passions, whether excited by good or evil. It is this joy which renders all our passions agreeable." This is the *dulcedo* of other writers contemporary with Malebranche. So we may say that the *dulcedo*, or joy which under-

lies the successful achievement of mischief, is a feeling which would be equally excited by good or evil, and which belongs to neither. Morally it is

“Half of one order, half another,
A creature of amphibious nature,
That preys on either grace or sin,
A sheep without, a wolf within.”

I sincerely trust that no one who reads these pages will consider any of the illustrations selected as simply humorous. There has hitherto been so little distinction between mischief *with* humor and humor *per se* that many who have not analytical minds will never learn the difference. As Mr. George H. Lewes found a gentleman whom he could not bring in three hours to understand the idea of substance without attribute, so I have found that there are those who cannot understand that there may be humor with or without mischief, or that the reckless or willful indulgence in fun involves something very different from fun itself. The difference is that between the will exerted with power and the instrument.

Mischief is often closely akin to pure evil. We see this in the Red Indian or South Sea Islander, who maliciously adds every conceivable torture to prolong the agonies of his victim, while the women and children, looking on, laugh with delight at each new contortion. But with the evolution of the moral sense, or the evolution of conduct, as Herbert Spencer calls it, the sympathies are gradually developed, until the connection between cruelty and the sense of humor is destroyed, and the cruel element, no longer the end desired, is merely a chance occurrence arising from the absence of reflection, though too often, unfortunately, evil in its results.

“But evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart.”

With this separation, mischief becomes gay, thoughtless, and merry, or the very spirit of youth, when an exuberance of mental activity is not counterbalanced

by an equal development of the reasoning powers. This is true of races as well as of individuals, and hence we find the Middle Ages, when the Western world was young, overflowing with droll mischief. It was the order of the day. Artists and nobles, peasants and serfs, high and low, all dearly loved a jest, and went laughing through life as if it were a carnival, and one's only aim was to be jolly. There was a grotesqueness, a quaintness, a certain irresistible charm, about the mischief of those days which had never been before, and which can never be again. This was owing to two causes.

The first cause was this. When Christianity was established it had to wage war against a sensuality pervading every rank in life, and one which always marks a waning civilization. As a contradistinction to this the church went to the extreme of asceticism, and taught that all earthly pleasures are sinful. This doctrine was naturally accompanied by manifold evils. It prevented progress, for every new step forward brought with it greater attachment to the “lusts of the flesh.” Pleasure is absolutely necessary to mental as well as physical development. Hence, the ignorance and degradation of that long period known as the Dark Ages, though originating in the incursions of barbarians, were heightened and prolonged by the promulgation of the strange doctrine of asceticism. But this could not last. Human nature will assert itself, and after the harsh and stern period there came the reaction. The scholastic philosophy, which had fettered the learned and been the limit of learning, vanished like night before the morning redness of the rising Renaissance. “The Occidental mind was then,” says Professor Morris,¹ “like an overgrown, undisciplined boy, such as all savages are said to be. It celebrated its release from scholasticism and all its re-

¹ British Thought and Thinkers. By Prof. G. S. Morris. Chicago. 1880.

straints by hurling at it manly anathemas, very much as the boy, when the period of his youthful schooling is over, is apt to turn his back on the scene of his scholastic discipline and on his teachers with the exclamation, Good-by, old school! you can't rule me any longer!" It is no wonder that in such a state of society, when merriment burst its bands, mischief ran riot, and the lord of misrule became mighty.

The other cause for the merry roguery of the Middle Ages we find in the gradual civilization of the Northmen and their settlement over all Europe. These men, living in snow and ice, their long winter one endless night, seem from their very hardships and struggles to have evolved in a shorter time more sympathy than the Southern nations. There is a special tendency in the East and in Southern countries to associate pleasure with the exercise of cruelty. Though the Northmen were brutal enough, rough, unpolished warriors as they were, there was in them a queer, grotesque humor which softened their otherwise too rugged nature. Strong and invincible, they unconsciously influenced the people among whom they settled; and the spirit which arose from the blending of the rich humor of the North with the refined malice of the South rapidly made itself felt through Europe. We see it peeping out from the goblins and fantastic figures of Gothic architecture; we hear it in the merry shake of the cap and bells of the privileged fool; and we find it in the quaint literature of those days. Even Satan appears in a new light; we almost lose sight of the dignified Lucifer of the Hebrews, and in the Mephistophelian laugh which now accompanies all his exploits there is a gleam of the mischief-maker Loki. This stage of mischief served its good end. Luther and Calvin accomplished great reforms, but they might not have succeeded so readily had they been unaided by Rabelais, Ulrich von Hütten, and their brethren.

Every age is mirrored in its art and literature, and it is in them that the mischief of the Middle Ages is best studied. All Europe was nominally Christian, but more than a remnant of paganism remained, and there arose a new mythology, which embraced elements from all the old ones, producing a spirit world of demons, fairies, and goblins, and creating innumerable legends and superstitions. Many of these demons are represented, and their legends quaintly recorded, in the mediæval buildings and the illuminated manuscripts. From the walls of the old cathedrals monstrous figures look down upon us. Apes and foxes, youths and maidens with fair faces and bestial forms, hideous goblins with mouths distended in a diabolical grin, — every conceivable grotesqueness is there, until we wonder how the piety of the people could exist by the side of this seeming mockery. That it did have its effect upon their imagination is more than probable, for in some legends there is a marked confusion between the actual sculptured goblins and the weird visitants from the land of ghosts. This doubtless was the foundation of the Thuringian legend of a nun named Ursula. When alive, so the story goes, there was always something unearthly in her nature, and, while chanting matins and vespers, she continually made a howling noise like the hooting of an owl, for which reason she was nicknamed in the monastery Tûtursel, or Tooting Ursula. After death she became more deliberately mischievous. Returning to the convent chapel during the vesper hour, she would wander up to the ceiling or along the high wall, poke her head out through the carvings, and howl and wail like the wind. One day the sisters saw the goblin head peeping out from the Gothic tracery, pale and distinct against the deep tone of the background, and they ran, screaming, in a panic from the chapel. Duly exorcised, the Tûtursel was banished to the Hartz Mountains,

where she associated afterward with Hakelnburg, the Wild Hunter, who had sold his soul to the devil so that he might hunt to the day of judgment. She is the Owl always depicted in the Wild Hunt.

In the symbolism of that period queer three-legged frog-goblins, brazen and impudent, occur over and over again, as in China, and the monkey is made synonymous with the devil. In an illuminated manuscript the temptation of Adam and Eve is represented by a spiteful monkey sitting opposite to an innocent child, grasping it with one hand and holding an apple in the other. The sculptors and illuminators were especially fond of setting forth the fox as a humorous mischief-maker. In many cathedrals and manuscripts he is portrayed preaching to a flock of geese; or else in ecclesiastical garb, as in Japan, listening to priestly counsel, while from his hood peep out the heads of geese which he has captured, and with which he is making off. This conception of the fox as the type of cunning mischief reached its culminating point in the romance of *Reineke Fuchs*, where force overcome by craft, a favorite idea of the Middle Ages, is the moral of the tale.

In mediæval legends the scriptural Satan, no longer a spirit of pure evil or the arch-enemy of God, was transformed into a roguish demon. He was more like a droll hobgoblin playing tricks for his own amusement, and his "type" was the result of a queer combination of the pranks of the Northern *Loki* with the horns, tail, and cloven feet of the Southern *Pan*. He was easily recognized by his feet, his tail, or the strong smell of sulphur he left behind him. By no means all-powerful, he was often cheated and fooled. He was fond of bargaining for the souls of mortals, and, to seal such compacts, he required the signature of his victim written in blood. As compared with the Shemitic evil principle, or the awful demons and North-

ern trolls which had preceded him, he appears like a mischievous monkey. In all his representations, — and their name is legion, — there is one peculiarity which cannot possibly escape even the most inattentive: he is always depicted with a smirk of intense satisfaction at his own misdoings, joined to an inimitable expression of vulgar mischief. In one of the most popular of mediæval pictures demons are seen carrying the souls of the damned to hell; and very jolly work they seem to find it, for their mouths are stretched from ear to ear in hideous grins, and their grotesque features are contracted into that expression of demoniac fun which was perfected by the artists of the Middle Ages. The devil possessed to a marvelous extent the power of changing his form, and appeared in every shape: now, as a hunted stag, he led the hunter to the very brink of a deep precipice; or else, as in the legend of *Floris II.*, Count of Holland, he came as a black dog, and hindered the workmen from filling up a certain dyke. Finally, a courageous workman caught the devil dog by the throat and hurled him into the abyss, whereupon they were able to proceed in their work; and the dam is to this day known as the *Hundsdam*, or the *Dog's Dam*. German students still call being in good luck "on the dam," and in misfortune "on the dog," but whether the sayings are connected with the legend is not recorded.

The devil as *Friar Rush* is the hero of a tale which was popular all over Northern Europe. Disguised as a simple youth, he became cook in a monastery, where he rendered himself valuable by his services. He pampered the good monks in all their secret foibles, but was at the same time mindful of his own relaxation. There is a proverb stating that God sends meat and the devil sends cooks, which was verified in the story of *Friar Rush*; only that, instead of cooking badly, as the proverb

would lead us to infer, he dinnèd them so deliciously that he led his brethren into all the sins of luxury. I do not know whether we find here a reason why the *marmiton*, or pot-boy, in a French kitchen is so often called *le diable*, but men have been called devils for less. On one occasion Friar Rush secretly supplied every brother in the monastery with a heavy wooden stick, and when they were in their chapel chanting matins, before dawn, he, with subtle cunning, engaged them in a quarrel, which grew in intensity until each monk in turn drew forth his staff, and the battle began in real earnest. When the strife was at its height, and the good brothers were belaboring each other in the most unchristian-like manner, Rush blew out the lights, and then settled himself down to pure enjoyment of the wild scene of confusion that followed. He was so sly that in all his pranks he was never suspected, and his reign was long and merry. But the time of retribution came. One night when he went to attend a meeting of the spirits of evil, he was seen by a man who had concealed himself in a hollow tree. In the old black-letter story this meeting on the heath is made very picturesque in the Northern style. The man who witnessed the whole performance, "on the wild wold by demon light aglow," related it promptly to the abbot. Friar Rush was plentifully sprinkled with holy water, and, through the exorcisms of the abbot, was transformed into a horse and condemned to hardships little suited to his jovial nature. This story shows the identity of the evil spirit with the mere tricky goblin. We lose all memory of a "Fende from Helle," and think of him only as a Robin Goodfellow.

As distinct as the mythology of Greece or Scandinavia was the fairy mythology of mediæval Europe. It borrowed from the one grace and sensuous recklessness, from the other ruggedness and humor, and formed a whole of sprightly mis-

chief. Fairies, imps, hobgoblins, demons, and a hundred other spirits played in a fairy-land of their own. They were neither malevolent nor benevolent; they were simply mischievous. Sometimes visible, sometimes invisible, they never tired of teasing and fooling stupid mortals. In-doors, they upset the furniture; made strange noises; gayly flitted from one person to another, pulling their hair, pinching them, and ingeniously practicing on them every kind of minor torture. Out-of-doors, their tricks were more boisterous; it seemed as if the fresh air intoxicated them. They misled the traveler, guiding him into morasses and brambly thickets; or, appearing in the shape of a horse, one would stand quietly grazing, the picture of gentleness, until some unlucky man was tempted to mount him, and then away he flew, over heath and bog, over fen and moor, until the rider fell off, bruised and exhausted. They haunted wine-cellars and drank up the beer and wine, and were especially fond of playing this trick on the monks, whose love of good eating and drinking was then proverbial. Their kinship to Friar Rush was made apparent, for like him they succumbed at the first touch of holy water. In a certain monastery barrel after barrel of wine was mysteriously consumed, and not all the watching in the world could bring the thief to light. Finally, in despair, the monks sprinkled the barrels with holy water. In the morning, when they went down to examine the premises, lo! astride of one of them was a little shaggy elf, imprisoned there by the power of the sacred spell. This story frequently recurs in the literature devoted to this fairy mythology, of which the old ballad of Robin Goodfellow may be taken as a fair specimen; for mischievous Robin was the type of all the Pucks and tricky elves of the Elizabethan period.

The mischief of the Middle Ages is again set forth in the jongleurs and court-fools. The object of the jesters

was, like that of the *mimi* of antiquity, to make people laugh until their sides ached, as Mürner says in his introduction to Tyll Eulenspiegel. To accomplish this end any folly was permitted. They played tricks worthy of Robin Goodfellow; they danced and tumbled, they grimaced and writhed; and every new absurdity and far-fetched conceit was met with peals of admiring laughter. There was little real wit among them; their fun was of the rudest, and their jests were coarse and rough. In those days one of the favorite amusements of the nobles was *gabbing*. This is best described in the *Voyage de Charlemagne*, by the *trouvère*, Turolde. It is interesting to know that, like the gentleman in *Pickwick*, Charlemagne had the gift of the gab "very gallopin;" while we find that the expression is by no means a modern vulgarism, but one rendered memorable by a good old age and royal example. Charlemagne and his twelve peers had once been nobly entertained by King Hugo. When the feast was over, the guest party retired to their chamber, where the usual after-dinner amusement began. As the wine passed around, the mirth became more hilarious and the jests bolder. The first gab was made by Charlemagne. With vaunts more flattering to himself than to his royal host, he declared that he could with utmost ease perform deeds of valor by which Hugo and his court would be discomfited and dishonored. Oliver's boasts were not complimentary to the king's fair daughter; while Turpin, the archbishop, nothing daunted by his clerical dignity from enjoying a good gab, boasted that he could execute tricks far surpassing those of ordinary mountebanks and jesters. The party grew jollier, and each tried to outvie the other; but their mirth was destined to a sad result. A spy, who had concealed himself in the room and listened to their jokes, reported all that had passed to Hugo, who became wrathful;

and nothing short of a miracle and a gentle maiden's kindness would have saved them. If such was the coarse fun of the nobility, one cannot be surprised at the pranks and follies of the jesters, who had no other aim in life than to excite laughter.

One of the privileges the fool acquired with his cap and bells was perfect freedom of speech. With an air of simplicity he hurled his mischievous abuse at kings and bishops, knights and ladies, on every occasion. His boldest sallies met with less reproof than sympathetic applause. His seeming stupidity added immensely to the joke. Owing to their enormous popularity the fools were duly celebrated in poetry and prose, while their cap and bells and other insignia of folly found their place with the demons and grotesque animals of Gothic architecture, and, ornamenting the margin of manuscripts, served as a merry contrast to the weighty matter of many a ponderous tome.

Of all the fools of fiction or of reality there is not one who stands out in such bold relief, as a good-natured rogue and insatiable mischief-maker, as Tyll Eulenspiegel. He is irresistible. Whether we follow him to the bee-hive where he set the two thieves to fighting, while he made his escape, undetected; whether we accompany him to the church spire in Magdeburg on that famous occasion when he assembled crowds around the church, only to tell them they were bigger fools than he was himself; or whether we are witnesses of his imposture upon so august a person as the Pope, we cannot resist laughing heartily with him, while we admire his amazing ingenuity. His mischief began from his earliest years. His mother boasted that he had received three baptisms; for, as she carried him home from the baptismal font, she dropped him in the mud, and in consequence Master Tyll had his third plunge in a basin of water. Perhaps the mud counteracted the good

which should have come from his Christian initiation. However that may be, from that day forward he became the scourge of every town to which he went, so that to many he could return only well disguised. His adventures were various. He assumed every profession and every character. Doctor, magistrate, missionary, cook, priest, baker, — he was all these, and many things besides. He passed through as many professions as Louis Philippe does in the caricatures of Gavarni. But his cap peeped out at the most solemn moments, and the ring of his bells revealed the jester. There is a single idea incarnate in every popular book, in which it recurs like the refrain in a ballad, and constitutes the true charm. That in Baron Münchhausen is lying adventure; that of the Seven Suabians is great stupidity allied to petty cunning, that of the Hindu Guru Simple is the same, with pretense of superior wisdom; that of Eulenspiegel is the literal execution of every command in such a way as to defeat its object by carrying it out too literally. He obeyed to the letter, but never to the spirit.

Gifted with the wisdom of infinite impudence, nothing daunted him. He was no misshapen goblin, but, like Le Glorieux, a handsome man. Added to this he possessed enormous physical strength and coolness. When the occasion required it, he could leave his mischief, and go forth from the town to slay a wolf. Slinging its dead body over his shoulders, he was as unconcerned as Thor was when he went on his expeditions against the trolls. This denotes clearly his Northern origin. He was ready for every emergency. Where a greater man would have been lost forever, the rogue shone with increased brilliance. Tricks were played upon him which he, in his sagacious folly, turned to his own profit. True to himself, his last thoughts were devoted to mischief. Dying, he made a will, in

which he left his possessions, all contained in one large box, to be divided among his friends, the council of Mullen, and the parson of that town. But when his heirs opened the box they found only stones. Over Eulenspiegel's grave was placed a stone, on which was cut an owl, a looking-glass, and the following lines, recalling Shakespeare's epitaph:

"Here lies Eulenspiegel buried low,
His body is in the ground;
We warn the passenger that so
He move not this stone's bound."

Eulenspiegel was the true child of his age. Had we no other records of mediæval Europe, we could read its homelife in the *Marvelous Adventures of Master Tyll*. Wanton playfulness — mischief for the sake of mischief — is the key-note to the whole book, as it is to the wonderful centuries which separated the barbarism of the Dark Ages from the light of the Renaissance, — a period little understood by the world of the nineteenth century.

In the palmy days of jesters and fools, and of the grotesque in literature and art, the church was at its zenith. The clergy were all-powerful, but they had their weak points. Or rather their very weaknesses arose from their greatness. It was the dignity attached to the clerical character which made the priests and monks an inexhaustible subject for mischievous satire. Gluttony, personified by a fat, comfortable-looking monk, devouring in solitary enjoyment a dish of cakes, while a rakish little imp held up the dish for him, was an exquisite joke to the faithful. Equally mirth-inspiring was such a poem as one written by Nigellus Wireker in the twelfth century, in which a jackass figures as the hero. After going to Paris and plunging into every dissipation, the jackass became penitent and resolved to amend his ways. He turned his thoughts to the monastic life as the best road for repentance, and this gave him the opportunity to open the flood-gates of ridicule

upon the numerous religious orders. Each in turn was severely handled, until, in despair, the hero resolved, like Rabelais's Friar John, to found an order of his own. A monk was the victim of the crowning exploit of that fascinating good-for-nothing, François Villon, if we can believe the story as told by Rabelais.

But the period of careless light-heartedness, of gay *insouciance*, was coming to a close. Villon was a rake and a rogue, a very dare-devil in his flights of fun; but he was at the same time a melancholy man, as thoroughly convinced of the nothingness of life as are his pessimist admirers of our generation. Passing from its youth into manhood, the world was growing conscious of its ignorance. A rebound was about to follow the reaction, for such is the world's history, — reaction succeeding reaction, and so on, *ad infinitum*. A flood of learning was spreading over Europe. Greece was disclosing her rich treasures of literature and art. Mighty men were rising to awaken the people from the slumber of superstition and folly, and lead them to the everlasting light of science and learning. It was time to cast off the childish state, and with it the cap and bells, and all savoring of mischief. But, as often the highest flame will flare up from the dying embers, so the old spirit of misrule, making one last effort before it perished, produced the most perfect incarnation of mischief the world had yet seen. This was Panurge. Rabelais's other characters, Gargantua, Pantagruel, Friar John, were giants of jovial humor, but there was wisdom beneath their folly. Not so with Panurge, who thought of nothing, cared for nothing, but mischief. His tricks were always elaborate, the result of deep study and forethought. Now he is represented as lying in wait for the night-watch; as they came up a certain hill, he overturned a cart, hurling it with such force toward the poor

men as to knock them over and over, — "like so many pigs," Rabelais says. Again, he saluted them with a well-laid train of gunpowder, "and then made himself sport to see what good grace they had in running away. . . . He commonly carried a whip under his gown, wherewith he whipped without remission the pages, whom he found carrying wine to their masters, to make them mend their pace. In his coat he had about six and twenty little fobs and pockets always full, one with some lead water and a little knife as sharp as a glover's needle, wherewith he used to cut purses; another with some kind of bitter stuff, which he threw into the eyes of those he met; another with clot-burs pinned with little geese or capons' feathers, which he cast upon the gowns and caps of honest people; . . . in another he had a good stock of needles and thread, wherewith he did a thousand little devilish pranks." Panurge, and after him the immortal Falstaff, were the last of the jolly crew. The Renaissance and the Reformation brought with them a seriousness and thoughtfulness that made wanton playfulness for the many an impossibility. The fun that remained acquired a more dignified tone, and satire, no longer the outcome of exuberance of spirits, became an instrument for great ends.

Man has progressed steadily since the Middle Ages, and the gains have been immense, but we cannot look back upon the good old times of minstrels and troubadours without a sigh of regret. No doubt the discomforts, physical and spiritual, were enormous. There were pestilences, famines, and dirt, but over all is thrown a charm as we listen to the silken rustling of fair ladies' robes, the twanging of troubadours' lutes, and the merry laugh of light-hearted men and women. It is the old story. The present may be happy, there may be glorious hopes for the future,

"Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?"

Elizabeth Robins.

TRIAL BY JURY IN CIVIL SUITS.

THERE is in the community a wide-spread distrust of the trial by jury. Its results are commonly spoken of as utterly uncertain. It is said that reasons alien to the merits of a cause are likely to decide it; that the relative ability of the parties to bear an unfavorable verdict is often quite conclusive; that a corporation has little chance of justice; that the plaintiff, having the closing argument, has an undue advantage; that a decently veiled unscrupulousness in the advocate is pretty sure to win, when opposed only by learning, talent, and integrity. Such charges are constantly made, and meet with little contradiction. Nor is this merely the loose talk of irresponsible grumblers. Baron Bramwell, on examination before the Law Courts Commission (Scotland), said, "If I wanted nothing but the truth in a particular case, I should prefer the verdict of a judge, and it seems to me impossible to doubt he is the preferable tribunal. . . . In an action against a railway company, they [juries] generally go wrong; in actions by tradesmen against gentlemen, in questions whether articles supplied were necessary to an infant or wife, they are sure to go wrong; in actions for discharging a servant, they generally go wrong; in actions as to malicious prosecution, they are always wrong." Mr. Patrick Fraser, well known as an advocate and law author, before the same commission said, "I think it [jury trial] the biggest farce that ever was instituted for the investigation and settlement of civil rights. . . . In a number of cases, unless the judge takes the case out of their hands, the verdict is sure to be one way. . . . But, apart from my opinion, the practical result is this: we have tried it for fifty years, and it has entirely failed. You can't bring people to the jury court.

Merchants in Glasgow say they would rather resign their rights and interests altogether than submit their cases to a jury."

On the other hand, the institution has been the subject of a great deal of indiscriminate eulogy. Blackstone declares it to have been in use among the earliest Saxon colonies; to be more than once insisted on in Magna Charta as the principal bulwark of liberty; to be the most transcendent privilege which any subject can enjoy or wish for. And he concludes that Montesquieu had no right to infer that the liberties of England must in time perish from the fact that Sparta, Carthage, and Rome had lost theirs, since they were strangers to the trial by jury. So Judge Story, speaking of the seventh amendment of the constitution, says, "It places upon the high ground of constitutional right the inestimable privilege of trial by jury in civil cases." So, De Tocqueville: "C'est donc le jury civil qui a réellement sauvé les libertés de l'Angleterre."

The founders of our state and national governments regarded it as all important. By the constitution of 1780 it was secured for Massachusetts; and eight years later the opponents of the federal constitution found their most hopeful point for attack in the failure to provide for it in express terms. The friends of the constitution replied that it was already provided for in fact, if not in terms; but they yielded to the objection so far as to accompany the adoption of the constitution with a proposal to amend in this particular; and the amendment was made.

It is generally true that institutions have at some time met actual needs, or, at least, were the best attainable when they originated; but it does not follow that they are adapted to the wants

of a subsequent age. Time takes the soul out of them, and leaves the form, like the husks and stalks of last year's corn, — rubbish fit only to be burned. So it comes that they often continue to *be* long after they cease to be useful, and that the fact of being is small proof of the right to be. It may be considered as at least doubtful whether this institution has any rightful place in the world of to-day.

A brief sketch of the origin and history of trial by jury in civil suits, showing the modes of trial it displaced and the wants it met, will be a fitting introduction to an inquiry into its adaptation to the needs of modern society.

Recent investigations have shown Blackstone's statement that it was in use among the earliest Saxon colonies to be erroneous. It came into being by gradual development, and it would be as difficult to say when it began to be as to say when the acorn-sprout becomes an oak-tree; but it may be safely said that nothing that can properly be called by its name existed in England prior to the Norman Conquest.

Mr. Hallam has published a translation of an ancient record of a suit tried in a county court about 1025. It is invaluable for the light it throws upon the mode of conducting civil suits among our Saxon ancestors. We have room only for an abstract: "It is made known by this writing" that in the shiregemot held at Agelnothestane there sat the bishop, the alderman and his son, and Leofwin, Wulfig's son, and the sheriff, and all the thanes of Herefordshire. Then came to the mote Edwin, son of Enneawne, and sued his mother for some lands. The bishop asked who would answer for his mother. Thurkil the White said he would if he knew the facts, which he did not. Then three thanes went to her and inquired what she had to say about the lands. She replied she had no lands that belonged to her son, and fell into a

"noble passion" against him; and calling for Leofleda, her kinswoman, the wife of Thurkil the White, said to her, before them all, "This is Leofleda, my kinswoman, to whom I give my lands, money, clothes, and whatever I possess, after my life," and bade them be witnesses. Then they rode to the mote, and told all the good men what she had enjoined them. Then Thurkil addressed the court, and requested all the thanes to let his wife have the lands; and thus they did; and Thurkil rode to the church of St. Ethelbert, with the leave and witness of all the people, and had this inserted in a book in the church.

The thanes were the larger landholders. It is said that the ownership of six hundred acres carried with it the right to the dignity and name of a thane.

It is to be noticed that this is a trial of the title to land, the most important of Anglo-Saxon possessions; that the decision is made by the whole body of the thanes in the county, and without evidence; that, apparently, the bishop is presiding; that the mother's unwritten will is allowed while she is still living; that the court appears to have no records of its own doings; and that the plaintiff loses his title to the lands if he had any, and the chance of inheriting from his mother if he had none. Here was a case of "trial by the country," probably, in the original sense of the term. It would seem to us that, under such a system, the right of property would be about as secure as if held at the will of a town-meeting.

There has floated down to our time an account of another trial of a title to land. The case was first heard by the county court, and afterwards was submitted by the court to thirty-six thanes, chosen by the parties. This seems an admission that the tumultuous assembly of the freeholders was not competent to deal with the question, and marks a greater advance toward the better methods of later times than we can else-

where find among the scanty memorials of the Saxon period.

We next cite a case which occurred soon after the Conquest. It is from Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, credited to an ancient manuscript in the Cottonian library. It related to land in Kent, claimed by the sheriff for the king, and by the Bishop of Rochester as belonging to his see. The king commanded that all the men of the county, that is, probably, all the freeholders, should assemble to determine which had the better right. The decision was in favor of the king. The Bishop of Baieux, who presided, was not satisfied with the result, and commanded that if they knew their verdict to be true they should select twelve of their number to confirm on oath what all had said. The selection was made. The twelve retired to consider, and, as the account states, were alarmed by a message from the sheriff. Finally they took the oath. Afterwards some of the twelve confessed that the verdict was false, and the bishop had his land again.

Probably the appointment of a limited number to confirm on oath the verdict of the whole was not without precedent, but it does not appear to have been usual. In another suit for land, in the same reign, the decision is said to have been by all the men of the county — French, and especially English — skilled in the ancient laws and customs.

The grand assize was introduced in the reign of Henry II., about 1155. Glanville, writing about 1181, speaks of it as a royal benefit emanating from the clemency of the prince with the advice of his nobles, and designed to enable men to possess their rights in safety, and at the same time to escape the hazard of infamy and premature death in the duel. He gives a full detail of the proceedings. It applied only to real estate, and rights and services connected with it. After what would seem to us interminable excuses and delays, the defendant

appeared to answer. The plaintiff then set forth his demand, and the defendant had his election to defend by the trial by battle or submit his case to the assize. If he elected the latter, the king's writ was issued requiring the sheriff to summon four lawful knights of the vicinage to elect twelve lawful knights of the vicinage, *who knew the truth*, to return on oath whether plaintiff or defendant had the better right. If, when the twelve assembled, it appeared that a part or all of them were ignorant of the matter, resort was had to others, until twelve at least were found who knew the truth of the matter. Their information of the merits of the cause must be "either from what they had personally seen and heard, or from the declarations of their fathers and from other sources equally entitled to credit as if falling within their own immediate knowledge." If the twelve found to possess adequate knowledge of the facts did not agree, others were added, until twelve at least were found who agreed in favor of one party or the other. Each of the knights summoned swore that he would neither utter falsehoods nor conceal the truth.¹ When Glanville wrote, it seemed to be unsettled whether, if twelve could not be found in the county who knew the facts, a smaller number could be heard at all.

The grand assize had authority to try only such cases as would otherwise be submitted to the trial by battle, and by no means all such cases. Glanville informs us that "debts arising either from a purchase or a borrowing are substantiated by the general mode of proof in court; in other words, either by a writing or by duel." It was undoubtedly moulded in a great measure upon forms of procedure already in use for other purposes.

Our early law writers speak of the jury; Bracton discusses it quite fully;

¹ Glanville, Book II. chap. xvii., Beames' translation.

but, writing for contemporaries, they omit explanations quite essential to us. Questions of fact were tried by it, but we know little of the extent or nature of its jurisdiction or its mode of procedure. The jury consisted usually, but not always, of twelve persons. Sometimes we find it resorted to to settle collateral questions arising in an assize, as whether a party was of full age, whether plaintiff and defendant were descended from the same stock, etc.

In Glanville's time, the chief difference between the jury and the assize seems to have been in the nature of the questions tried by them, and this distinction was soon lost, and both came to be known as "the jury." But the fact important to this discussion is that whatever the name of the tribunal, the trial was but a *recognition*, a method of proof. The jurors were witnesses to what they knew or were supposed to know. Their duty was to find some fact or facts within their knowledge. As we have seen in the case of the assize, the knowledge required was not always what we call personal knowledge. Tradition and to some extent reputation were regarded as sufficient. When property consisted principally of land and domestic animals, the ownership would usually be known by persons in the vicinity. If the facts in controversy were not likely to be known, other methods of proof were resorted to. We find in the Year Books the following report of a case tried in 1292: A had leased a mill to B for ten marks. A's executors sued B for the ten marks, and claimed a jury. B said he did not owe the money and demanded the right to defend by wager of law. The plaintiffs replied that if their claim were for money lent, B might so defend; but inasmuch as they were demanding a debt on the lease of a mill, of which B was then seized, it was a matter of which *a jury might well have knowledge*. B was allowed his defense, and made it "twelve handed," that is,

swore he did not owe the debt, and produced eleven of his neighbors who swore they believed him.

It seems highly probable that trial by recognition was of Norman origin, and was not known in England until after the Conquest. It is certain that it existed in Normandy. We have in the Grand Coustumier de Normandie an interesting account of the method of proceeding, which we may assume was substantially the same as in England: "The names of the jurors having been called over in open court, the parties are at liberty to take any legal exceptions to them. The jurors are then individually sworn to speak the truth. The judge shall, in the next place, solemnly charge them to return a true verdict. . . . The jurors shall then consult upon their verdict, and in the mean time shall be strictly guarded, lest they be corrupted. Having considered of their verdict, if they all agree, one of them shall deliver it to the judge in open court."¹ After the verdict was delivered, if the case required it, the judge interrogated each juror as to his means of knowing what he had testified to.

The Chronicle of Joscelyn de Brackelonde, published by the Camden Society, furnishes some illustrations of the practical value of jury trial in this stage of its development. The Chronicle is a record of the monastery of St. Edmondsbury during the administration of Abbot Samson, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. In one case the question was whether certain land was the property of the church. The result is thus stated: "Juraverunt recognitores se nunquam scivisse illam terram fuisse separatam ab ecclesiâ." In another, a recognition was taken to determine the right of the abbey over three manors. The abbey produced a deed, but it went for nothing. The recognitors said they knew nothing of any deeds or private agreements; that they believed the other

¹ Grand Coust. de Normandie, c. 96.

party and his father and grandfather had held the manors for a hundred years. Still another case is reported, which we commend to the believers in the degeneracy of modern times. Five of the recognitors came to the abbot to know what they should swear, meaning to receive money. He gave them nothing, but bade them swear according to their consciences. They went away in anger, and found against him.

From the fact that anciently the jurors were witnesses only, came the rule that they must be taken from the vicinity; strangers would not know the facts. Here also we find the origin of the law of attainder. It would be horrible to subject a juror to forfeiture of property and perpetual imprisonment for an error in judgment, but for a false finding of a fact within his knowledge he might well be punished as we punish perjury. So, also, the ancient practice of keeping a jury "without food, drink, fire, or candle" until they were agreed seems somewhat less absurd if we understand it to mean until they will all testify to facts within their knowledge, rather than until they think alike in relation to the weight of evidence laid before them. If such discipline were found wise in the latter case, it would be well to inquire whether something like it might not be applied to the judges of our supreme court, to hasten their unanimity in deciding questions of law.

The next step forward that we can trace was in "adjoining" witnesses to the jury, to inform them of some fact which, from its nature, was not likely to be known to them. It appears that about the middle of the fourteenth century the witnesses to a deed were "adjoined" to the jury, but without a right to participate in the verdict. Here began the change which in the end made jurors judges. This change cannot be fully traced. We find that in 1410 witnesses were examined at the bar, in the presence of the court and jury, and the

jury, having heard the testimony, retired to consider their verdict; but for two or three centuries after that they continued to found their verdicts, when need be, in part on their own knowledge. In 1670 an attempt was made to punish certain jurors for finding a verdict against "full and manifest evidence." Vaughan, C. J., and his associates held that the law required jurors to be taken from the vicinage upon the presumption that they had sufficient knowledge of the facts to try the issue, if no evidence were produced; and that, although the evidence produced in court might seem to the court full and manifest, the court had no power to punish the jurors for their finding, since it might have been based upon other evidence within their own knowledge. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, it appears to have been first held that if a juror knew any fact in a case on trial he should make it known to the court, and be sworn and testify in the presence of the court. Since then jurors, in theory at least, consider only the testimony laid before them in the presence of the court.

Our ancestors brought with them to this continent trial by jury as part of their inheritance of English law; but the several colonies modified it somewhat by legislation. Thus the Body of Liberties, supposed to have been adopted in 1641, provided that when any jurors are not clear concerning any case before them "they shall have liberty in open court to advise with any man they shall think fit to resolve or direct them, before they give in their verdict;" and also, "if they cannot find the main issue," they shall have liberty "to find and present in their verdict so much as they can." These singular provisions were retained as late as 1672.

We have thus traced the rise and progress of this institution as accurately as we can from the scanty records which have come down to us, and as fully as our limits will permit. There seems lit-

tle in its history to show that it has any adaptation to the present. Originally, as a trial by recognitors, it was welcomed because it offered an escape from intolerable evils. It took the place of the Saxon trials by the freeholders of the county and by wager of law, and the Norman trial by battle; and thus in a large class of cases furnished a mode of settling rights of property by the aid of human knowledge and intelligence, previously determined by force or accident, or at best by the whim of a popular assembly, acting with or without evidence, and guided by no settled rules. In the course of centuries its character changed, to meet, so far as it might, changing needs. It became what it now is when the forms of property and business relations were so unlike those of the present that if it could be shown to have been the best, or the best attainable, for that time, no inference could be drawn that it has now a right to continued existence.

It must, then, stand upon its merits. If, as has been claimed, it is the great bulwark of liberty, even if it be important among the causes that have developed and now uphold constitutional government, we need inquire no further. Its value as a means of administering justice is of secondary importance. The safety of the state is paramount. It is, however, difficult to see how public liberty can be affected for good or evil by the fact that a court, in determining whether a parcel of land or a sum of money belongs to A or B, proceeds with or without a jury. Courts of admiralty, equity, and probate try questions of fact without juries. It cannot be said that their influence is unfavorable to free government. Can we trace any connection between this form of trial of civil suits and Magna Charta, the habeas corpus, the petition of right, the Revolution, the responsibility of the king's ministers, the life tenure of judges, the reform bills, or any of those great na-

tional attainments by which constitutional government has been advanced, regulated, and consolidated?

We have seen that Blackstone supposed trial by jury to be secured by Magna Charta, but modern investigations have shown that it is not so. The institution now known by that name and secured by the American constitutions is several centuries younger than Magna Charta. Indeed, that instrument does not mention recognitors even. They were not called "*pares*," nor was their finding called "*judicium*."

If we seek the reason why England has been able to maintain and perfect a free constitution, and why, among all the peoples springing from her and speaking her language, freedom and social order coexist, we shall find it not in the trial by jury, but in *race*. Most other races seem to lack capacity for social organization. The alternative for Ireland seems to be between anarchy and something very like despotism. Is there any hope for Mexico? The past of France fails to give assurance of her future. The Latin and the Celtic races have often been able to destroy oppressive governments, but not to establish liberty under the reign of law.

Trial by jury proves the existence of a free government; it is the exercise by the people of one branch of supreme power. When we say it founds or upholds it, we put the effect for the cause. But suppose its value for the conservation of liberty in the past were admitted, it does not follow that it is needed now for the like purpose. Officials are powerless beyond constitutional limits. Judges by the tenure of office are beyond the influence of executive power, and generally of the ballot-box. The end now to be sought is that the law, as the expressed will of the people, should be everywhere and always supreme and uniform in its administration. The disturbing influences now to be feared are popular clamor on the one hand, and on

the other great accumulations of wealth by corporations and individuals.

And so we come to this vital question : Is justice according to fixed rules of law more likely to be attained by our present system, or by one in which both fact and law are settled by the court without the intervention of a jury ?

We have already adduced the testimony of experienced witnesses that in certain classes of cases juries are likely to go wrong, and it is safe to say that no judge, lawyer, or man of business with practical knowledge of the subject will deny it. Take, for illustration, suits against railroad and insurance corporations ; the corporation is always at an immense disadvantage before a jury. Now, although great corporations may be dangerous and need restraint, it will not do to restrain them by injustice and the violation of jurors' oaths. The ideal tribunal is no respecter of parties. If litigants are not equal before the law, a fundamental principle of good government is violated. Here, then, we have an enormous evil that seems inseparable from this mode of trial.

Again, in cases in which we may assume that jurors would have no bias, it is obvious that they are greatly liable to error from the want of proper qualifications for the work they are to do. It was found in the beginning that the world's work could not be done without special preparation for special duties. Our neighbor may be a great man, but we do not call upon him to set a broken limb unless he has had the training of a surgeon. Much as we may esteem our physician, we do not ask his advice when a claim is set up to the estate we inherited and supposed our own. We never go to our shoemaker for a coat, nor to our tailor for boots. In our late war, we sometimes, when smarting under defeat, talked wildly about military genius and West Point machines ; but in the end the value of military education was splendidly vindicated, while the ci-

vilians, who early in the war, by political influence or otherwise, obtained independent commands in the army, for the most part failed miserably, involving the country in vast loss and suffering. The average juryman is unaccustomed to continuous thought. He has never learned by practice to weigh and compare evidence, nor to judge of the truthfulness of witnesses. In protracted trials it is impossible for him to carry the testimony in his memory, or to aid his memory effectively by notes. At the close of the testimony the court instructs him in the law applicable to the case, and then it becomes his duty to make up his verdict by applying as best he may legal principles often imperfectly understood to testimony imperfectly remembered. We should not set a man to cultivate a farm or make a shoe without practical acquaintance with his work. We should expect nothing from him but failure, if his preparation had been only a lecture or a course of lectures. And yet we set jurors to the performance of the most responsible and difficult of all duties, with such preparation and aid only as they can receive from the arguments of the lawyers and the charge of the court.

Again, the juryman is impressed into the service. Often he brings with him the cares of the business from which he was taken ; and if anxiety about the harvesting, the notes that must be paid before the banks close, or the conduct of the boy who thinks " epsom salts means oxalic acid " distracts his attention, he will console himself by the reflection that his responsibility is shared by eleven others.

On the other hand, the judge brings to the work a mind disciplined by years of study, followed by years of study and practice. His knowledge of law enables him to see what facts are to be proved, and on which of the parties rests the burden of proving them, and so, as each witness delivers his testimony, to appre-

ciate its probative value. Practice has taught him to read witnesses. For him not words only, but the manner, the tone, the gesture, the countenance, have force and meaning. He is not likely to be misled. He has opportunity to take full notes, if need be, and afterwards to revise and compare the statements of witnesses. The duties of his office are his work. His attention is not distracted by outside cares.

So much for the relative capacity of judge and jury to administer justice. Let us look next to their relative inducements to fidelity.

We assume that their sense of duty, man's highest motive, will be equal. This motive, however, with most men may be usefully reinforced by others less worthy. The individual jurymen neither wins nor loses good name or fame by the verdicts of a tribunal of which he is a twelfth part. His brief term of office over, he returns to his business, and no one except the parties knows or cares what are the merits of the verdicts of the twelve, much less of his part in them. He need not give reasons for his votes in the jury-room. If he will, he can, without restraint or censure, act from pique, prejudice, or sympathy. On the other hand, the judge has a reputation to make or mar. Usually he gives the reasons for his decrees, and the law may require him always to do so. He alone is responsible. He cannot afford to be negligent or hasty, or to found judgments upon insufficient grounds.

The probability of attempts to influence a tribunal by unlawful means will be in proportion to the danger and the chance of success. Bald bribery is perilous, and therefore unusual; but there remains a wide range of other influences that may be brought to bear upon the jurymen, without risk, and hopeful. His residence and place of business are easily ascertained; and a party willing to approach him will have no great difficulty in becoming acquainted with his weak-

nesses, wants, and prejudices. Considering the material of which juries are made, it is at least somewhat probable that frequently some one or more of the twelve may be found controllable by other means than those used in the presence of the court. Indeed, it is quite possible that a jurymen may be thus swayed without consciousness of wrong. Since the practice of lobbying legislators in matters of private interest has come into use, there has grown up a looseness of thinking on such subjects that did not exist before. If a railroad corporation that seeks from the public a grant of land or a right of way may without scandal give the railway committee free tickets, or invite them to dinner, or press their claims on its members outside the committee room, why not use similar influence with a jury? It is difficult to see the distinction between the tribunal that is to determine whether a corporation shall be authorized to take A's land against his will and the jury that is to determine how much he is to be paid for it; between a committee that is to decide how much the state owes B and the jury that is to decide how much C owes him.

No doubt the danger is considerable that justice may thus suffer shipwreck in the hands of jurors; is it less with judges?

This question we have in part answered already. We may add that a judge, from his professional training, must know what may properly influence his judgment, and if he is swayed by any other consideration he sins willfully. The history of the English courts from the day they became independent of the crown, and of our own where the life tenure of office has been preserved, leads to the conclusion that justice is safe in the hands of judges.

Few persons will be found to deny that we are more sure of justice according to law without juries than with them; but it is said that their verdicts

are generally just, and if not according to law it is because the operation of the law is hard in the particular case. This may sometimes be true, but such verdicts are dangerous. They involve the violation of jurors' oaths, and substitute such notions of right and wrong as the twelve may chance to have for the expressed will of the community; and in view of them no man knows his rights or obligations.

We have spoken of the institution as a conservator of liberty, and as a means of administering justice. There are some other considerations that should not be overlooked. It is best that men should not be tempted. If we are right in supposing that jurors are more likely to be swayed by improper influences than judges, it follows that in the same proportion is the temptation to approach them greater. If unscrupulous advocacy is more likely to be successful with the jury than with the judge, so much greater is the temptation of the advocate to attempt to obtain verdicts by improper means, and of clients to employ unscrupulous advocates.

It is sometimes said that the institution is important as a means of public education. There is undoubtedly some truth in this. The small portion of the community who are called to act as jurors acquire during their term of office some knowledge of law, and some skill in weighing and comparing testimony. But if it be true that this mode of trial is not the best mode of administering justice, it is certain that the community cannot afford to furnish such means of education. To set men to decide controversies that they may learn how is no better than setting them to amputate limbs for the same purpose.

Probably a proposition to amend our constitution so as to take away the right to a jury in civil suits would meet with small favor. Men would fear that something terrible would come of it. Tradition and prejudice on this subject can-

not yet be controlled by reason. Practically, in their own causes parties are usually quite willing to waive the right, except when on the winning side of one of those suits in which a jury is pretty sure to be wrong. In England the county courts, established in 1847, have jurisdiction to the amount of fifty pounds, with the right in either party to have a jury if the amount is over five pounds. It is said the right is not claimed in five cases in a thousand. In the United States, for nearly forty years, either party to a civil suit in admiralty, for a cause of action arising on the lakes or waters connecting them, has had by law the right to claim a jury, but we learn that suitors have seldom availed themselves of the privilege.

We do not propose to discuss the usefulness of juries in criminal trials. It is undoubtedly true that in the past juries have often maintained the right of persons accused against executive tyranny. Thus Throckmorton was saved from the tyranny of Mary. A jury delivered Lilburne out of the hands of Cromwell, and the seven bishops out of the hands of James. When judges held their places at the will of the crown, the jury was the only hope of the subject if the government sought his conviction. Even after the Revolution, juries rendered inestimable service in upholding the liberty of the press against Lord Mansfield's harsh constructions of the law of libel. In modern society the danger is rather from the mob than the ruler; and here the lesson of history is that in times of popular excitement nothing is to be hoped from juries. They availed the victims nothing against the madness of the Popish Plot, or the Salem Witchcraft. Courts and juries were alike swept away by the storm. In ordinary criminal trials the chance of acquittal is greater with a jury than with the court, and this fact seems conclusive in favor of the jury. For although many guilty persons may thus escape punish-

ment, it is safer that no man should be convicted unless the evidence is such as to leave no reasonable doubt in the mind of any one of the twelve. Conviction of an infamous crime is ruin to the convict, and the proof that justifies a community in laying such a burden on one of its members ought to be conclusive.

John C. Dodge.

WOUNDS.

THE night-wind sweeps its viewless lyre,
And o'er dim lands, at pastoral rest,
A single star's white heart of fire
Is throbbing in the amber west.

I track a rivulet, while I roam,
By banks that copious leafage cools,
And watch it roughening into foam,
Or deepening into glassy pools.

And where the shy stream gains a glade
That willowy thickets overwhelm,
I find a cottage in the shade
Of one high patriarchal elm.

Unseen, I mark, well bowered from reach,
A group the sloping lawn displays,
And more by gestures than by speech
I learn their converse while I gaze.

In curious band, youth, maid, and dame,
About his chair they throng to greet
A gaunt old man of crippled frame,
Whose crutch leans idle at his feet.

Girt with meek twilight's peaceful breath,
They hear of loud, tempestuous fray,
Of troops mown down like wheat by death,
Of red Antietam's ghastly day.

He tells of hurts that will not heal;
Of aches that nerve and sinew fret,
Where sting of shot and bite of steel
Have left their dull mementos yet;

And touched by pathos, filled with praise,
His gathered hearers closer press,
To pay alike in glance or phrase
Response of pitying tenderness.

But I, who note their kindly will,
Look onward, past the box-edged walk,
Where stands a woman, grave and still,
Oblivious of their fleeting talk.

Her listless arms droop either side ;
In pensive grace her brow is bent ;
Her slender form leaves half described
A sweet fatigued abandonment.

And while she lures my musing eye,
The mournful reverie of her air
Speaks to my thought, I know not why,
In the stern dialect of despair.

Lone wistful moods it seems to show
Of anguish borne through laggard years,
With outward calm, with secret flow
Of unalleviating tears.

It breathes of duty's daily strife,
When jaded effort loathes to strive ;
Of patience lingering firm, when life
Is tired of being yet alive.

Enthralled by this fair, piteous face,
While heaven is purpling overhead,
No more I heed the old soldier trace
How sword has cut, or bullet sped. . . .

I dream of sorrow's noiseless fight,
Where no blades ring, no cannon roll,
And where the shadowy blows that smite
Give bloodless wounds that scar the soul ;

Of fate unmoved by desperate prayers
From those its plunderous wrath lays low ;
Of bivouacs where the spirit stares
At smouldering passion's faded glow ;

And last, of that sad armistice made
On the dark field whence hope has fled,
Ere yet, like some poor ghost unlaid,
Pale Memory glides to count her dead.

Edgar Fawcett.

ANDREW'S FORTUNE.

It was a cold day early in December, and already almost dark, though the sun had just gone down, leaving a tinge of light red, the least beautiful of all the sunset colors, on the low gray clouds in the southwest. The weather was forlorn and windy, and there had already been a light fall of snow, which partly covered the frozen ground, and was lying in the hollows of the fields and pastures and alongside the stone walls, where the wind had blown it to get it out of its way. The country was uneven and heavily wooded; the few houses in sight looked cold and winterish, as if the life in them shared the sleep of the grass and trees, and would not show itself again until spring. Yet winter is the leisure time of country people, and it is then, in spite of the frequent misery of the weather, that their social pleasures come into stunted bloom. The young people frolic for a while, but they soon outgrow it, and each rising generation is looked upon with scorn by its elders and betters for thinking there is any pleasure in being out-of-doors in cold weather. No wonder that a New England woman cheers herself by leaving her own sewing and going to the parish society to sit close to an air-tight stove and sew for other people; how should she dance and sing like an Italian peasant under a blue and kindly sky! There should have been another Sphinx on some vast northern waste where it is forever cold weather, and the great winds always blow, and generations after generations of people have lived and died. Life is no surprise on the banks of the fertile old Nile, it could not help being, but the spirit of the North seems destructive; life exists in spite of it.

Along the country road a short, stout-built woman, well wrapped with shawls, was going from her own home, a third

of a mile back, to the next house, where there were already lights in one of the upper and one of the lower rooms. She said to herself, "He must be livin' yet," and stepped a little faster, even climbing a low wall and going across a field to shorten the distance. She seemed to be in a great hurry, and as she went she left behind her a track of broken-down golden-rod stalks and dry stems of grass which had been standing, frozen and dry, with the thin snow about their roots. "Land sakes, how this field has run out!" said she, not without contempt; "but I don't know 's I ever expect to see it bettered."

She opened the side door of the house and went into the kitchen, where several persons were sitting. There was a great fire blazing in the fire-place, and a little row of mugs and two bowls, each covered with a plate, stood at one side of the hearth to keep warm, as if there were somebody ill in the house. And sure enough there was, for old Stephen Dennett, its master, was nearly at the end of his short last sickness. There were three women and two men in the kitchen, and they greeted the new-comer with subdued cordiality, as was befitting; it was a little like a funeral already, and they did not care to be found cheerful, though, to tell the truth, just before Mrs. Haynes came in they solemnly drank a pitcher of old Mr. Dennett's best cider, urging each other to take some, for there was no knowing that there might not be a good deal for them all to do before long. With this end in view of keeping up their strength, they had also shared a mince pie and a large quantity of cheese. "We'd better eat while we can," said old Betsey Morris, who was hostess, having been housekeeper at the farm for a good many years. "I don't feel 's if I could lay the table," said she,

with unaffected emotion, and the mourners in prospective begged her not to think of it; but they were hungry, hard-working men and women, and were all glad to have something to eat. When some doughnuts were brought out they ate those also, all trying in vain to think of some apology for such good appetites at such a moment; but since they had to be silent the feast was all the more solemn.

It was evident that the sickness was either sudden, or had become serious within a very short time, for the family affairs had gone on as usual. It seemed as if the household had been taken unawares by the messenger of Death, and surprised in the midst of fancied security. It was Wednesday, and the clothes-horse, covered with the white folds of yesterday's ironing, stood in one corner of the kitchen, while the smaller horse, which Betsey Morris always facetiously called the colt, was nearer the fire, with its burden of flannels and blue yarn stockings. It was a comfortable old kitchen, with a beam across its ceiling, and two solid great tables, and a settle at one side the fire, where the two men sat who were going to watch. The fire-place took up nearly all one side of the room; the wood-work around it was painted black, and at one side the iron door of the brick oven looked as if it might be the entrance to a very small dungeon. There was a high and narrow mantel-shelf, where a row of flat-irons were perched like birds gone to roost; also a match-box, and a turkey-wing, and a few very dry red peppers; while a yellow-covered Thomas's Almanac, — much worn, it being December, — was hanging on its nail at one corner. There was a tall clock in the room, which ticked so slowly that one fancied it must always make waiting seem very tiresome, and that one of its hours must be as long as two. On one of the tables there was a sparerib which had been brought in to thaw. Jonas Beedle and Nathan Mar-

tin sat on the settle, while Mrs. Beedle and Mrs. Goodsoe and Betsey Morris were at different distances from the fire in splint-bottomed chairs. They had seen Mrs. Haynes coming across the field, — it was still light enough out-doors for that, — but they had not spoken of it to each other, though they put the cider-jug and the rest of the doughnuts into the closet as quickly as possible.

"I told 'em one day last week," said Jonas Beedle, "that Stephen seemed to be all wizened up since cold weather come. Why, here's Mis' Haynes! Take a cheer right close to the fire, now won't ye? It's a dreadful chilly night. We've just ben a-havin' some ci—"

"Yes," said his wife, nudging and interrupting him desperately. "We was just a-sayin' we wondered where you was, but I misdoubted you was n't able to be out on account of your neurology."

"I went over to Ann's this morning," said Mrs. Haynes, still a little out of breath from her walk. "One o' her children's took down with throat distemper, and she expects the rest 'll get it. Joseph, he brought in word after dinner that somebody goin' by said Mr. Dennett had a shock this morning, and wa'n't likely to come out of it, and I told 'em I must get right home. I felt 's if 't was one o' my own folks. How does he seem to be?"

"Laying in a sog," said Betsey Morris for the twentieth time that day. "The doctor says there ain't much he can do. He had me make some broth and teas, and he left three kinds o' medicine, — there's somethin' steeping now in them mugs, in case he revives up. He said we could feed him a little to a time if he come to any, and if we could keep his strength up he might get out of it. He's coming again about six. He was took dreadful sudden. I was washin' up the dishes after breakfast, and he said he was goin' over to the corners; there was a selec'men's meeting. He eat as good a breakfast as common, but he

seemed sort of heavy. He went out and put the hoss in, and left him in the barn, and come back to get his coat. Says he, 'Is there anything you're in need of from the store, Betsey? It looks like foul weather.' And I says, No. I little thought it was the last time he'd speak to me," and she stopped to dry her eyes with her apron, while the sympathetic audience was quiet in the firelight, and the tea-kettle began to sing as if it had no idea of what had happened. "He always was the best o' providers. It was only one day last week he was a-joking and saying he was going to keep me better this year than ever he did. Says he, 'I'm going to take my comfort and live well long's I do live.' There's everything in the house; we killed early, and there's the other hog he set for the first o' January; and he's put down a kag of excellent beef. The sullar's got enough in it for a rigiment, I told him only yesterday; and says he, 'Betsey, don't you know it's better to have some to spare than some to want?' I can see him laugh now."

"There's plenty will need it, if he don't," said Mrs. Goodsoe, who was a dismal, grasping soul, and sat furthest from the fire.

Mrs. Haynes gathered herself up scornfully, — she did not like her neighbor. "You were a-sayin' he was going to the selec'men's meeting," said she.

"Yes," said Betsey. "He said he'd got to get some papers, and I offered to fetch 'em; but he never wanted to be waited on; and he went up-stairs, — I s'pose to that old chist o' drawers overhead. I heard a noise like something heavy a-falling; and my first thought was he'd tipped the chist o' drawers over, for I know the lower drawers, where the sheets and pillow-cases is kept, sticks sometimes; and then something started me, and come across me, quick as a flash, that there was something wrong, and I got up-stairs as quick as ever I could, and found him laying on the floor."

"I s'pose he did n't know nothin'?" asked Mrs. Haynes.

"Bless you, no! I tried to get him up, and I found I could n't. I thought he was dead, but I see Jim Pierce a-goin' by, — he was some use for once in his life, — and I sent him for help. Mis' Beedle come right over, bein' so near, and Jim met the doctor up the road, and we got him into bed, and there he lays. It give me a dreadful start. I ain't myself yet."

"Andrer's here, I s'pose," said Mrs. Haynes, as if she thought it of very little consequence.

"Yes," said Betsey. "He'd walked over to the saw-mill right after breakfast to carry word about some boards his uncle wanted, but he got back just as the doctor was leavin'. He's been real faithful; he ain't left the old gentleman a minute. He's all broke down, he feels so. I never saw him so distressed; he ain't one that shows his feelings much of any."

"I think likely he'll be married right away now," said Mr. Martin. "Stephen told me in the summer that he'd left him about everything. He ain't no such a man as his uncle, but I don't know no harm of Andrew." A silence fell between the guests, and the fire snapped once in a while and made such a light that the one little oil lamp might have been blown out for all the good it did; nobody would have missed it.

"I told our folks last night there was going to be a death over this way," said Mrs. Goodsoe. "I was a-looking out o' the window over this way last night just before I went to bed, and I see a great bright light come down; and I says, There's a great blaze fallen over Dennett's way, and my father always said it was a sure sign of a death. 'He' laughed, and says my eyes was dazzled from setting before the fire. I'd like to know what he'll say when he hears o' this," — triumphantly. "He went up to the wood-lot, chopping, before day."

"I did hear a death-tick in the wall after I went to bed, two or three nights ago," said Betsey Morris; and then there was another pause.

"I s'pose I might go up easy and jist look in, bein' a connection," ventured Mrs. Haynes meekly; and luckily nobody opposed her. In fact, they had all had that satisfaction.

"You might ask Andrer if he could n't rise his uncle's head by and by, so I could give him a little o' the broth; he ain't eat the value o' nothin' since mornin', and he's a hearty man when he's about," suggested Betsey.

"You ought to help natur' all you can," said Nathan Martin; and armed with this sufficient excuse Mrs. Haynes went up-stairs softly.

Andrew Phillips sat by the bedside, looking as dismal as possible, — a thin, dark young man with a pleasant sort of face, yet you always felt at once that you could get on just as well without him. "Perhaps we had better wait now until the doctor comes," answered he when he heard the message from Betsey. "Do sit down, Mrs. Haynes. I have been wishing somebody would come up, — it's lonesome since it got dark. Susan has n't sent any word, has she? I sent Jim Pierce over right after dinner, but I suppose he stopped in at every house" —

"Not as I've heard of," said Mrs. Haynes. "I've only just got here. I was over to Ann's to spend a day or so, and I never got word about y'r uncle till past two o'clock. How does he seem to be?"

"I don't know," said the young man. "He's lost that red look, but he seems to have failed all away;" and they both went close to the bed to look at the face on the pillow, which showed at once that Death had come very near. The old man's eyes were shut, and he looked pinched and sunken, and as if he were ten years older than in the morning. One hand that lay outside the bed moved

a little, and the fingers picked at the blanket. "He has n't stirred all day except his arm, and that hand once in a while, as you see it now."

Mrs. Haynes knew better than he what it meant, and she gave a long look and turned away with a heavy sigh. "He's death-struck," she whispered, "but he may hold out for a good spell yet. He's been a master strong man; I should ha' said yesterday he had as good a chance as any one of us. He's been the best neighbor I ever had, I know that," and she sat down by the fire, and did not speak for a while. She had not taken it in that her old neighbor was nearing his end until she saw him, and her excitement and curiosity at hearing the news gave way to sincere sorrow. "He'll be a great loss," said she in a changed voice, after some little time. "I do' know but I shall miss him more than anybody, except it was one of our own folks."

"He's been like father and mother both to me," answered the young man, sorrowfully. "I can't bear to think of getting along without him."

"Yes, you'll have to look out for yourself now, Andrer," said Mrs. Haynes. "I don't know's you're to blame for not being of a turn for farming, but I s'pose you'll have a wife to look after, and it's a poor sort of a man that can't keep what's give to him. Susan's a good smart girl; it'll be a great thing for you to have a stirrin' wife." Andrew winced at this thrust, which had not been given through any malice, for Mrs. Haynes was a kind-hearted woman, if she did happen to be a little wanting in tact. "You'll have to put right to it, next summer, to fetch the place up. I come across the seven-acre piece to save time as I come along, and it's run out dreadfully within a year or two. It did n't look to me as if it would be fit for much more than pasture, unless it had a sight laid out on it. I don't see how the old gentleman come to neglect

it so; he used to take a good deal of pains with that piece years ago, — he cut a sight of hay off of it one spell.”

It seemed heartless to young Phillips that she should speak slightly of the man who lay there unable to defend himself. “He has been breaking up this good while,” said he, “but I never seemed to see it before.”

Down in the kitchen the neighbors were talking together. The pitcher of cider had come from the very oldest barrel in the cellar, and it had set the tongues of the company wagging. Mrs. Goodsoe had gone home; she said with a heavy sigh that there was nobody but herself to do anything, and she would be over again before bed-time if her lameness was n’t too bad. She tied a great brown-checked gingham handkerchief over her head, and pinned a despairing old black shawl tight round her thin shoulders, and went out into the night.

“If you can make it convenient, I hope you’ll be over in the morning, Mis’ Goodsoe,” said Betsey.

“If it’s so that I can,” groaned the departing guest.

“She would n’t miss of it,” snapped Mrs. Beedle, as the door was shut. And Betsey answered, —

“There! I did n’t want her no more’n an old fly, and she always did make my flesh creep, but I knew Mr. Dennett would n’t want nobody’s feelings hurt.”

“I don’t see what folks always wants to be complaining for,” said Mrs. Beedle. “She always was just so when she was a girl. Nothin’ ever suits her. She ain’t had no more troubles to bear than the rest of us, but you never see her that she did n’t have a chapter to lay before ye. I’ve got’s much feelin’ as the next one, but when folks drives in their spiggits and wants to draw a bucketful o’ compassion every day right straight along, there does come times when it seems as if the bar’l was getting low.”

Mr. Beedle and Betsey chuckled a little over this, approvingly. Mr. Martin was dozing at his end of the settle, but presently he roused himself, and asked Mr. Beedle, drowsily, “Do ye know what Otis got for them sticks o’ rock-maple?”

“I don’t,” said Mr. Beedle; “they’re for ship timber, I understood. I heard yisterday he was going to cut some o’ them white oaks near his house, the second-sized ones; they was extra nice ones for keels o’ vessels, I was told.”

“They ain’t suitable for keels,” said Nathan scornfully. He had once worked in a ship-yard, and was always delighted to parade his superior knowledge before his land-locked neighbors. “They might be going to use them for kilsons or sister-kilsons.” This was added after grave reflection, and Mr. Beedle tried to remember what part of a ship a sister-keelson was, but he could not do it; and he asked Betsey Morris for the lantern, and the two men went out to the barn to look after the cattle, leaving the women alone together.

“Mis’ Haynes seems to be stopping up-stairs quite a while,” said Mrs. Beedle.

“I expect Andrer’s glad to have her; he ain’t much used to sickness. Poor Andrer! I expect he’ll take it very hard, losing of his uncle,” said Betsey.

“Well, I tell ye a fat sorrow’s a good sight easier to bear than a lean one; and then he’s got Susan. How that girl, that might have taken her pick, ever come to take up with Andrer Phillips is more’n I know.” (Mrs. Beedle’s own daughter had at one time paid Andrew a good deal of attention.) “She wan’t one to drop like a ripe apple off a bough the first time she got asked.”

“Now Mis’ Beedle,” said Betsey with a good deal of spirit, “Andrer ain’t the worst fellow that ever was. She might ha’ done a good deal worse, even if he wa’n’t expectin’ property. I don’t doubt she had an eye to the means, myself, but he’s stiddy as a clock, and his uncle al-

ways said he had a good mind. He ain't had to work for his livin'; and the old sir never was one that wanted to give up the reins. He expected the boy to live here after him, and he never had it on his mind to put him to a trade. He'll make a farmer yet; there's a sight o' girls turns out good housekeepers that never had no care before they was married. And Andrer's got a sight o' book-learnin'."

"Book-learnin'!" said Mrs. Beedle, with a jerk of her head. "He's a book-fool, if ever there was one. But I ain't goin' to set in judgment," she added in a different tone, suddenly mindful that the young man was likely to be her nearest and richest neighbor in a few hours. "I always set everything by his mother. Her and me was the same year's child'n, and was fetched up together. Don't ever hint I said anything that was n't pleasant. I ain't one that wants to make trouble, and he'll find me a good neighbor. Anybody has to speak out sometimes."

"I ain't one to make trouble, neither," said Betsey. "I've wondered sometimes, myself, he did n't spudge up and be somebody; his uncle never would ha' thwarted him, but then he never give a sign he was n't satisfied. And Andrer never give him a misbeholden word,— I can answer for that."

The doctor came and went, telling the women that he could not say how long the patient might last.

"I s'pose folks knows of it all over town?" asked Betsey, meekly conscious of the importance of the occasion and her own consequence.

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, who stood warming his great fur coat before the fire, having declined the offer of supper or something hot, for he was in a hurry to get home. His gig rattled away out of the yard, and silence once more fell on the house. Andrew came downstairs for a little while, looking grieved and tired, and said that he meant to

watch, at least until midnight; the doctor thought that his uncle might be conscious before he died. Then Mrs. Haynes came down, and after a while Mrs. Beedle and Betsey tiptoed up the stairs, and as they listened outside the door they heard some one speaking.

"You don't suppose he's got his reason?" whispered one to the other, and they waited a minute or two; it was very cold in the little entry.

"Yes, sir," they heard Andrew say gently, "you've had an ill turn;" and then all was silent again.

"I must n't forget those town orders. I can't seem to think where they are," said a weak voice that was as unlike as possible the cheerful loud tone in which Mr. Dennett had usually spoken.

"Don't try to think, uncle," said Andrew. "Don't you feel as if you could eat a little broth?" But there was no answer.

"I shan't stand for selee'man another year; it's a good deal o' trouble," said the weak voice, after a minute or two.

"He thinks it's this mornin', poor creatur'," whispered Betsey. "I guess I'll step down and get that broth; what do you think? Perhaps he would take a little." But when she came back she found it was not wanted. Mrs. Beedle had gone in, and the master of the house lay dying. They stood by the bedside watching, with awe-struck faces, while the mortal part of him fought fiercely for a minute to keep its soul, which had gently and surely taken itself away. There was this minute of distress and agony, and afterward the tired and useless body was still. The old man's face took on a sweet and strange look of satisfaction,— a look of rest, as if it found its sleep of death most welcome and pleasant. So soon it was over, the going away which the bravest of us shudder at sometimes and dread; but dying seems after all, to those who watch it oftenest, a simple and natural and blessed thing, and one forgets the lifeless

body in a sudden eagerness to follow the living soul into the new world.

The funeral was appointed for Saturday, and everybody was busy. Andrew instinctively took command, and Betsey and the women who came to help her consulted him with unwonted deference. The house had to be swept and dusted and put in order, and there were great preparations going on in the kitchen; for old Mr. Dennett had been a hospitable man, and it should not be said that any one went away from his house hungry.

"I declare, it don't seem more than yesterday it was Thanksgiving, and he made me make up double the mince pies I did last year. I little thought what they was going to be for," said Betsey Morris, whose heart was very sad.

The morning after Mr. Dennett had died, a letter came for him from an old friend in Boston, who had left that part of the country in his boyhood, and had made his fortune and become rich and prominent. None of his own family were living there, and he claimed Mr. Dennett's hospitality on the score of their early friendship and the occasional business letters which had passed between them since. Andrew was a little afraid at first to tell Betsey of this additional care, but she received the news graciously. She said, mournfully, how pleased the old gentleman would have been; but she thought also that she would show the city guest that they knew how to do things if they did live in the country, and since her pride as a housekeeper was put to its utmost test, she was not sorry to have so worthy a spectator among her audience.

But a new interest quickly followed this, for one of the women whispered to another that Andrew could not find the will. He had supposed that it was safe in the keeping of old Mr. Estes, who was the only lawyer in that region; but Mr. Estes had happened to say that two or three weeks before Mr. Dennett had tak-

en it home with him. Andrew was told that it was written on a sheet of blue letter-paper, and sealed with a wafer.

"I looked all through the papers in the desk up-stairs," said he to Mrs. Haynes, "and in my uncle's coat pockets, but I can't seem to find it." It was an evident relief to tell this, and Mrs. Haynes was at once much interested. "It must have slipped between some of the other things, or he may have tied it up with some old bills, or something, by mistake. I suppose Betsey don't know?"

But she did not, and was deeply concerned, for she had long indulged hopes of a legacy. She helped Andrew look all through the pigeon-holes again, and in every likely and unlikely place they could think of; but it was no use, and the fear took possession of them that Mr. Dennett might have destroyed it, meaning to make another will, and never had done so.

"He told me only a week or two ago," said Andrew, "that everything was going to be mine, and I might do as I chose. I was speaking to him about the barn; you know he had set his mind on altering it. I don't know what to think," and he went to the bedside and lifted the sheet from the dead man's face; but he looked white and indifferent, and kept his secrets.

The days crept by until Saturday, and each night two neighbors came to watch, after the old custom; and those who were lying awake in the house heard them every little while tramp up the stairs and down again, and the grumble of their voices as they talked together in the kitchen, trying to keep themselves awake. On Friday Mr. Dunning came, and was shocked to find that the only person he really cared very much to see had so lately died; but he accepted Andrew's invitation, and made up his mind to stay until after the funeral, discovering that it was expected of him and looked upon as desirable. There was a strange contrast between him and his

old friend ; the city man looked much younger in his well-fitting clothes, and his quick, business-like manner gave him an air of youth which was in great contrast to Mr. Dennett's slow, farmer-like ways. As he had grown older he had found himself thinking more and more about the people he had known when he was a boy, and the places where he had worked and played. It seemed strange at first to see hardly any familiar faces, and he had a curious sense of loneliness as he sat, himself an object of great interest, among the mourners ; and the pomp and piety of the old-fashioned country funeral interested him not a little. The people gathered from far and near to pay respect to the good man who had died ; and they came in by twos and threes, with solemn faces, to look at him, and many of them touched his face, lest they might have bad dreams of him. It was the first time his friends had come to his house and he had not welcomed them, but he lay in his coffin unmindful of them all, looking strange and priest-like in the black robe in which they had shrouded him. It was a bleak, cold day, and he would have looked more comfortable, and certainly more familiar, in his own old coat that was faded a little on the shoulders.

Betsey Morris was dressed in proper black, and was crying softly, with a big pocket handkerchief held close to her face, which she occasionally moved aside a little as the people came in, to dart a glance at them. Andrew looked worn and anxious. Every one told him that the will must be found, but he was by no means certain, and if it did not come to light he was left penniless. He was only the nephew of Stephen Dennett's wife, and though he had been always treated as a son he had never been formally adopted. Several people noticed that he had a manly look that they never had seen before, but for his part he felt helpless and adrift.

After a long and solemn silence the

old minister rose to speak of the departed pillar of the church and town, as he called Mr. Dennett, and the old clock in the kitchen ticked louder than ever in the hush that followed. After the remarks were ended he lifted the great Bible which was lying ready on the light stand, and read slowly and reverently that short and solemn last chapter of Ecclesiastes ; and, though there were fewer young people to heed the preacher's warning than old people to regret their long delay, it seemed to fit the occasion best. "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl broken," he read in his trembling voice ; "for man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." He thought of his kind friend and generous parishioner, and it was said afterward that, though the old parson was an able preacher and gifted in prayer, he never had spoken as he did that day. He knew this chapter by heart ; he had read it at many a funeral before, and he repeated the last few verses, lowering the Bible as he held it in his arms, for it was heavy. And out from between the leaves slid a thin folded paper, which went wavering through the air to the floor ; it was sealed with a big red wafer, and one or two persons who sat close by and saw it knew by a sudden instinct that it was the missing will.

Andrew Phillips turned very pale for a moment, and then as suddenly flushed. He started from his chair, but his respect for the time and place checked him, and with great propriety he nodded to the old woman at whose feet it had fallen, — a distant connection of the family, a feeble, wheezing old creature, — who had made a great effort to be present. She stooped over stiffly and picked it up ; she looked as if it were only a commonplace paper, which must not litter the floor on such a day. The minister had already begun his prayer, but when he besought the Lord that the memory of the departed might be a lesson, and

that the young man on whom his mantle was to fall might prove himself worthy of it, Andrew prayed for himself still more heartily, and before the coffin-lid was screwed down he bent over and kissed his uncle's forehead. Some of the women's eyes filled with tears: he might not be a go-ahead young man, but his fondness for his uncle was unaffected, and, being his uncle's heir and standing in his place, his feelings were much more to be respected than if he were still a dependent.

When the mourners were called out he meant, as he went by old Mrs. Towner's chair, to take the will. He had tried to call her attention, and make her understand that he wanted the paper; but she was dull of sight, and sat there watching the proceedings with intense interest. Andrew was shy, and he had a horror of seeming anxious about the property before all the people; and when he and Betsey were called (Mr. Lysander Dennett and family, the only cousins, not responding), he went out into the yard, a little uneasy at heart, to take his place at the head of the procession.

They walked two by two across the wind-blown field to the little family burying-ground. It was a long procession, and the doctor was one of the mourners; he had pleaded in vain critical cases in the next town, for his wife, mindful of the exactions of society, would not hear to any excuses. He shivered and grumbled as he walked with her to the grave. "I shall be out every night for a week after this, looking after lung fevers," said he. "I don't see why people must go through with just so much!" and he hastily brushed away a cold tear that had started down his cheek when he caught sight of the clumsy coffin as it was carried unevenly along in the hands of the bearers. He had been deeply attached to old Mr. Dennett, but the people in front thought he showed very little feeling. When they were nearing the house again some

one came running out and spoke to the doctor, who followed him hurriedly; the word was passed from one to another that old widow Towner was in some kind of a fit, and Andrew's first thought was of the will, for it was she who had it in her pocket.

She had stayed behind to keep the house, being so feeble, and spent with a long walk in the cold. "Foolish for old people to be out in such perishing weather," said the doctor to himself as he bent over her. "She's gone, poor soul," he told the startled people who were crowding round him. She was lying near the fire-place, on the kitchen floor; she had been putting on some wood. "I've been expecting this,—she's had a heart complaint these twenty years," said the doctor.

And the will had disappeared again. They looked in her pocket, but it was not there, and there was no trace of it anywhere; only at the side of the fire were some scraps of half-burnt writing paper,—the order in which people had been called out to take their places in the procession. "I meant to keep that," said Betsey Morris, almost angrily. Whether the old widow had been a little dazed, and had burnt the will also, nobody knew, but it was certainly gone. She had been trying to put the house in order a little; some of the borrowed chairs were already standing outside the door, for she was familiar with the contents of the house. Poor little drudge! she had worked to the very end.

It was almost too great an excitement for the towns-people; most of them had just heard of the missing will for the first time, and the crowd of wagons disappeared slowly. This sudden death was a great drawback to the funeral feast, but Betsey managed skillfully to muster those guests who were to stay, for that was an important part of the rites. Poor old widow Towner was comfortably disposed of, and wrapped in some coverlids, and carried away on the

floor of a wagon to the desolate little black house where she had lived alone for many years ; and then the tables were laid, and the company gravely ate and drank their fill.

Andrew saw his lady-love alone only for a minute after the funeral. "I wish I could stay and help you look for it," said she, "but father says there's a storm coming and we'd better get home." It annoyed him to find that her only thought was of the will. To be sure, it was uppermost in his own mind, but he had too lately seen his oldest and kindest friend put into a frozen grave to be quite forgetful of him, and he would have liked best for Susan to sympathize with the better part of his thoughts. It flashed through his mind that he had once heard some one say that Susan had an eye to the windward, but he held her hand the more affectionately for a moment, as he helped her into her father's wagon, and tucked in the buffalo skin with care by way of making amends for such injustice. There had been times when it had seemed to him that Susan could not understand his best thoughts, and that she was a little bored if he talked about subjects instead of people, and he sighed a little and felt lonely as he went back to the house. "The higher you climb, the fewer you have for company," he said to himself ; and it struck him as being a very fine thought.

There was a good deal of conversation going on in the house, and as he opened the kitchen door, where the women were busy clearing away the supper, there was a sudden hush. To tell the truth, they had been taking sides on the question of Susan's being willing to marry him if the will could not be found.

"You need n't tell me," said our friend Mrs. Beedle, as she stood at the closet putting away some plates. "Susan never 'd had him in the world if it had n't been for the property. I always thought she'd a looked another way if the dollars had n't shone in her eyes. I

don't blame her. I should n't pick out Andrer for his self alone. I'd as soon live on b'iled rice the year round. I like to see a young fellow that's got some snap to him."

"But there, now he's got to be his own master he may start up," suggested some one. "I always thought well of Andrer."

"Land, so did I!" said Mrs. Beedle, with surprise. "I ain't saying nothing against him. What do you guess old lady Towner could a done with the will? It don't seem like her to have burnt it. But she need n't have burnt the paper o' names for the procession ; they're usually kept. I know we've got 'em to our house for every funeral that's been since I can remember : grand'ther's, and grandma'am's, and old Aunt Hitty's, and all. She had an awful sight o' folks follow her. You know she wa'n't but half-sister to grand'ther, and owned half the farm. 'Twas her right to have a good funeral, and she had it ; they set out the best there was. Her own mother was a Shepley, and she had over thirty own cousins on the Shepley side, and they were a dreadful clannish set. I know we set the supper table over five times ; mother always said it was a real pleasant occasion ; 't was in September, and a beautiful day for a funeral, and all the family gathered together. I don't more 'n just remember it myself. Aunt Hitty was in her ninety-fourth year, and of course her death was n't no calamity, for she had n't had her mind for above two years. I was small, but I can see just how she looked. She'd get a word fixed in her mind in the morning, and she'd keep it a-going all day ; sometimes she'd call grand'ther by name, and I rec'lect one day she said divil, divil, divil, till it seemed as if we could n't stand it no longer."

"I do hope I shan't out-live my usefulness," whined a thin little old woman in black. "I always had a dread o' being a burden to others."

"I say," said Mrs. Beedle stoutly, "that old folks has a right to be maintained and done for; it ain't no favor to them. It looks dreadful hard, to me, that after you've toiled all your good years, and laid up what you could, and stood in your lot and place as long as you had strength, the minute you get feeble you're begrudged the food you eat and the chair you set on. What's the use of scanting yourself and laying up a little somethin', and seeing other folks spend it! Some ain't got no feelin's for the old, but for my part I like to make 'em feel of consequence."

"Poor old Mis' Towner!" said a pleasant-faced woman. "It keeps coming over me about her; somehow it seems to me as if she had been dreadful desolate, livin' all alone so. She would do it; many's the time we've asked her to our house to stop through a cold spell or a storm, but she never seemed inclined. I thought when I see her coming in to-day she'd better be to home; but she always was a great hand to go to funerals when she could, and then bein' a connection, too. Mis' Ash and Mis' Thompson said they'd hurry home and be to her place by the time they got her there."

"I s'pose likely she had a little something laid up?" asked Betsey Morris.

"Enough to bury her, it's likely. I know of her having thirty-eight dollars she got for some wood a spell ago. You know she owned a little wood-lot over in the Kimball tract. She picked up a little now and then sellin' eggs, but I guess she ain't earnt anything tailoring this good while, her eyes have been failin' her so."

The will had not been mentioned since Andrew had come in and seated himself on the settle, which had been pushed back from its usual place. It had grown dark, and people had said it was no use to hunt any longer, and he had not the courage to go on with the search; beside, he could only look in the

same places over again. He could not help feeling worried; he was impatient for the morrow to come. It seemed to him that all this suffering and loss was felt by himself alone. It was like a tornado that had blown through his life, but everybody else appeared to be on the whole enjoying it, and to have a great deal to talk about. He thought, as he listened to the busy, gossiping women, how cheerless and friendless an old age must be when there was no money in a man's pocket, and for the first time in his life he felt poor, and fearful of the future, which had always seemed secure until then. He remembered how often his uncle had said, "It's a cold world when you've nothing to give it;" and somehow there was a great difference in his own mind between his sitting there, uncertain and almost unnoticed, and his receiving the people earlier in the afternoon, as the chief mourner and his uncle's heir. He was the master of the house for the time being; to be sure, the will was missing then, but now it had disappeared almost before his face and eyes. This sudden change in his fortunes seemed very strange and sad to him, and he wished Susan had not gone home. Their love for each other was left, at any rate, and he was rich again in the thought that she was his; and then a dreadful doubt came, — what if she had an eye to the windward? But he crushed this serpent of a thought instantly.

Later Mr. Dunning came in; he had gone home with some old acquaintances who lived not far away, and had spent part of the evening. The snow had already begun to sift down as if there were a long storm coming; the people had all gone away, and Andrew and Betsey Morris and their guest were left to themselves.

"Now tell me what this trouble is about the will," said Mr. Dunning; and Andrew went over the story briefly.

"It looks dark for you," said Mr.

Dunning, "but it does n't seem as if anybody in their senses would burn such a thing without knowing what it was; however, she may not have been in her senses. It is a pity you did not take it yourself, before you left the house." Betsey thought so too, and could have mentioned that everybody said it was just like him. "It seems to me that she might have put it back in the Bible again, thinking it was a family record, or something of that kind."

"I thought of that, and I looked there, but I could not find it," said Andrew; but he went into the best room and brought out the Bible, and looked through it carefully, leaf by leaf.

"Who is the heir at law?" asked Mr. Dunning; and he was told that it was a cousin of Mr. Dennett's, old Ly-sander Dennett, who lived seventeen or eighteen miles away. It would have been a great sorrow to the old gentleman if he had thought of his property going in that direction.

"He would have given what he had to the State sooner than have such a thing happen!" said Betsey, excitedly. "I believe he'd turn over in his grave. You know he was a very set man, but he did have excellent judgment."

"I wish I had come a little sooner; I should like to have seen Stephen again," said Mr. Dunning; and they were all silent for a time.

"Why don't you put your uncle's death in the Bible, now you've got it right here, Andrer?" asked Betsey, and she brought the little stone bottle of ink, and Andrew carefully wrote the name and date. "He was the last of them," said Betsey mournfully, "and they was always respectable folks. I suppose you remember the old people well as I do, Mr. Dunning?" —

Mr. Dunning was not used to feeling sleepy at half past nine, though that hour was unusually late for his entertainers, and finding that he seemed disposed to linger, Andrew put more wood on the

fire, and drew some cider, and brought some apples from the cellar; and the guest seemed very comfortable. It was like old times, he said. He asked Andrew a great many questions about the old dwellers in the town, — what had become of the boys and girls he used to know; and at last he asked the young man some questions about himself, and suddenly said with a directness that was startling, "In case of the will's not turning up, what do you mean to do?"

"I have hardly had time to think," said Andrew, flushing; and then, being sure of sympathy, he opened his heart to the gray-headed man, who seemed to him to be finishing his life while he was just beginning. "I believe I have n't a very good reputation, Mr. Dunning, but I feel sure I could make something of myself if I had the chance. I never have had anything to do that I liked to do. I never took to farming; my uncle never wanted to give up the reins, and I did n't want him to. He could n't bear the thought of my going away and leaving him, and you know there is n't much business in a farming town like this for a young man. I don't know which way to turn," said poor Andrew, a sense of the misery of the situation coming over him as it never had before. "I don't want to blame the best friend I ever had, but I wish now he had put me to some business or other."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Dunning absently. "It would have made it easier for you, perhaps; but if you did n't start of your own accord, he probably did n't want to push you; he was glad to have you here. My boys are all scattered;" and then he said no more for a while. Andrew felt half rebuked, and half convinced that it had been right to stay at home. He suspected that his guest was thinking of his own affairs, and wished he had not told so long a story.

All night long Andrew turned and tossed in his bed, and thought about his

troubles until his head ached, and it was a relief when it was time to get up in the early dark morning and go out to feed the cattle. As soon as it was light and breakfast was over, they all hunted again for the will, high and low, upstairs and down, but it was no use; and later they went decorously to meeting. The neighbors came in, and Mr. Dunning was the hero of the hour, and was treated with great ceremony and honor. He was a well-known man, and his coming was taken as a great favor. Mr. Dennett's fame had been only provincial, and Andrew's perplexities would wait to be considered later. It was a very exciting time, and the people met together in the farm-house kitchens and had a great deal to say to one another. One day had been much like another for a great while before that week, and life had been like reading one page of a book over and over again.

Early Monday morning Mr. Dunning went away. Andrew drove him over to the village to take the stage. He used to dream in his boyhood that he would come back some day a rich man; the dream had come true; but there was after all a dreary pathos in it. Everybody had made a king of him, and had seemed proud if he remembered them, and yet — he did not care as he used to think he should. He said he meant to come back in the summer, and he told Andrew that he hoped to find him master of the place; and Andrew made a desperate effort to smile. "If I can do anything for you, you must let me know, my boy," said he. "I thought a great deal of your uncle; he did me some good turns when we were young together."

"I have often heard him say that he wished he could see you again," said the young man. "He would have been so pleased to have this visit. He used to speak of your sitting together always at school, and he used to be so proud when he read your name in the papers."

Mr. Dunning coughed a little and

looked away, and asked the name of one of the hills which he had forgotten. "Yes, I wish I could have seen him once more," he said after a few minutes; and then he was forced to think of his own schemes and plans, for he was on his way back to his every-day world again.

It was only two or three days before Betsey Morris heard the sound of bells, and looked out of the window to see Mr. Lysander Dennett coming in from the road, driving a lame white horse in an old high-backed sleigh. Andrew had gone to see Susan Mathes, so she was all alone. She told herself that he might have waited a full week before he came spying round, and she would not go to the door to welcome him; so he was a long time putting his horse under a shed and covering him with the buffalo robe, which was worn until it looked fit for only a blacksmith's apron. He stamped the snow off his boots and flapped his arms to get the stiffness out, for it was very cold; the sky looked as if there were another storm coming. He dallied as long as possible, hoping that somebody would come out; but at last he summoned courage, and crossed the yard to the house and knocked at the door. Betsey had been slyly watching him through the window with a grim chuckle, but she kept him waiting a few minutes longer, and then met him with affected surprise. She was apparently hospitable, but she placed a chair for him almost into the fire itself, and entreated him to lay off his coat and stop, it was so long since he had been over, — a cruel thrust at him for not having been at the funeral. "He never did come 'less it was after money, mean-spirited old toad!" thought she.

Cousin Lysander was slow of speech; he unwound a long, dingy yarn comforter from his throat, and then he bent forward and rubbed his hands together before the fire. He had a curious, narrow face, with a nose like a beak, and thin straggling hair and whiskers, with two great ears that stood out as if they were

a schooner's sails wing-and-wing. Betsey drew her chair to the other side of the fire-place, and began to knit angrily.

"We was dreadful concerned to hear o' cousin Stephen's death," said the poor man. "He went very sudden, did n't he? Gre't loss he is."

"Yes," said Betsey, "he was very much looked up to;" and it was some time before the heir plucked up courage to speak again.

"Wife and me was lotting on getting over to the funeral; but it's a gre't ways for her to ride, and it was a perishin' day that day. She's be'n troubled more than common with her phthisic since cold weather come. I was all crippled up with the rheumatism; we wa'n't neither of us fit to be out," plaintively. "'T was all I could do to get out to the barn to feed the stock while Jonas and Tim was gone. My boys was over, I s'pose ye know? I don' know's they come to speak with ye; they're backward with strangers, but they're good stiddy fellows."

"Them was the louts that was hanging round the barn, I guess," said Betsey to herself.

"They're the main-stay now; they're ahead of poor me a'ready. Jonas, he's got risin' a hundred dollars laid up, and I believe Tim's got something, too, — he's younger, ye know?"

But Betsey gave her chair an angry hitch at this mixture of humility and brag, and then was a little ashamed of herself, for the memory of old Mr. Dennett's kindness and patience rebuked her. "I've always heard they was good boys," she said. "Mr. Dennett was speakin' of 'em only last week; he thought Jonas must be about out of his time."

"Next June," said Lysander, taking heart.

("I come just as near saying that he spoke of leavin' them something," said Betsey afterward, "but I did n't. I thought he might as well tell right out what he come for.")

"Andrer's away, I take it?"

And Betsey answered yes, but that he would be back early. "He went off before dinner; he's got to be home to see some folks that's coming. You'd better stop, now you're over," she said, and her tone was milder. She was a tender-hearted soul, and she had made him uncomfortable until she was miserable herself.

"I tell you I dread to see Andrer," said the old man sincerely, in almost a whisper. "I thought I might as well come and have it over with, but I tell you when I got into the yard I wished I was home again. Sometimes I don't feel as if I had a mite o' right to what Stephen meant to give to somebody else; but Andrer aint got his proofs, and my boys has had a hard chance. Somehow or 'nother, it's always been up-hill work to our place, and I feel's if the law gives it to me, it's the will o' Providence, and I ain't got no right to set my will ag'inst it. But I want to make things pleasant with Andrer; I thought if I come right over, and we talked it over pleasant together, we could fix it some way for the best. I mean well, Betsey, I tell ye honest I do; and if we can find out what Stephen calc'lated to do for you, you shall have every cent, if it has to come out o' my part."

"I ain't thought no great about that," said Betsey, who was already considering what there was in the house to make a hearty supper for him, he looked so starved and timid, like an old white rabbit. "But I do feel for Andrer, — you know how he has been brought up. There he is now, I declare, and he's fetched Susan with him," and she bustled out to greet them, leaving the visitor more unhappy and at a loss than ever. He had thought that everything was getting on comfortably, and he meant to lay his case before Betsey Morris, and then steal away lest he might encounter Andrew, and the idea of meeting Susan was particularly unpleasant. But he re-

flected that it would all have to be gone through with some time or other, and he sat up as straight as he could in his chair, prepared to hold his own.

Betsey shut the kitchen door after her, and went out a few steps to speak to them before they drove on into the shed. "Lysander's come," — and for the life of her she could not help a smile. "I *was* mad at first, but when I come to see how meachin' he was I turned to and pitied him, just as your uncle used to. He'd scold dreadfully when he see him a-coming, but he always loaded up his old wagon for him when he went home. I guess you can have things pretty much as you want 'em."

Andrew frowned. He had to go through the same process of mind as Betsey, but he achieved it in about the same length of time; and though he was very angry at first, after he had put up his own horse he gave the lame white beast a big measure of corn and a pitchforkful of hay, and put her in the warmest stall. He still felt as if he would like to ill-treat her master as he went into the house. Old Lysander looked more meaching than ever, as Betsey had expressed herself, and Susan sat near the fire, looking cross and cold. She was a pretty girl, but not a very good-tempered one, and it had been a serious annoyance to her to find that there was some danger of her having to come down from the high perch she had taken as mistress in prospect of the Dennett farm. Andrew had been laughed at for his old-fashioned, sober ways, and for his mind's habit of wool-gathering. Some blunders he had made were kept alive as great jokes, and he had suffered from contrast with a smart young fellow who had come from the nearest large town, and was clerk at the country store and post-office. He had a "way" with him, and Andrew had not, and Susan's heart had been pulled in both directions.

Andrew shook hands cordially with the old man; he looked a little like Mr.

Dennett, and it seemed as if some thin and weather-beaten likeness of him were sitting there, forlorn, before his own fire, or as if he had come back unsuccessful from his adventure into the next world. "You'll stop all night, of course," said the young man. "It's rough traveling, and it's getting dark now. You won't think of going home. I put up your horse. I suppose you want to have a little talk about business, too." It was hard work to say this, and Susan's eyes snapped and grew very black. "I wonder he don't ask him right off if he can't stop here himself," she muttered, and Betsey thought he was too free-spoken altogether. Lysander was evidently touched by this great civility. He had expected to be treated dreadfully, and to tell the truth, though his wife had started him off early in the morning, he had lingered all day at one place and another along the road.

It grew dark very soon, and Andrew went out to bring in the wood for the night and to do his usual work; and after a while he came in, looking pleasanter than before, which made Susan crosser. She was an honest and just girl according to her lights, and she would not have wished her lover to keep what was not his, but it was her way to make everybody feel that it was injustice, and that Andrew was making somebody else an out-and-out present for his conscience's sake. She was treating poor Lysander's attempts at conversation with lofty disdain, and he grew more and more humble, and consequently disagreeable. He felt that he was creeping into this good luck by a very crooked way, and it did not behoove him to put on airs and march in upon his possessions with his banners flying; and though he said to himself over and over that the law makes the best will after all, he was certainly Stephen's next of kin and always had had a hard time, that Andrew had been given many favors by some body who was no blood relation, yet he

was very sorry for the young fellow, and showed his sympathy as well as he knew how.

"I come over a purpose to say to ye that I mean to do what's right about this," he said at last, at the end of a long and awkward pause. "I've asked advice, and I find the property comes to me by the law. But I know Stephen had it in his mind to give you the best part of what he had, and I want to do what's fair and right, and so does my woman and the boys. We'll leave it out to anybody you name, or you may have your say, or we'll share even. I don't want to have no trouble. The first thing I says when I got wind of it was I never'd touch a cent by claim; but when I come to think it over, it's come by law, and our folks haven't laid up nothin' to speak of; it's been so we could n't. My sons are smart, stiddy fellows, and I'd like to let the youngest one have some schooling; he always took to his book. I don't want to be a drag on 'em, when it gets so I can't work. I want ye to think well about it, and let me know. I won't hurry ye, and we'll make out the papers all square whenever you say."

"Whining old thing!" said Susan to herself; and Betsey left her chair and hurried to the closet, impatiently, for nothing whatever, and gave the door a little slam when she shut it again.

Andrew moved a little in his chair. "No, Mr. Dennett," said he, bravely. "I could n't touch a cent unless the will was found. If I had ever seen it, and knew for certain what was in it, perhaps I should act different; but as it is I should feel as if I was living on you, and I should n't like that. The law gives you the property, as you say, and I hope you and your folks will be comfortable here. I want to speak about one thing: my uncle told me he had left Betsey five hundred dollars; he spoke to me about it several times, and I promised I would see to it when anything

happened to him. He said he wanted to feel she would be comfortable when she got to be old. I'm much obliged to you for what you say, and for coming right over and talking fair and kind."

Betsey told herself then that he talked like a fool, but she always insisted afterwards that he did speak up like a man. Susan thought her lover was better looking than he used to be; she really admired him at that moment, but her heart sank within her. "He is dreadful high-flown," she said to herself, with an uneasy sense of what might be required of her as to noble ideas in years to come, if he went on in this way. It was hard, when she had been thinking they would be the two richest young people in town, to find that Andrew had decided to make them almost the poorest. She wished him to go to law; she thought she was fond of him, but people had always known he had no turn for business, and she had trusted to her own wits to make the farm pay well. Andrew had talked to her in a way that touched her heart only that afternoon, as they drove over, and had told her that he meant to be somebody for her sake, and make her proud of him yet; and she had smiled and kissed him with great affection, but it had been almost too cold for love-making, and she was a sadly disappointed girl.

They spent a solemn evening. Old Lysander talked a great deal about the weather and the likelihood of there being more snow before morning, and then he fell asleep and snored; and later Andrew walked over with Susan to her aunt's, where she was going to spend a day or two, as often happened. She was dreading to meet her relatives, but Andrew was on provokingly good terms with himself. He told Susan that she was everything to him, and he did n't care about losing the farm so long as he had her; and she said that she was n't half good enough for him, and resolved that she would n't break his heart now,

for he was a well-meaning fellow, but before spring there would be some way she could get out of it.

The short winter days that followed were dreary enough to the hero of this story. His comfortable life had always seemed a certainty to him, and now new cares and perplexities had fallen heavily upon him. He could not help noticing that there was a change in the manner of his neighbors, and Betsey often mentioned that she could not imagine how her sister got on without her, and was evidently in a hurry to settle herself in her new home. The Dennetts had asked them both to stay until spring at the farm, when they meant to make a change, and it seemed the best thing to do; but Andrew kept himself busier than ever before in his life, lest he might be accused of idling and eating another man's bread. He undertook to keep the district school near by, and succeeded tolerably well, and it was a great satisfaction to be earning something. He hunted far and near for some employment, until he was discouraged. He knew that Susan would despise his hiring out on a farm for the summer, and there seemed to be nothing else, if there were even that. He felt very forlorn, and sometimes there was a chill in Susan's sunshine, which was the saddest thing of all.

One day late in January he made up his mind to write to Mr. Dunning and ask him to find some work for him in Boston, though it was awful to think of going so far away. Susan brightened when he spoke of it, and when a letter was received telling him to come as soon as possible he said good-by to her and went, and some one else finished the town school. He often smiled in after-years to think of the misgivings with which he left his home, and the tremendous distance which seemed to lie between it and the city; it was almost like going off into space. The change to city life was a very great one, and at

first he felt as a small boy might who had fastened his sled behind a railway train. However, he proved equal to the place for which Mr. Dunning had recommended him; his steady, painstaking ways found favor with his employers, while he lost some of his natural slowness from being with people who were always in a hurry. He wrote long and edifying letters to Susan, and confided to her his aims and hopes, and his certainty that she would like the city as much as he did. She replied from time to time, but she had by no means the pen of a ready writer; and when, one day, he had been thinking a great deal about her, and wondering gratefully why she had fallen in love with him, a letter came to say that she had decided that they must part. Her father and mother would not consent to her settling so far away, and she hoped they would always be friends; she never had been good enough for him, — which was not honest, since she thought herself much too good. It was a heavy blow, and Andrew was miserable for some time. The loss of the will had involved this loss also, and life seemed very dismal.

But he did not mourn all his days, as at first he thought he should. His business grew very interesting, and he set his heart upon making a fortune, since other people had done it without any more hard work than he was willing to do; and after a while the news reached his old neighbors that his employers thought highly of him, and would soon send him out to China, — they being in the tea business. Then even Mrs. Beedle said she always knew there was a good deal to Andrew Phillips, and now folks that had laughed at him were going to see. And sure enough, he did make his way steadily upward, as many a country boy has done before and since. He changed little in reality: he dressed well, and behaved himself in the approved fashion, and gained a good knowledge of the world, and his manner, which had been

thought awkward, came to be considered good enough. While in his boyhood he had been called stupid and slow-moulded, among his business friends he passed for a reserved and discreet and cautious man. He never was very attractive; his associates found no fault with him, for his life was honorable and just, but he did not make many personal friends, though he was so much respected. You might have a strong feeling of attachment for him after you had known him long, but that was all; he was not a person whom one could be enthusiastic about. His was not the character which rouses enthusiasm, but after his own fashion he made a success of life, and that cannot always be said of men who are more popular with their fellows and more gifted by nature than he.

He married, after a while, an orphan niece of one of the firm, of which in time he rose to be a partner himself, and everybody thought it was a good match for both of them. The fair Susan was never thought of with a sigh; it is oftener in love stories than in real life that such wounds of the heart take long to heal. The world seems to come to an end, and then is begun anew; after people marry, their earlier lovers are seldom thought of with regret, however dear they were in their day. Andrew's wife was a far better wife for him than Susan ever would or could have been, and he always said so to himself when he thought of the matter at all. They had a pleasant house and a pleasant position in society, and our hero often smiled to think of his misery when he found that his uncle's estates were not to be his, after all. It was a good while before it flashed through his mind, one day, that it had been a blessing in disguise. There had been eight thousand dollars beside the farm; there never had been a fortune equal to it in that neighborhood; but his own possessions already covered it over and over again, and it made him fairly wretched to think how small and

narrow his life would have been if he had stayed at home on the farm, how much he should have missed, and how much less he could have have done for himself and for other people. He said more than once that it had been the making of him, and that the hand of God had plainly shaped his course.

After a good many years he went back to his native place; he had been meaning to do it for a long time, and he was somehow often reminded of Mr. Dunning's visit. It was a pleasant week in late summer, and the old town was little changed; only there seemed to be very few old people and a great many younger ones. He went to see every one whom he knew, and his holidays were after all very pleasant. He called upon Susan, and found her old and homely and complaining, though she had married the smart young man at the store, and had been as fond of him as it was her nature to be of any one. It was odd that he was awkward and lank and slow-moulded now, while Andrew was in her eyes a most distinguished and elegant looking man, and she could not imagine how she ever had the courage to dismiss him. "You know I always set a great deal by you, Mr. Phillips," she said, with a look that made her a little like the Susan of old. He seemed a part of her triumphant youth, and it brought back all her old pride and ambition. She had meant to be somebody and had failed, and perhaps she never exactly understood where her mistake had been until then. It is likely that from that time forward she occasionally said that she might have been riding in her carriage.

Andrew stayed at the Dennett farm; nothing had ever told him so plainly how different a man he was from what he might have been, or how different a life he led, like coming back to the old house. It seemed very strange to wake up in the morning in his old room, which with unwonted sentiment he had asked if he

might occupy. Lysander Dennett had not lived long to enjoy his good fortune, but it had been a great blessing to his sons, who were farmers by nature; and now one lived in the old house, and the other in a new one near by, and they worked the farm together, while they were, by reason of their wealth, two of the foremost citizens, and one of them had even been sent to the legislature. The old place was not altered much. Andrew was reminded of his uncle and of his own boyhood at every step, and he offered to buy one or two old pieces of furniture, which were gladly given to him when he was found to be attached to them; and, since they were brass-mounted and claw-footed, his wife welcomed them with joy, and thought his pilgrimage to his native place had not been in vain. There was a son of Jonas Dennett's at the farm who reminded him of himself in his youth, and he made friends in a grave way with the boy, and said to himself that in a year or two he would give him a start in the world.

It happened that the day before he ended his visit was a rainy day, and he was shut up in the house, though between two showers in the morning he had gone over to pay a last call on Mrs. Beedle, who was still living, grown shorter and stouter than ever, until her little head and broad round shoulders made her look like a June bug. She took great pride in Mr. Phillips, who, indeed, had been kind to her in many ways, as well as to Betsey Morris, who had died not long before.

After he had come back he was at his wits' end what to do. Jonas Dennett was away and the women were busy, and at last he asked if there were not an old family Bible somewhere in the house, and was directed to the best room, — stiff and dismal as ever, — where it was taken down from the chimney cupboard, as the Bible belonging to the Lysander Dennett branch was oc-

cupying the post of honor on the little table in the corner. Andrew caught sight of some other ancient-looking volumes, and he mounted the chair himself, reaching in at arm's-length and taking out one old brown book after another. There was nothing very interesting; they were mostly like Law's Serious Call and the Rise and Progress, and some volumes of old sermons by New England divines. The last book was a great volume of Townsend's Arrangement of the Old Testament. It was almost as large as the Bible itself, and as he took it out it slipped from his hand and fell to the floor. One of the Dennett children, who stood by, stooped to pick it up, and as Andrew came down from the chair, dusty and disappointed in his search, she gave it to him. There was a paper half out between the leaves, which the fall had dislodged, and he pulled it out to replace it more carefully, thinking of something else all the time; but a strange feeling rushed over him at the sight of it, and he sat down, still holding the big book and the paper, and, to the little girl's surprise, he grew very red in the face.

It was strange that after so many years, he should have been the one to find the missing will. It was carefully written in his uncle's stiff, precise hand, and the farm and all the money, with the exception of Betsey Morris's legacy, and one to the young Dennetts, and some smaller ones to the church and the old minister, were left to his adopted son.

And now Andrew was the rightful heir when he did not wish to be, and he was anything but happy. He remembered the book, and that he looked in it himself; it used to be on a table in that same room, and poor old Mrs. Towner had carefully replaced the paper in the Bible, as she thought, for this book was not unlike it to her half-blind eyes. Soon after the funeral Betsey had put the room severely to rights, and had stored the books away in the chim-

ney cupboard, where they had been ever since. He could not imagine how he and the other people who had searched had overlooked this paper; it must have been fastened between two leaves and hidden somehow. Indeed, it had always been a puzzle to him why the will should have been in the Bible at all; it was not like his uncle to put it there; but after all it is only people in real life who do uncharacteristic things. Andrew went out to the barn and sat there alone for a while, listening to the rain on the shingles overhead and wondering what he should do. He had a great affection for the old place, and he would have liked to think it was his, as his uncle wished it to be. It cost a good deal of effort to give it up; but he knew that his wife would find it very dull for even a little while in the summer, and it was too far from the city for him to think of spending much time there. It would give him a great deal of trouble, too. And Jonas and Tim Dennett would be thrown out of their homes; they were worth five or six thousand dollars apiece and their farm now, but they would have to begin life all over again,—they

and their wives and children. He was a rich man himself and only a little past middle age, and he came to the conclusion that he would not claim the property that his uncle had given him.

And when he went into the house he stood for a minute in the kitchen warming his hands a little over the stove, which to his sorrow had taken the place of the old fire-place; while nobody was looking he tucked a folded paper in at the draught, and saw it light quickly and burn, and the old wafer spluttered a little, while he felt very solemn, and seemed to his hostess all day to have something on his mind. He had a feeling of regret about it from time to time, and he thought sometimes that it would have been just as well to let them know how generous he had been. But he always told himself, whenever he thought of the will afterward, that it was the best thing for him to do.

So he lost his fortune when he wanted it, and found it was his when he would not take it; but he thought of the old place more and more as he grew older, and Jonas Dennett's boy came to the city that next spring.

Sarah O. Jewett.

FOUR DAYS WITH SANNA.

A PAIR of eyes too blue for gray, too gray for blue; brown hair as dark as hair can be, being brown and not black; a face fine without beauty, gentle but firm; a look appealing, and yet full of a certain steadfastness, which one can see would be changed to fortitude at once, if there were need; a voice soft, low, and of a rich fullness, in which even Norwegian "*sks*" flow melodiously and broken English becomes music,—this is a little, these are a few features, of the portrait of Sanna, all that can be told to any one not knowing Sanna herself.

And to those who do know her it would not occur to speak of the eyes, or the hair, or the shy, brave look; to speak of her in description would be lost time and a half-way impertinence; she is simply "Sanna."

When she said she would go with me and show me two of the most beautiful fjords of her country, her beloved Norway, I found no words in which to convey my gladness. He who journeys in a foreign country whose language he does not know is in sorrier plight for the time being than one born a deaf-mute.

Deprived all of a sudden of his two chief channels of communication with his fellows, cut off in an hour from all which he has been wont to gain through his ears and express by his tongue, there is no telling his abject sense of helplessness. The more he has been accustomed to free intercourse, exact replies, ready compliance, and full utterance among his own people, the worse off he feels himself now. It is ceaseless humiliation added to perpetual discomfort. And the more novel the country, and the greater his eagerness to understand all he sees, the greater is his misery; the very things which, if he were not this pitiful deaf-mute, would give him his best pleasures are turned into his chief torments; even evident friendliness on the part of those he meets becomes as irritating a misery as the sound of waterfalls in the ears of Tantalus. Nowhere in the world can this misery of unwilling dumbness and deafness be greater, I think, than it is in Norway. The evident good-will and readiness to talk of the Norwegian people are as peculiarly their own as are their gay costumes and their flower-decked houses. Their desire to meet you half way is so great that they talk on and on, in spite of the palpable fact that not one word of all they say conveys any idea to your mind; and at last, when your despair has become contagious, and they accept the situation as hopeless, they seize your hand in both of theirs, and pressing it warmly let it fall with a smile and a shake of the head, which speak volumes of regret both for their own loss and for yours.

It took much planning to contrive what we could best do in the four days which were all that we could have for our journey. The comings and goings of steamboats on the Norway fjords, their habits in the matter of arriving and departing, the possibilities and impossibilities of carioles, caleches, peasant carts and horses, the contingencies and

uncertainties of beds at inns,—all these things taken together, make any programme of journeying, in any direction in Norway, an aggregate of complications, risks, and hindrances enough to deter any but the most indomitable lovers of nature and adventure. Long before it was decided which routes promised us most between a Saturday afternoon and the next Wednesday night, I had abandoned all effort to grapple understandingly with the problems, and left the planning entirely to my wiser and more resolute companion. Each suggestion that I made seemed to involve us in deeper perplexities. One steamer would set off at three in the morning; another would arrive at the same hour; a third would take us over the most beautiful parts of a fjord in the night; on a fourth route nothing in the way of vehicles could be procured, except the peasant's cart, a thing in which no human being not born a Norwegian peasant can drive for half a day without being shaken to a jelly; on a fifth we should have to wait three days for a return boat; on another it was unsafe to go without having received beforehand the promise of a bed, the accommodations for travelers being so scanty. The old puzzle of the fox and the goose and the corn is an *abc* in comparison with the dilemma we were in. At last, when I thought I had finally arranged a scheme which would enable us to see two of the finest of the fjords within our prescribed time, a scheme which involved spending a day and a night in the little town of Gudvangen, in the valley of Nerodal, Sanna exclaimed, shuddering, "We cannot! we cannot! The mountains are over us. We can sleep at Gudvangen; but a whole day? No! You shall not like a whole day at Gudvangen. The mountains are so"—and she finished her sentence by another shudder and a gesture of cowering, which were more eloquent than words. So the day at Gudvangen was given up,

and it was arranged that we were to wait one day at some other point on the road, wherever it might seem good, and upon no account come to Gudvangen for anything more than to take the steamer away from it.

The heat of a Bergen noon is like a passing smile on a stern face. It was cold at ten, and it will be cold again long before sunset; you have your winter wrap on your arm, and you dare not be separated from it, but the mid-day glares at and down on you, and makes the wrap seem not only intolerable but incongruous. As we drove to the steamer at twelve o'clock, with fur-trimmed wraps and heavy rugs filling the front seat of the carriage, and our faces flushed with heat, I said, "What an absurd amount of wraps for a mid-summer journey! I have a mind to let Nils carry back this heavy rug."

"I think you shall be very glad if you have it," remarked Sanna. "Oh!" she exclaimed with a groan, "there is Bob!"

Bob is Sanna's dog, — a small black spaniel, part setter, with a beautiful head and eye, and a devotion to his mistress which lovers might envy. Never, when in her presence, does he remove his eyes from her for many minutes. He either revolves restlessly about her like an alert scout, or lays himself down with a sentry-like expression at her feet.

"Oh, what is to do with Bob?" she continued, gazing helplessly at me. The rascal was bounding along the road, curvetting, and wagging his tail, and looking up at us with an audacious leer on his handsome face. "He did understand perfectly that he should not come," said Sanna; hearing which, Bob hung back, behind the carriage.

"Nils must carry him back," I said. Then, relenting, seeing the look of distress on Sanna's face, I added, "Could we not take him with us?"

"Oh, no, it must be impossible," she replied. "It is for the lambs. He does

drive them and frighten them. He must stay, but we shall have trouble."

Fast the little Norwegian ponies clattered down to the wharf. No Bob. As we went on board he was nowhere to be seen. Anxiously Sanna searched for him, to give him into Nils's charge. He was not to be found. The boat began to move. Still no Bob. We settled ourselves comfortably; already the burdensome rug was welcome. "I really think Bob must have missed us in the crowd," I said.

"I do not know, I do not think," replied Sanna, her face full of perplexity. "Oh!" with a cry of dismay. "He is here!"

There he was! Abject, nearly dragging his body on the deck like a snake, his tail between his legs, fawning, cringing, his eyes fixed on Sanna, he crawled to her feet. Only his eyes told that he felt any emotion except remorse; they betrayed him; their expression was the drollest I ever saw on a dumb creature's face. It was absurd; it was impossible, incredible, if one had not seen it; as plainly as if words had been spoken, it avowed the whole plot, the distinct exultation in its success. "Here I am," it said, "and I know very well that now the steamer has begun to move you are compelled to take me with you. My heart is nearly broken with terror and grief at the thought of your displeasure, but all the same I can hardly contain myself for delight at having outwitted you so completely." All this while he was wriggling closer and closer to her feet, watching her eye, as a child watches its mother's, for the first show of relenting. Of course we began to laugh. At the first beginning of a smile in Sanna's eyes, he let his tail out from between his legs, and began to flap it on the deck; as the smile broadened, he gradually rose to his feet; and by the time we had fairly burst into uncontrolled laughter, he was erect, gamboling around us like a kid, and joining in the

chorus of our merriment by a series of short, sharp yelps of delight, which, being interpreted, would doubtless have been something like, "Ha, ha! Beat 'em, and they're not going to thrash me, and I'm booked for the whole journey now, spite of fate! Ha, ha!" Then he stretched himself at our feet, laid his nose out flat on the deck, and went to sleep as composedly as if he had been on the hearth rug at home; far more composedly than he would had he dreamed of the experiences in store for him.

"Poor Bob!" said Sanna. "It must be that we shall send him back by the steamer." Poor Bob, indeed! Long before we reached our first landing, Bob was evidently sea-sick. The beautiful water of the great Hardanger Fjord was as smooth as an inland lake; changing from dark and translucent green in the narrowing channels, where the bold shores came so near together that we could count the trees, to brilliant and sparkling blue in the wider opens. But little cared Bob for the beauty of the water; little did it comfort him that the boat glided as gently as is possible for a boat to move. He had never been on a boat before, and did not know it was smooth. Piteously he roamed about, from place to place, looking off; then he would come and stand before Sanna, quivering in every fibre, and looking up at her with sorrowful appeal in his eyes. His thoughts were plainly written in his countenance now, as before; but nobody could have had the heart to laugh at him. Poor fellow! He was not the first creature that has been bowed down by the curse of a granted prayer.

Presently there came a new trouble. All along the Hardanger Fjord are little hamlets and villages and clusters of houses, tucked in in nooks among rocks and on rims of shore at the base of the high, stony walls of mountains, and snugged away at the heads of inlets. Many of these are places of summer re-

sort for the Bergen people, who go out of town into the country in summer, I fancy, somewhat as the San Francisco people do, not to find coolness, but to find warmth; for the air in these sheltered nooks and inlets of the fjords is far softer than it is in Bergen, which has the strong sea wind blowing in its teeth all the while. On Saturdays the steamers for the Hardanger country are crowded with Bergen men going out to spend the Sunday with their families or friends who are rusticating at these little villages. At many of these spots there is no landing except by small boats, and it was one of the pleasantest features of the sail, the frequent pausing of the steamer off some such nook, and the putting out of the row-boats to fetch or to carry passengers. They would row alongside, half a dozen at a time, bobbing like corks, and the agile Norwegians would skip in and out of and across them as deftly as if they were stepping on firm floor. The Norwegian peasant is as at home in a boat as a snail in his shell; women as well as men, they row, stand, leap, gesticulate, lift burdens, with only a rocking plank between their feet and fathomless water, and never seem to know that they are not on solid ground. In fact, they are far more graceful afloat than on ground: on the land they shuffle and walk in a bent and toil-worn attitude, the result of perpetual carrying of loads on their backs; but they bend to their oars with ease and freedom, and wheel, and turn, and shoot, and back their little skiffs with a dexterity which leaves no room for doubt that they can do anything they choose on water. It would not have astonished me, any day, to see a Norwegian coming towards me in two boats at once, one foot in each boat, walking on the water in them, as a man walks on snow in snow-shoes. I never did see it, but I am sure they could do it.

When these boats came alongside,

Bob peered wistfully over the railings, but did not offer to stir. The connection between this new variety of watercraft and terra firma he did not comprehend. But at the first landing which we reached, he gazed for a moment intently, and then bounded forward like a shot, across the gangway, in among the crowd on the wharf, in a twinkling.

"Oh!" shrieked Sanna, "Bob is on shore!" and she rushed after him, and brought him back, crest-fallen. But he had learned the trick of it; and after that, his knack at disappearing some minutes before we came to a wharf — thereby luring us into a temporary forgetfulness of him — and then, when we went to seek him, making himself invisible among the people going on shore was something so uncanny that my respect for him fast deepened into an awe which made an odd undercurrent of anxiety, mingling with my enjoyment of the beauties of the fjord. It was strange, while looking at grand tiers of hills rising one behind the other, with precipitous fronts, the nearer ones wooded, the farther ones bare and stony, sometimes almost solid rock, walling the beautiful green and blue water as if it had been a way hewn for it to pass; shining waterfalls pouring down from the highest summits, straight as a beam of light, into the fjord, sometimes in full torrents dazzling bright, sometimes in single threads as if of raveled cloud, sometimes in a broken line of round disks of glittering white on the dark green, the course of the water in the intervals between being marked only by a deeper green and a sunken line in the foliage, — it was strange, side by side with the wonder at all this beauty, to be wondering to one's self also what Bob would do next. But so it was hour by hour, all of our way up the Hardanger Fjord, till we came, in the early twilight at half past ten o'clock, to Eide, our journey's end. The sun had set — if in a Norway summer it can ever be truly said to set — two

hours before, and in its slow sinking had turned the mountains, first pink, then red, then to an opaline tint, blending both pink and red with silver gray and white; all shifting and changing so fast that the mountains themselves seemed to be quivering beneath. Then, of a sudden, they lost color and turned gray and dark blue. Belts and downstretching lines of snow shone out sternly on their darkened summits; a shadowy half moon rose above them in the southeast, and the strange luminous night lit up the little hamlet of Eide, almost light like day, as we landed.

At first sight Eide looked as if the houses, as well as the people, had just run down to the shore to meet the boat: from the front windows of the houses one might easily look into the cabin windows of the boat; so narrow strips of shore do the mountain walls leave sometimes along these fjords, and such marvelous depth of water do the fjords bring to the mountains' feet.

"Have you written for rooms? Where are you going? There is n't a bed in Eide," were the first words that greeted us from some English people who had left Bergen days before, and whom we never expected to see again. The disappearing, reappearing, and turning up of one's traveling acquaintances in Norway is one of the distinctive experiences of the country. The chief routes of tourist travel are so involved with each other, and so planned for exchange, interchange, and succession of goers and comers, that the perpetual rencontres of chance acquaintances are amusing. It is like a performance of the figures of a country dance on a colossal scale, so many miles to a figure; and if one sits down quietly at any one of the large inns, for a week, the great body of Norway tourists for that week will be pretty sure to pass under his inspection.

At Holt's, in Bergen, one sees, say forty travelers, at breakfast, any morning. Before supper at eight in the even-

ing these forty have gone their ways, and a second forty have arrived, and so on; and wherever he goes during the following week he will meet detachments of these same bands: each man sure that he has just done the one thing best worth doing, and done it in the best way; each eloquent in praise or dispraise of the inns, the roads, and the people, and ready with his "Oh, but you must be sure to see" this, that, or the other.

There were those who sat up all night in Eide, that night, for want of a bed; but Bob and we were well lodged in a pretty bedroom, with two windows white curtained and two beds white ruffled to the floor, on which were spread rugs of black-and-white goat skins edged with coarse home-made blue flannel. In the parlor and the dining-room of the little inn, carved book-cases, and pipe-cases hung on the walls; ivies trained everywhere; white curtains, a piano, black-worsted-covered high-backed chairs, spotless table linen, and old silver gave an air of old-fashioned refinement to the rooms, which was a surprise.

The landlady wore the peasant's costume of the Hardanger country: the straight black skirt to the ankles, long white apron, sleeveless scarlet jacket, with a gay beaded stomacher over a full white blouse, shining silver ornaments at throat and wrists, and on her head the elegant and dignified head-dress of fine crimped white lawn, which makes the Hardanger wives by far the most picturesque women to be seen in all Norway.

At seven in the morning a young peasant girl opened our bedroom door cautiously to ask if we would have coffee in bed. Bob flew at her with a fierce yelp, which made her retreat hastily, and call for protection. Being sharply reproved by Sanna, Bob stood doggedly defiant in the middle of the floor, turning his reproachful eyes from her to the stranger, and back again, plainly

saying, "Ungrateful one! How should I know she was not an enemy? That is the way enemies approach." The girl wore the peasant maiden's dress: a short black skirt bound with scarlet braid, sewed to a short sleeveless green jacket, which was little wider than a pair of suspenders between the shoulders behind. Her full, long-sleeved white blouse came up high in the throat, and was fastened there by two silver buttons with Maltese crosses hanging from them by curiously twisted chains. Her yellow hair was braided in two thick braids, and wound tight round her head like a wreath. She had a fair skin, tender, honest blue eyes, and a face serious enough for a Madonna; but she laughed when she brought us the eggs for our breakfast, kept warm in many folds of linen napkin held down by a great motherly hen of gray china with a red crest on its head.

The house was a small white cottage; at the front door a square porch, large enough to hold two tables and seats for a dozen people; opposite this a vine-wreathed arch and gate led into a garden, at the foot of which ran a noisy little river. An old bent peasant woman was always going back and forth between the house and the river, carrying water in two pails hung from a yoke on her shoulders. A bit of half-mowed meadow joined the garden. It had been mowed at intervals, a little piece at a time, so that the surface was a patchwork of different shades of green. The hay was hung out to dry on short lines of fence here and there. Grass is always dried in this way in Norway, and can hang on the fences for two weeks and not be hurt, even if it is repeatedly wet by rain. One narrow, straggling street led off up the hill-side, and suddenly disappeared as if the mountains had swallowed it. The houses were thatched, with layers of birch bark put under the boards; sods of earth on top; and flowers blooming on them as in a garden. One roof was a

bed of wild pansies, and another of a tiny pink flower as fine as a grass; and young shoots of birch waved on them both. The little river which ran past the inn garden had come down from the mountains through terraced meadows, which were about half and half meadow and terrace; stony and swampy, and full of hillocks and hollows. New England has acres of fields like them: only here there were big blue harebells and pink heath, added to clover and buttercups, wild parsley and yarrow. On tiny pebbly bits of island here and there in the brook grew purple thistles, "snow flake," and bushes of birch and ash.

Bob rollicked in the lush grass, as we picked our way among the moist hollows of this flowery meadow. In Sanna's hand dangled a bit of rope, which he eyed suspiciously. She had brought it with her to tie him up, when the hour should come for him to be carried on board the steamer. He could not have known this, for he had never been tied up in his life. But new dangers had roused new wariness in his acute mind: he had distinctly heard the word "steamer" several times that morning, and understood it. I said to him immediately after breakfast, "Bob, you have to go home by the steamer this morning." He instantly crept under the sofa, his tail between his legs, and cowered and crouched in the farthest corner; no persuasions could lure him out, and his eyes were piteous beyond description. Not until we had walked some distance from the house, in a direction opposite to the steamer wharf, did he follow us. Then he came bounding, relieved for the time being from anxiety. At last Sanna, in a feint of play, tied the rope around his neck. His bewilderment and terror were tragic. Setting all four feet firmly on the ground he refused to stir, except as he was dragged by main force. It was plain that he would be choked to death before he would obey. The rope project must be abandoned. Perhaps he could be

lured on board, following Sanna. Vain hope! Long before we reached the wharf, the engine of the boat gave a shrill whistle. At the first sound of it Bob darted away like the wind, up the road, past the hotel, out of sight in a minute. We followed him a few rods, and then gave it up. Again he had outwitted us. We walked to the steamer, posted a letter, sat down, and waited. The steamer blew five successive signals, and then glided away from the wharf. In less than three minutes, before she was many rods off, lo, Bob! back again, prancing around us with glee, evidently keeping his eye on the retreating steamboat, and chuckling to himself at his escape.

"O Bob, Bob!" groaned Sanna. "What is to do with you?"

We were to set off for Vossevangen by carriage at three; at half past two poor Bob was carried, struggling, into the wood-shed, and tied up. His cries were piteous, almost more than we could bear. I am sure he understood the whole plot; but the worst was to come. By somebody's carelessness, the wood-shed door was opened just as we were driving away from the porch. With one convulsive leap and cry, Bob tore his rope from the log to which it was tied, and darted out. The stable boys caught him, and held him fast: his cries were human. Sanna buried her face in her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, say to the driver that he go so fast as he can!" And we drove away, leaving the poor faithful, loving creature behind, to be sent by express back to Bergen on the steamer the next day. It was like leaving a little child alone among strangers, heart-broken and terrified. When we returned to Bergen we learned that he had touched neither food nor drink till he reached home, late the next night.

To go from Eide to Vossevangen, one must begin by climbing up out of Eide. It is at the bottom of a well, walled by green hills and snow-topped mountains;

at the top of the well the country spreads out for a little, only to meet higher hills, higher mountains. Here lies a great lake, rimmed by broad borders of reeds, which shook and glistened in the wind and sun like the spears of half-drowned armies as we passed. Clumps and groves of ash-trees on the shores of this lake looked like huge clumsy torches set in the ground; their tops had been cut down again and again, till they had grown as broad as they were high. The leaves are used for the feed of sheep, and the boughs for fire-wood; and as in the frugal Norwegian living nothing that can be utilized is left to lie idle, never an ash-tree has the chance to shoot up, become tall and full of leaf. Magpies flitted in and out among them.

"One is for sorrow, and two are for joy, three must be a marriage, and four do bring good fortune, we do say in Norway," said Sanna. "But I think we shall have all sorrow and joy, and to be married many times over, if it be true," she added, as the noisy, showy creatures continued to cross our road by twos and threes.

High up on the hills, just in the edge of snow patches, soeters were to be seen, their brown roofs looking as much a part of the lonely nature as did the waterfalls and the pine-trees. On all sides shone the water, — trickling fosses down precipices, outbursting fosses from ravines and dells; just before us rose a wall some three thousand feet high, over which leaped a foaming cataract.

"We shall go there," said Sanna, pointing up to it. Sure enough, we did. By loops so oval and narrow they seemed twisted as if to thread their way, as eyes of needles are threaded, the road wound and doubled, and doubled and wound, six times crossing the hill front in fifteen hundred feet. At each double, the valley sank below us; the lake sank; the hills which walled the lake sank; the road was only a broad rift among piled bowlders. In many places these bowl-

ders were higher than our heads; but there was no sense of danger, for the road was a perfect road, smooth as a macadamized turnpike. Along its outer edge rows of thickly set rocks, several feet high, and so near each other that no carriage could possibly fall between; in the most dangerous places stout iron bars were set from rock to rock; these loops of chain ladder up the precipice were as safe as a summer pathway in a green meadow. On a stone bridge of three arches we crossed the waterfall: basins of rocks above us, filled with spray; basins and shelves and ledges of rocks below us, filled with spray; the bridge black and slippery wet, and the air thick with spray, like a snow-storm; precipices of water on the right and the left. It was next to being an eagle on wing in a storm to cross that bridge in upper air. At the sixth turn we came out abreast of the top of the waterfall, and in a moment more had left all the stress and storm and tumult of waters behind us, and glided into a sombre, still roadway beside a calm little river deep in a fir forest. Only the linnæa had won bloom out of this darkness; its courageous little tendrils wreathed the tree trunks nestled among the savage rocks, and held up myriads of pink cups wet with the ceaseless spray. It was a dreary, lonely place; miles of gaunt swamp, forest, and stony moor; here and there a farm-house, silent as if deserted.

"Where are all the people? Why do we not see any one moving about the houses?" I asked.

"In the house, reading, every one," replied Sanna. "On a Sunday afternoon, if there is no service in church, all Norwegian farm people do go into their houses, and spend all afternoon in reading and in religion."

At last we reached a more open country: an off-look to the west; new ranges of snow-topped mountains came in sight. We began to descend; another

silent river slipping down by our side ; two more dark, shining lakes. On the shore of one, a peasant man — the first living creature we had seen for ten miles — was taking his cart out of a little shed by the roadside. This shed was the only sign of human habitation to be seen in the region. His horse stood near by, with a big barrel slung on each side : they were barrels of milk, which had just been brought down in this way from a *søter* which we could see, well up in the cloud region, far above the woods on the left. Down the steep path from this *søter* the man had walked, and the horse bearing the barrels of milk had followed. Now the barrels were to be put in the cart, and carried to Eide. Ten miles more that milk was to be carried before it reached its market ; and yet, at the little inn in Eide, for a breakfast, at which one may drink all the milk he desires, he will be asked to pay only thirty-five cents. What else beside milk ? Fresh salmon, trout, two kinds of rye bread and two of white, good butter, six kinds of cheese, herrings done in oil and laurel leaves in tiny wooden barrels, cold sausage, ham, smoked salmon (raw), coffee and tea, and perhaps — wild strawberries : this will be the Eide summer-morning breakfast. The cheese feature in the Norwegian breakfast is startling at first : all colors, sizes, shapes, and smells known of cheese ; it must be owned they are not savory for breakfast, but the Norwegian eats them almost as a rite. He has a proverb in regard to cheese as we have of fruit : “ Gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night ; ” and he lives up to it more implicitly than we do to ours.

As we neared Vossevangen, the silent river grew noisier and noisier, and at last let out all its reserves in a great torrent which leaped down into the valley with a roar. This torrent also was bridged at its leap ; and the bridge seemed to be in a perpetual quiver from the shock of

it. The sides of the rocky gorge below glistened black like ebony ; they had been worn into columnar grooves by the centuries of whirling waters ; the knotted roots of a fir forest jutted out above them, and long spikes of a beautiful white flower hung out from their crevices in masses of waving snowy bloom. It looked like a variety of the house-leek, but no human hand could reach it to make sure.

Vossevangen is a little farming hamlet on the west shore of a beautiful lake. The region is one of the best agricultural districts in Western Norway ; the “ Vos ” farmers are held to be fortunate and well to do, and their butter and cheese always bring high prices in market.

On the eastern shore of the lake is a chain of mountains, from two to four thousand feet high ; to the south, west, and north rise the green hills on which the farms lie ; above these, again, rise other hills, higher and more distant, where in the edges of the snow tracts or buried in fir forests are the *søters*, the farmers’ summer homes.

As we drove into the village we met the peasants going home from church : the women in short green or black gowns, with gay jackets and white handkerchiefs made into a flying-bustress sort of head-dress on their heads ; the men with knee-breeches, short vests, and jackets thick trimmed with silver buttons. Every man bowed, and every woman courtesied as we passed. To pass any human being on the highway without a sign or token of greeting would be considered in Norway the height of ill manners ; any child seen to do it would be sharply reproved. Probably few things would astonish the rural Norwegian more than to be told that among the highly civilized it is considered a mark of good breeding, if you chance to meet a fellow-man on the highway, to go by him with no more recognition of his presence than you would give to a tree or a stone wall.

It is an odd thing that a man should be keeping the Vossevangen Hotel today who served in America's civil war, was for two years in one of the New York regiments, and saw a good deal of active service. He was called back to Norway by the death of his father, which made it necessary for him to take charge of the family estate in Vossevangen. He has married a Vossevangen woman, and is likely to end his days there, but he hankers for Chicago, and always will. He keeps a fairly good little hotel, on the shores of the lake, with a row of willow-trees in front; dwarf apple-trees, gooseberry and currant bushes, and thickets of rhubarb in his front yard; roses, too, besides larkspur and phlox, but the rhubarb has the place of honor. The dining-room and the parlor were like those at Eide, adorned with ivies and flowering plants; oleanders in the windows, and potted carnations on the table. In one corner of the dining-room was a large round table covered with old silver for sale: tankards, chains, belts, buttons, coins, rings, buckles, brooches, ornaments of all kinds, — hundreds of dollars' worth of things. There they lay, day and night, open to all who came; and they had done this, the landlady said, for years, and not a single article had ever been stolen: from which it is plain that not only is the Norwegian honest himself, there must be a contagion in his honesty, which spreads it to all travelers in his country.

The next morning, early, we set off in a peasant's cart to visit some of the farm-houses.

"Now you shall see," said Sanna, "that it was not possible if you had all day to ride in this kind of wagon."

It did not take long to prove the truth of her remark. A shallow wooden box set on two heavy wheels; a wooden seat raised on two slanting wooden braces, so high that one's feet but just reach the front edge of the box; no dasher, no sides to seat, no anything, apparent-

ly, after you are up, except your hard wooden seat and two pounding wheels below, — this is the peasant wagon. The horse, low down between two heavy thills, is without traces, pulls by a breast collar, is guided by rope reins, and keeps his heels half the time under the front edge of the box. The driver stands up in the box behind you, and the rope reins are in your hair, or on your neck, shoulders, ears, as may be. The walloping motion of this kind of box, drawn by a frisky Norwegian horse over rough roads, is droll beyond description. But when it comes to going down hills in it, and down hills so steep that the box appears to be on the point of dumping you between the horse's ears at each wallop, it ceases to be droll, and becomes horrible. Our driver was a splendid specimen of a man: six feet tall, strong built, and ruddy. When he found that I was an American, he glowed all over, and began to talk rapidly to Sanna. He had six brothers in America.

"They do say that they all have it very good there," interpreted Sanna; "and he thinks to go there himself so soon as there is money to take all. It must be that America is the best country in the world, to have it so good there that every man can have it good."

The roads up the hills were little more than paths. Often for many rods there was no trace of wheels on the stony ledges; again the track disappeared in a bit of soft meadow. As we climbed, the valley below us rounded and hollowed, and the lake grew smaller and smaller to the eye; the surrounding hills opened up, showing countless valleys winding here and there among them. It was a surpassingly beautiful view. Vast tracts of firs, inky black in the distances, emphasized the glittering of the snow fields above them and the sunny green of the nearer foregrounds below.

The first farm which we visited lay about three miles north of the village, — three miles north and up. The build-

ings were huddled together, some half dozen of them, in a hap-hazard sort of way, with no attempt at order, no front, no back, and no particular reason for approaching one way rather than another. Walls of hewn logs, black with age; roofs either thatched, or covered with huge slabs of slate, laid on irregularly and moss-grown; rough stones or logs for door-steps; so little difference between the buildings that one was at a loss to know which were meant for dwellings and which for barns, — a more unsightly spot could hardly be imagined. But the owners had as quick an instinct of hospitality as if they dwelt in a palace. No sooner did Sanna mention that I was from America, and wished to see some of the Norwegian farm-houses, than their faces brightened with welcome and good will, and they were ready to throw open every room, and show me all their simple stores.

"There is not a man in all Vos," they said, "who has not a relative in America;" and they asked eager question after question, in insatiable curiosity, about the unknown country whither their friends had gone.

The wives and daughters of the family were all away, up at the *søter* with the cows; only the men and the servant maids were left at home to make the hay. Would I not go up to the *søter*? The mistress would be distressed that an American lady had visited the farm in her absence. I could easily go to the *søter* in a day. It was only five hours on horseback, and about a half hour's walk, at the last, over a path too rough even for riding. Very warmly the men urged Sanna to induce me to take the trip. They themselves would leave the haying and go with me, if I would only go; and I must never think I had seen Norwegian farming unless I had seen the *søter* also, they said.

The maids were at dinner in the kitchen. It was a large room, with walls not more than eight feet high, black

with smoke; and in the centre a square stone trough, above which was built a funnel chimney. In this hollow trough a fire smouldered, and above it hung an enormous black caldron, full of beer, which was being brewed. One of the maids sprang from her dinner, lifted a trap door in the floor, disappeared in the cellar, and presently returned, bringing a curious wooden drinking-vessel shaped like a great bowl, with a prow at each side for handles, and painted in gay colors. This was brimming full of new beer, just brewed. Sanna whispered to me that it would be bad manners if we did not drink freely of it. It was passed in turn to each member of the party. The driver, eying me sharply as I forced down a few mouthfuls of the nauseous drink, said something to Sanna.

"He asks if American ladies do not like beer," said Sanna. "He is mortified that you do not drink. It will be best that we drink all we can. It is all what they have. Only I do hope that they give us not brandy."

There was no window in the kitchen, no ventilation except through the chimney and the door. A bare wooden table, wooden chairs, a few shelves, where were ranged some iron utensils, were all the furniture of the gloomy room. The maids' dinner consisted of a huge plate of "*fladbrød*" and jugs of milk; nothing else. They would live on that, Sanna said, for weeks, and work in the hay-fields from sunrise till midnight.

Opposite the kitchen was the living-room: the same smoky log walls, bare floors, wooden chairs and benches. The expression of poverty was dismal.

"I thought you said these people were well to do!" I exclaimed.

"So they are," replied Sanna. "They are very well off; they do not know that it is not comfort to be like this. They shall have money in banks, these people. All the farmers in Vos are rich."

Above the living-room were two bedrooms and clothes-rooms. Here, in gay-

painted scarlet boxes and hanging from lines, were the clothes of the family and the bed linen of the house. Mistress and maid alike must keep their clothes in this common room. The trunks were ranged around the sides of the room, each locked with a key big enough to lock prison doors. On one side of one of the rooms were three bunk beds built in under the eaves. These were filled with loose straw, and had only blankets for covers. Into this straw the Norwegian burrows by night, rolled in his blankets. The beds can never be moved, for they are built in with the frame-work of the house. No wonder that the Norwegian flea has, by generations of such good lodging and food, become a triumphant Bedouin marauder, in comparison with whom the fleas of all other countries are too petty to deserve mention.

The good-natured farmer opened his mother's box as well as his wife's, and with awkward and unaccustomed hands shook out their Sunday costumes for us to see. From another box, filled with soft blankets and linen, he took out a bottle of brandy, and pouring some into a little silver bowl, with the same prow-shaped handles as the wooden one we had seen in the kitchen, pressed us to drink. One drop of it was like liquid fire. He seemed hurt that we refused more, and poured it down his own throat at a gulp, without change of a muscle. Then he hid the brandy bottle again under the blankets, and the little silver cup in the till of his mother's chest, and locked them both up with the huge keys.

Down-stairs we found an aged couple, who had come from another of the buildings, hearing of our presence. These were the grandparents. The old woman was eighty-four, and was knitting briskly without glasses. She took us into the store-rooms, where were bins of flour and grain; hams of beef and pork hanging up; wooden utensils of all sorts, curiously carved and stained wooden

spoons, among other things, — a cask full of them, put away to be used when they had a merry-making. Here also were stacks of fladbröd. This is the staple of the Norwegian's living; it is a coarse bread made of dark flour, in cakes as thin as a wafer and as big round as a barrel. This is baked once a year, in the spring, is piled up in stacks in the store-rooms, and keeps good till the spring baking comes round again. It is very sweet and nutritious: one might easily fare worse than to have to make a meal of it with milk. On one of the storeroom shelves I spied an old wooden drinking-bowl, set away with dried peas in it. It had been broken and riveted together in the bottom, but would no longer hold water, so had been degraded to this use. It had once been gayly painted, and had a motto in old Norwegian around the edge: "Drink in goodwill, and give thanks to God." I coveted the thing, and offered to buy it. It was a study to see the old people consult with each other if they should let it go. It seemed that when they first went to housekeeping it had been given to them by the woman's mother, and was an old bowl even then. It was certainly over a hundred years old, and how much more there was no knowing. After long discussion they decided to sell it to me for four *kroner* (about one dollar), which the son thought (Sanna said), was a shameful price to ask for an old broken bowl. But he stood by in filial submission, and made no loud objection to the barter. The old woman also showed us a fine blanket, which had been spun and woven by her mother a hundred years ago. It was as gay of color and fantastic of design as if it had been made in Algiers. This too she was willing to sell for an absurdly small price, but it was too heavy to bring away. At weddings and other festivities these gay blankets are hung on the walls; and it is the custom for neighbors to lend all they can on such occasions.

The next farm we visited belonged to the richest people in Vos. It lay a half mile still higher up, and the road leading to it seemed perilously steep. The higher we went, the greater the profusion of flowers: the stony way led us through tracts of bloom, in blue and gold; tall spikes of mullein in clumps like hollyhocks, and "shepherd's bells" in great purple patches.

The buildings of this farm were clustered around a sort of court-yard inclosure, roughly flagged by slate. Most of the roofs were also slated; one or two were thatched, and these thatched roofs were the only thing that redeemed the gloom of the spot, the sods on these being bright with pansies and grasses and waving raspberry bushes. Here also we found the men of the family alone at home, the women being gone on their summering at the sœter. The youngest son showed us freely from room to room, and displayed with some pride the trunks full of blankets and linen, and the rows of women's dresses hanging in the chambers. On two sides of one large room these were hung thick one above another, no variety in them, and no finery; merely a succession of strong, serviceable petticoats, of black, green, or gray woolen. The gay jackets and stomachers were packed away in trunks; huge furlined coats, made of the same shape for men and for women, hung in the store-room. Some of the trunks were red, painted in gay colors; some were of polished cedar, finished with fine brass mountings. As soon as a Norwegian girl approaches womanhood, one of these trunks is given her, set in its place in the clothes-room, and her accumulations begin. Clothes, bedding, and silver ornaments seem to be the only things for which the Norwegian peasant spends his money. In neither of these houses was there an article of superfluous furniture, not even of ordinary comfort. In both were the same bunk beds, built in under the eaves; the same loose, tossed

straw, with blankets for covering; and only the coarsest wooden chairs and benches for seats. The young man opened his mother's trunk, and took from one corner a beautiful little silver beaker, with curling, prow-shaped handles. In this the old lady had packed away her silver brooches, buttons, and studs for the summer. Side by side with them, thrown in loosely among her white head-dresses and blouses, were half a dozen small twisted rolls of white bread. Sanna explained this by saying that the Norwegians never have this bread except at their most important festivals; it is considered a great luxury, and these had no doubt been put away as a future treat, as we should put away a bit of wedding-cake to keep. Very irreverently the son tipped out all his mother's ornaments into the bottom of the trunk, and proceeded to fill the little beaker with fiery brandy from a bottle which had been hid in another corner. From lip to lip it was passed, returning to him well-nigh untasted; but he poured the whole down at a draught, smacked his lips, and tossed the cup back into the trunk, dripping with the brandy. Very much that good old Norwegian dame, when she comes down in the autumn, will wonder, I fancy, what has happened to her nicely packed trunk of underclothes, dry bread, and old silver.

There were several store-rooms in these farm buildings, and they were well filled with food, grain, flour, dried meats, fish, and towers of fladbrød. Looms with partly finished webs of cloth in them were there set away till winter; baskets full of carved yellow spoons hung on the wall. In one of the rooms, standing on the sill of the open window, were two common black glass bottles, with a few pond-lilies in each,—the only bit of decoration or token of love of the beautiful we had found. Seeing that I looked at the lilies with admiration, the young man took them out, wiped their dripping

stems on his coat sleeve, and presented them to me with a bow that a courtier might have envied. The grace, the courtesy, of the Norwegian peasant's bow is something that must date centuries back. Surely there is nothing in his life and surroundings to-day to create or explain it. It must be a trace of something that Olaf Tryggveson — that "magnificent, far-shining man" — scattered abroad in his kingdom eight hundred years ago, with his "bright, airy, wise way" of speaking and behaving to women and men.

One of the buildings on this farm was known, the young man said, to be at least two hundred years old. The logs are moss-grown and black, but it is good for hundreds of years yet. The first story is used now for a store-room. From this a ladder led up to a half chamber overhead, the front railed by a low railing; here, in this strange sort of balcony bedroom, had slept the children of the family, under observation all the time of their elders below.

Thrust in among the rafters, dark, rusty, bent, was an ancient sword. Our guide took it out and handed it to us, with a look of awe on his face. No one knew, he said, how long that sword had been on the farm. In the earliest writings by which the estate had been transferred, that sword had been mentioned, and it was a clause in every lease since that it should never be taken away from the place. However many times the farm might change hands, the sword must go with it, for all time. Was there no legend, no tradition, with it? None that his father or his father's father had ever heard; only the mysterious entailed charge, from generation to generation, that the sword must never be removed. The blade was thin and the edge jagged, the handle plain and without ornament; evidently the sword had been for work, and not for show. There was something infinitely solemn in its inalienable estate of safe and reverent keeping at the hands

of men all ignorant of its history. It is by no means impossible that it had journeyed in the company of that Sigurd who sailed with his splendid fleet of sixty ships for Palestine, early in the twelfth century. Sigurd Jorsalafarer, or Traveler to Jerusalem, he was called; and no less an authority than Thomas Carlyle vouches for him as having been "a wise, able, and prudent man," reigning in a "solid and successful way." Through the Straits of Gibraltar to Jerusalem, home by way of Constantinople and Russia, "shining with renown," he sailed, and took a hand in any fighting he found going on by the way. Many of his men came from the region of the Sogne Fjord, and the more I thought of it the surer I felt that this old sword had many a time flashed on the deck of his ships.

Our second day opened rainy. The lake was blotted out by mist; on the fence under the willows sat half a dozen men, roosting as unconcerned as if it were warm sunshine.

"It does wonder me," said Sanna, "that I find here so many men standing idle." When the railroad came, it shall be that the life must be different."

A heroic English party, undeterred by weather, were setting off in carioles and on horseback. Delays after delays occurred to hinder them. At the last moment their angry courier was obliged to go and fetch the washing, which had not arrived. There is a proverb in Norway, "When the Norwegian says 'immediately,' look for him in half an hour."

Finally, at noon, in despair of sunshine, we also set off: rugs, waterproofs; the india-rubber boot of the carriage drawn tight up to the level of our eyes; we set off in pouring sheets of rain for Gudvangen. For the first two hours the sole variation of the monotony of our journey was in emptying the boot of water once every five minutes, just in time to save a freshet in our laps. High mountain peaks, black with forests or icy white with snow, gleamed in and out

of the clouds on either hand, as we toiled and splashed along. Occasional lightings up revealed stretches of barren country, here and there a cluster of farm-houses, or a lowly church. On the shores of a small lake we passed one of these lonely churches. Only two other buildings were in sight in the vast expanse: one, the wretched little inn where we were to rest our horses for half an hour; the other, the parsonage. This last was a pretty little cottage, picturesque built of yellow pine, half bowered in vines, looking in that lonely waste as if it had lost itself and strayed away from some civilized spot. The pastor and his sister, who kept house for him, were away; but his servant was so sure that they would like to have us see their home that we allowed her to show it to us. It was a tasteful and cozy little home: parlor, study, and dining-room, all prettily carpeted and furnished; books, flowers, a sewing-machine, and a piano. It did one's heart good to see such an oasis of a home in the wilderness. Drawn up on rests in a shed near the house, was an open boat, much like a wherry. The pastor spent hours every day, the maid said, in rowing on the lake. It was his great pleasure.

Up, up we climbed: past fir forests, swamps, foaming streams, — the wildest, weirdest road storm-driven people ever crossed. Spite of the rain, half-naked children came flying out of hovels and cabins to open gates: sometimes there would be six in a row, their thin brown hands all stretched for alms, and their hollow eyes begging piteously; then they would race on ahead to open the next gate. The moors seemed but a succession of inclosed pasture lands. Now and then we passed a little knot of cabins close to the road, and men who looked kindly, but as wild as wild beasts, would come out and speak to the driver; their poverty was direful to see. At last, at the top of a high hill, we halted; the storm stayed; the clouds lifted and blew

off. At our feet lay a black chasm; it was like looking down into the bowels of the earth. This was the Nerodal Valley; into it we were to descend. Its walls were three and four thousand feet high. It looked little more than a cleft. The road down this precipitous wall is a marvel of engineering. It is called the Stalheimsleift, and was built by a Norwegian officer, Captain Finne. It is made in a series of zigzagging loops, which are so long and so narrow that the descent at no point appears steep; yet as one looks up from any loop to the loop next above, it seems directly over his head. Down this precipice into the Nerodal Valley leap two grand fosses, the Stalheimfos and the Salvklevfos; roaring in ceaseless thunder, filling the air, and drenching the valley with spray. Tiny grass-grown spaces between the boulders and the loops of the road had all been close mowed; spaces which looked too small for the smallest reaping-hook to swing in were yet close shorn, and the little handfuls of hay hung up drying on hand's-breadths of fence set up for the purpose. Even single blades of grass are too precious in Norway to be wasted.

As we walked slowly down this incredible road, we paused step by step to look first up, then down. The carriage waiting for us below on the bridge looked like a baby wagon. The river made by the meeting of these two great cataracts at the base of the precipice was only a little silver thread flowing down the valley. The cataracts seemed leaping from the sky, and the sky seemed resting on the hill-tops; masses of whirling and floating clouds added to the awesome grandeur of the scene. The Stalheimfos fell into a deep, basin-shaped ravine, piled with great boulders, and full of birch and ash shrubs: in the centre of this, by some strange play of the water, rose a distinct and beautifully shaped cone, thrown up closely in front of the fall, almost blending with it, and

thick veiled in the tumultuous spray, — a fountain in a waterfall. It seemed the accident of a moment, but its shape did not alter so long as we watched it; it is a part of the fall.

Five miles down this cleft, called valley, to Gudvangen run the road and the little river and the narrow strips of meadow, dark, thin, and ghastly; long months in utter darkness this Nerodal lies, and never, even at summer's best and longest, has it more than a half day of sun. The mountains rise in sheer black walls on either hand, — bare rock in colossal shafts and peaks, three, four, and even five thousand feet high; snow in the rifts at top; patches of gaunt firs here and there; great spaces of tumbled rocks, where avalanches have slid; pebbly and sandy channels worn from side to side of the valley, where torrents have rushed down and torn a way across; white streams from top to bottom of the precipices, all foam and quiver, like threads spun out on the sward, more than can be counted; they seem to swing down out of the sky as spider threads swing swift and countless in a dewy morning.

Sanna shuddered. "Now you see, one could not spend a whole day in Nerodal Valley," she said. "It does wonder me that any people will live here. Every spring the mountains do fall and people are killed."

On a narrow rim of land at base of these walls, just where the fjord meets the river, is the village of Gudvangen, a desolate huddle of half a dozen poor houses. A chill as of death filled the air; foul odors arose at every turn. The two little inns were overcrowded with people, who roamed restlessly up and down, waiting for they knew not what. An indescribable gloom settles on Gudvangen with-nightfall. The black waters of the fjord chafing monotonously at the base of the black mountains; the sky black also, and looking farther off than sky ever looked before, walled

into a strip, like the valley beneath it; hemmed in, forsaken, doomed, and left seems Gudvangen. What hold life can have on a human being kept in such a spot it is hard to imagine. Yet we found three very old women hobnobbing contentedly there in a cave of a hut. Ragged, dirty, hideous, hopeless one would have thought them, but they were all agog and cheery, and full of plans for repairing their house. They were in a little log stable, perhaps ten feet square, and hardly high enough to stand upright in: they were cowering round a bit of fire in the centre; their piles of straw and blankets laid in corners; not a chair, not a table. Macbeth's witches had seemed full-dressed society women by the side of these. We peered timidly in at the group, and they all came running towards us, chattering, glad to see strangers, and apologizing for their condition, because, as they said, they had just turned in there together for a few days, while their house across the way was being mended. Not a light of any description had they, except the fire. The oldest one hobbled away, and returned with a small tallow candle, which she lit and held in her hand, to show us how comfortable they were, after all; plenty of room for three piles of straw on the rough log floor. Their "house across the way" was a little better than this; not much. One of the poor old crones had "five children in America." "They wanted her to come out to America and live with them, but she was too old to go away from home," she said. "Home was the best place for old people," to which the other two assented eagerly. "Oh, yes, home was the best place. America was too far."

It seemed a miracle to have comfort in an inn in so poverty-stricken a spot as this, but we did. We slept in straw-filled bunks, set tight into closets under the eaves; only a narrow door-way by which to get in and out of bed; but there

were two windows in the room, and no need to stifle. And for supper there was set before us a stew of lamb, delicately flavored with curry, and served with rice, of which no house need be ashamed. That so palatable a dish could have issued from the place which answered for kitchen in that poor little inn was a marvel; it was little more than a small dark tomb. The dishes were all washed out-of-doors in tubs set on planks laid across two broken chairs at the kitchen door; and the food and milk were kept in an above-ground cellar not three steps from the same door. This had been made by an immense slab of rock which had crashed down from the mountain top, one day, and instead of tearing through the house and killing everybody had considerably lodged on top of two other bowlders, roofing the space in, and forming a huge stone refrigerator ready to hand for the innkeeper. The inclosed space was cold as ice, and high enough and large enough for one to walk about in it comfortably. I had the curiosity to ask this innkeeper how much he could make in a year off his inn. When he found that I had no sinister motive in the inquiry he was freely communicative. At first he feared, Sanna said, that it might become known in the town how much money he was making, and that demands might be made on him in consequence. If the season of summer travel were very good, he said he would clear two hundred dollars; but he did not always make so much as that. He earned a little also by keeping a small shop, and in the winter that was his only resource. He had a wife and two children, and his wife was not strong, which made it harder for them, as they were obliged always to keep a servant.

Even in full sunlight, at nine of the morning, Gudvangen looked grim and dangerous, and the Nerö Fjord water black. As we sailed out, the walls of the valley closed up suddenly behind us, as with a snap which might have

crunched poor little Gudvangen to death. The fjord is as wild as the pass; in fact, the same thing, only that it has water at bottom instead of land, and you can sail closer than you can drive at base of the rocky walls. Soon we came to the mouth of another great fjord, opening up another watery road into the mountains; this was the Aurland, and on its farther shore opened again the Sognedal Fjord, up which we went a little way, to leave somebody at a landing. Here were green hills and slopes and trees, and a bright yellow church, shaped like a blanc-mange mould in three pyramid-shaped cones, each smaller than the one below.

"Here is the finest fruit orchard in all Scandinavia," said Sanna, pointing to a pretty place just out of the town, where fields rose one above the other in terraces on south-facing slopes, covered thick with orchards. "It belongs to an acquainted with me: but she must sell it. She is a widow, and she cannot take the care to herself."

Back again across the mouth of the Aurland Fjord, and then out into the great Sogne Fjord, zigzagging from side to side of it, and up into numerous little fjords where the boat looked to be steering straight into hills, — we seemed to be adrift, without purpose, rather than on a definite voyage with a fixed aim of getting home. The magnificent labyrinths of walled waters were calm as the heavens they reflected; the clouds above and clouds below kept silent pace with each other, and we seemed gliding between two skies. Great snow fjelds came in sight, wheeled, rose, sank, and disappeared, as we passed; sometimes green meadows stretched on either side of us, then terrible gorges and pinacles of towering rock. Picture after picture we saw, of gay-colored little villages, with rims of fields and rocky promontories; snow fjelds above, and fir forests between; glittering waterfalls shooting from the sky line to the water,

like white lightning down a black stone front, or leaping out in spaces of feathery snow, like one preternatural blooming of the forests all the way down the black walls rising perpendicularly thousands of feet; tiers of blue mountains in the distance, dark blue on the nearest, and shading off to palest blue at the sky line; the fjord dark purple in the narrows, shading to gray in the opens; illuminated spaces of green, now at the shore, now half-way up, now two thirds way up to the sky; tops of hills in sunlight; bars of sunlight streaming through dark clefts. Then a storm sweep across the fjord, far in our wake, — swooping and sweeping, and gone in a half hour; blotting out the mountains; then turning them into a dark slate wall, on which white sails and cross-sunbeams made a superb shining. And so, between the sun and the storm, we came to Valestrand, and sent off and took on boat-loads of pleasuring people; the boats with bright flags at prow and stern, and gay-dressed women with fantastic parasols like butterflies poised on their edges; Valestrand, where, as some say, Frithiof was born; and as all say, he burnt one of Balder's great temples. Then, Ladvik, on a green slope turning to gold in the sun; its white church with a gray stone spire relieved against a bank of purple gloom; the lights sinking lower and the shadows stretching farther every minute; shadows of hills behind which the sun had already gone thrown sharp and black on hills still glowing in full light; hills before us, shimmering in soft silver gray and pale purple against a clear golden west; hills behind us, folding and folded in masses of rosy vapor; shining fosses leaping down among them; the colors changing like the colors of a prism minute by minute along the tops of the ranges, — this was the way our day on the Sogne Fjord drew near its ending. Industiously knitting, with eyes firm fastened on her needles, sat an English matron near us on the

deck. Not one glance of her eye did she give to the splendors of sky and water and land about her.

"I do think that lady must be in want of stockings very much," remarked Sanna quietly, "but she need not to come to Norway to knit."

Far worse, however, than the woman who knitted were the women and the men who talked, loudly, stupidly, vulgarly, around us. It was mortifying that their talk was English, but they were not Americans. At last they drove us to another part of the deck, but not before a few phrases of their conversation had been indelibly stamped on my memory.

"Well, we were in Dresden two days: there's only the gallery there: that's time enough for that."

"Raphaels, — lots of Raphaels."

"I don't care for Raphaels, anyhow. I'll tell you who I like: I like Veronese."

"Well, I'm very fond of Tintoretto."

"I like Titians; they're so delicate, don't you know?"

"Well, who's that man that's painted such dreadful things, — all mixed up, don't you know? In some places you see a good many of them."

"You don't mean Rembrandt, do you? There are a lot of Rembrandts in Munich."

"There was one picture I liked. I think it was a Christ; but I ain't sure. There were four children on the ground, I remember."

When the real sunset came we were threading the rocky labyrinths of the Bergen Fjord. It is a field of bowlders, with an ocean let in; nothing more. Why the bowlders are not submerged, since the water is deep enough for big ships to sail on, is the perpetual marvel; but they are not. They are as firm in their places as continents, myriads of them only a few feet out of water; and when the sun as it sinks sends a flood of gold and red light athwart them they turn all

colors, and glow on the water like great smoke crystals with fire shining through. To sail up this fjord in the sunset is to wind through devious lanes walled with these jewels, and to look off, over and above them, to fields of purple and gray and green, islands on islands on islands, to the right and to the left, with the same jewel-walled lanes running east and west and north and south among them; the sky will stream with glowing colors from horizon to horizon, and the glorious silence will be broken by no harsher sound than the low lapsing of waters and the soft whirr of gray gulls' wings.

And so we came to Bergen in the bright midnight of the last of our four days.

Months afterwards Sanna sent me a few extracts from descriptions given by a Norwegian writer of some of the spots we had seen in the dim upper distances along the fjords, — some of those illuminated spaces of green high up among the crags, which looked such sunny and peaceful homes.

Her English is so much more graphic than mine that I have begged her permission to give the extracts as she wrote them: —

“Grand, glorious, and serious is the Sogne Fjord. Serious in itself, and still more serious we find it when we know where and how people do live there between mountains. And we must wonder or ask, Is there really none places left, or no kind of work for those people to get for the maintenance of the life, but to go to such desolate and rather impassable a place? . . .

“More than half of the year are the two families who live on the farm of Vetti separated from all other human beings. During the winter can the usual path in the grass not be passed in case of snow, ice, and perpetual slips, which leave behind trace long out in the summer, because the sun only for a short time came over this long enormous

abyss, and does not linger there long, so that the snow which has been to ice do melt very slow, and seldom disappear earlier than in July. The short time in the winter when the river Utlei is frozen may the bottom of the pass well be passed, though not without danger, on account of the mentioned slips, which, with the power of the hurricane, are whizzing down in the deep, and which merely pressure of the air is so strong that it throw all down.

“Late in the autumn and in the spring is all approach to and from Vetti quite stopped; and late in the autumn chiefly with ground and snow slips, which then get loosened by the frequent rain. The farm-houses is situate on a steep slope, so that the one end of the lowest beam is put on the mere ground, and the other end must be put on a wall almost three yards high. The fields are so steep, and so quite near the dreadful precipice, that none unaccustomed to it do venture one's self thither; and when one from here look over the pass, and look the meadows which is more hanging than laying over the deep, and which have its grass mowed down with a short scythe, then one cannot comprehend the desperate courage which risk to set about and occupy one's self here, while the abyss has opened its swallow for receiving the foolhardy.

“A little above the dwelling-houses is a quite tolerable plain, and when one ask the man why he has not built his houses there he answers that owing to the snow slips it is impossible to build there.

“Through the valley-streams the Afdals River comes from the mountains, run in a distance of only twenty yards from the farm-houses, and about one hundred yards from the same pour out itself with crash of thunder in a mighty foss. The rumble of the same, and that with its hurling out caused pressure of the air, is in the summer so strong that the dwelling-houses seems to shiver, and

all what fluids there in open vessels get placed on the table is on an incessant trembling, moving almost as on board a ship in a rough sea. The wall and windows which turns to the river are then always moistened of the whipped foam, which in small particles continually is thrown back from the foss.

"By the side of this foss, in the hard granite wall which it moisten, is a mined gut (the author says he can't call it a road, though it is reckoned for that), broad enough that one man, and in the highest one small well-trained horse, however not by each other's side, can walk therein. This gut, which vault is not so high that an full-grown man can walk upright, is the farm's only road which rise to a considerable height.

"But as this gut could not get lightened in a suitable height, one has filled up or finished the remaining gap with four timber beams, four or five yards long, which is close to the gut, and with its upper end leans on a higher small mountain peak, which beside this is the fastening for the bridge over the waterfall. In these beams is cut in flukes, just as the steps of a staircase, and when one walks up these flukes one looks between the beams the frothing foss beneath one's self, while one get wrapped up of its exhalation clouds.

"The man told me that the pass also is to be passed with horse, the time of the summer, and that all then is to be carried in a pack-saddle to the farm, of his own horse, which is accustomed to this trip. And when one know the small Lærdalske horses' easiness, and the extraordinary security wherewith they can go upon the most narrow path on the edge of the most dreadful precipices, in that they place or cast the feet so in front of each other that no path is too narrow for them, then it seems a little less surprising.

"From the Vetti farm continues the pass in a distance of about twenty-one English miles, so that the whole pass,

then, is a little more than twenty-four miles, and shall on the other side of the farm be still more narrow, more difficult, and more dreadful. The farmer himself and his people must often go there to the woods, and for other things for his farm. There belongs to this farm most excellent sœter and mountain fields, wherefore the cattle begetting is here of great importance; and also the most excellent tract of firs belong to this farm.

"I was curious to know how one had to behave from here to get the dead buried, when it was impossible that two men could walk by the side of each other through the pass, and I did even not see how one could carry any coffin on horseback. I got the following information: The corpse is to be laid on a thin board, in which there is bored holes in both ends in which there is to be put handles of rope; to this board is the corpse to be tied, wrapped up in its linen cloth. And now one man in the front and one behind carry it through the pass to the farm Gjelde, and here it is to be laid into the coffin, and in the common manner brought to the churchyard. If any one die in the winter, and the bottom of the pass must be impassable then as well as in the spring and in the autumn, one must try to keep the corpse in an hard frozen state, which is not difficult, till it can be brought down in the above-mentioned manner.

"A still more strange and sad manner was used once at a cottager place called Vermelien. This place is lying in the little valley which border to the Vetti's field. Its situation by the river deep down in the pass is exceedingly horrid, and it has none other road or path than a very steep and narrow foot-path along the mountain wall side with the most dreadful precipice as by the Vetti.

"Since the cottager people here generally had changed, no one had dead there. It happened, then, the first time a boy, on seventeen years old, died. One

did not do one's self any hesitation about the manner to bring him to his grave, and they made a coffin in the house. The corpse was put in the coffin, and then the coffin brought outside; and first now one did see with consternation that it was not possible to carry the corpse with them in this manner. What was to do then?

"At last they resolved to let the

coffin be left as a *memento mori*, and to place the dead upon a horse, his feet tied up under the belly of the horse; against the mane on the horse was fastened a well-stuffed fodder bag, that the corpse may lean to the same, to which again the corpse was tied. And so the dead must ride over the mountain to his resting-place by Fortun's church in Lyster."

H. H.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XXXV.

ONE afternoon, towards dusk, in the autumn of 1876, a young man of pleasing appearance rang at the door of a small apartment on the third floor of an old Roman house. On its being opened he inquired for Madame Merle, whereupon the servant, a neat, plain woman, with a French face and a lady's maid's manner, ushered him into a diminutive room, and requested the favor of his name.

"Mr. Edward Rosier," said the young man, who sat down to wait till his hostess should appear.

The reader will perhaps not have forgotten that Mr. Rosier was an ornament of the American circle in Paris, but it may also be remembered that he sometimes vanished from its horizon. He had spent a portion of several winters at Pau, and as he was a gentleman of tolerably inveterate habits he might have continued for years to pay his annual visit to this charming resort. In the summer of 1876, however, an incident befell him which changed the current, not only of his thoughts, but of his proceedings. He passed a month in the Upper Engadine, and encountered at St. Moritz a charming young girl. For this young lady he conceived a peculiar

admiration; she was exactly the household angel he had long been looking for. He was never precipitate; he was nothing if not discreet; so he forbore for the present to declare his passion; but it seemed to him when they parted — the young lady to go down into Italy, and her admirer to proceed to Geneva, where he was under bonds to join some friends — that he should be very unhappy if he were not to see her again. The simplest way to do so was to go in the autumn to Rome, where Miss Osmond was domiciled with her family. Rosier started on his pilgrimage to the Italian capital, and reached it on the first of November. It was a pleasant thing to do; but for the young man there was a strain of the heroic in the enterprise. He was nervous about the fever, and November, after all, was rather early in the season. Fortune, however, favors the brave; and Mr. Rosier, who took three grains of quinine every day, had at the end of a month no cause to deplore his temerity. He had made to a certain extent good use of his time; that is, he had perceived that Miss Pansy Osmond had not a flaw in her composition. She was admirably finished, she was in excellent style. He thought of her in amorous meditation a good deal as he might have thought of a Dresden-china shep-

herdess. Miss Osmond, indeed, in the bloom of her juvenility, had a touch of the rococo, which Rosier, whose taste was predominantly for that manner, could not fail to appreciate. That he esteemed the productions of comparatively frivolous periods would have been apparent from the attention he bestowed upon Madame Merle's drawing-room, which, although furnished with specimens of every style, was especially rich in articles of the last two centuries. He had immediately put a glass into one eye and looked round; and then, "By Jove! she has some jolly good things!" he had murmured to himself. The room was small, and densely filled with furniture; it gave an impression of faded silk and little statuettes which might totter if one moved. Rosier got up and wandered about with his careful tread, bending over the tables charged with knickknacks and the cushions embossed with princely arms. When Madame Merle came in she found him standing before the fire-place, with his nose very close to the great lace flounce attached to the damask cover of the mantel. He had lifted it delicately, as if he were smelling it.

"It's old Venetian," she said; "it's rather good."

"It's too good for this; you ought to wear it."

"They tell me you have some better in Paris, in the same situation."

"Ah, but I can't wear mine," said Rosier, smiling.

"I don't see why you should n't! I have better lace than that to wear."

Rosier's eyes wandered, lingeringly, round the room again.

"You have some very good things."

"Yes, but I hate them."

"Do you want to get rid of them?" the young man asked quickly.

"No, it's good to have something to hate; one works it off."

"I love my things," said Rosier, as he sat there smiling. "But it's not

about them, nor about yours, that I came to talk to you." He paused a moment, and then, with greater softness, "I care more for Miss Osmond than for all the *bibelots* in Europe!"

Madame Merle started a little.

"Did you come to tell me that?"

"I came to ask your advice."

She looked at him with a little frown, stroking her chin.

"A man in love, you know, does n't ask advice."

"Why not, if he is in a difficult position? That's often the case with a man in love. I have been in love before, and I know. But never so much as this time, — really, never so much. I should like particularly to know what you think of my prospects. I'm afraid Mr. Osmond does n't think me a *phœnix*."

"Do you wish me to intercede?" Madame Merle asked, with her fine arms folded, and her mouth drawn up to the left.

"If you could say a good word for me, I should be greatly obliged. There will be no use in my troubling Miss Osmond unless I have good reason to believe her father will consent."

"You are very considerate; that's in your favor. But you assume, in rather an off-hand way, that I think you a prize."

"You have been very kind to me," said the young man. "That's why I came."

"I am always kind to people who have good *bibelots*; there is no telling what one may get by it." And the left-hand corner of Madame Merle's mouth gave expression to the joke.

Edward Rosier started and blushed; his correct features were suffused with disappointment.

"Ah, I thought you liked me for myself!"

"I like you very much; but, if you please, we won't analyze. Excuse me if I seem patronizing; but I think you

a perfect little gentleman. I must tell you, however, that I have not the marrying of Pansy Osmond."

"I did n't suppose that. But you have seemed to me intimate with her family, and I thought you might have influence."

Madame Merle was silent a moment.

"Whom do you call her family?"

"Why, her father, and — how do you say it in English? — her *belle mère*."

"Mr. Osmond is her father, certainly; but his wife can scarcely be termed a member of her family. Mrs. Osmond has nothing to do with marrying her."

"I am sorry for that," said Rosier, with an amiable sigh. "I think Mrs. Osmond would favor me."

"Very likely, — if her husband does not."

Edward Rosier raised his eyebrows.

"Does she take the opposite line from him?"

"In everything. They think very differently."

"Well," said Rosier, "I am sorry for that; but it's none of my business. She is very fond of Pansy."

"Yes, she is very fond of Pansy."

"And Pansy has a great affection for her. She has told me that she loves her as if she were her own mother."

"You must, after all, have had some very intimate talk with the poor child," said Madame Merle. "Have you declared your sentiments?"

"Never!" cried Rosier, lifting his neatly-gloved hand. "Never, until I have assured myself of those of the parents."

"You always wait for that? You have excellent principles; your conduct is most estimable."

"I think you are laughing at me," poor Rosier murmured, dropping back in his chair, and feeling his small mustache. "I did n't expect that of you, Madame Merle."

She shook her head calmly, like a person who saw things clearly.

"You don't do me justice. I think your conduct is in excellent taste, and the best you could adopt. Yes, that's what I think."

"I would n't agitate her — only to agitate her; I love her too much for that," said Ned Rosier.

"I am glad, after all, that you have told me," Madame Merle went on. "Leave it to me a little; I think I can help you."

"I said you were the person to come to!" cried the young man, with an ingenuous radiance in his face.

"You were very clever," Madame Merle returned, more dryly. "When I say I can help you, I mean once assuming that your cause is good. Let us think a little whether it is."

"I'm a dear little fellow," said Rosier, earnestly. "I won't say I have no faults, but I will say I have no vices."

"All that is negative. What is the positive side? What have you got beside your Spanish lace and your Dresden tea-cups?"

"I have got a comfortable little fortune, — about forty thousand francs a year. With the talent that I have for arranging, we can live beautifully on such an income."

"Beautifully, no; sufficiently, yes. Even that depends on where you live."

"Well, in Paris. I would undertake it in Paris."

Madame Merle's mouth rose to the left.

"It would n't be splendid; you would have to make use of the tea-cups, and they would get broken."

"We don't want to be splendid. If Miss Osmond should have everything pretty, it would be enough. When one is as pretty as she, one can afford to be simple. She ought never to wear anything but muslin," said Rosier, reflectively.

"She would be much obliged to you for that theory."

"It's the correct one, I assure you; and I am sure she would enter into it. She understands all that; that's why I love her."

"She is a very good little girl, and extremely graceful. But her father, to the best of my belief, can give her nothing."

Rosier hesitated a moment.

"I don't in the least desire that he should. But I may remark, all the same, that he lives like a rich man."

"The money is his wife's; she brought him a fortune."

"Mrs. Osmond, then, is very fond of her step-daughter; she may do something."

"For a love-sick swain you have your eyes about you!" Madame Merle exclaimed, with a laugh.

"I esteem a *dot* very much. I can do without it, but I esteem it."

"Mrs. Osmond," Madame Merle went on, "will probably prefer to keep her money for her own children."

"Her own children? Surely she has none."

"She may have yet. She had a poor little boy, who died two years ago, six months after his birth. Others, therefore, may come."

"I hope they will, if it will make her happy. She is a splendid woman."

Madame Merle was silent a moment.

"Ah, about her there is much to be said. Splendid as you like! We have not exactly made out that you are a *parti*. The absence of vices is hardly a source of income."

"Excuse me, I think it may be," said Rosier, with his persuasive smile.

"You'll be a touching couple, living on your innocence!"

"I think you underrate me."

"You are not so innocent as that? Seriously," said Madame Merle, "of course forty thousand francs a year and a nice character are a combination to be

considered. I don't say it's to be jumped at; but there might be a worse offer. Mr. Osmond will probably incline to believe he can do better."

"He can do so, perhaps; but what can his daughter do? She can't do better than marry the man she loves. For she does, you know," Rosier added, eagerly.

"She does, — I know it."

"Ah," cried the young man, "I said you were the person to come to!"

"But I don't know how you know it, if you have n't asked her," Madame Merle went on.

"In such a case there is no need of asking and telling; as you say, we are an innocent couple. How did *you* know it?"

"I, who am not innocent? By being very crafty. Leave it to me; I will find out for you."

Rosier got up, and stood smoothing his hat.

"You say that rather coldly. Don't simply find out how it is, but try to make it as it should be."

"I will do my best. I will try to make the most of your advantages."

"Thank you so very much. Meanwhile, I will say a word to Mrs. Osmond."

"Gardez-vous en bien!" And Madame Merle rose, rapidly. "Don't set her going, or you'll spoil everything."

Rosier gazed into his hat; he wondered whether his hostess had been after all the right person to come to.

"I don't think I understand you. I am an old friend of Mrs. Osmond, and I think she would like me to succeed."

"Be an old friend as much as you like; the more old friends she has the better, for she does n't get on very well with some of her new. But don't for the present try to make her take up the cudgels for you. Her husband may have other views, and, as a person who wishes her well, I advise you not to multiply points of difference between them."

Poor Rosier's face assumed an expression of alarm; a suit for the hand of Pansy Osmond was even a more complicated business than his taste for proper transitions had allowed. But the extreme good sense which he concealed under a surface suggesting sprigged porcelain came to his assistance.

"I don't see that I am bound to consider Mr. Osmond so much!" he exclaimed.

"No, but you should consider her. You say you are an old friend. Would you make her suffer?"

"Not for the world."

"Then be very careful, and let the matter alone until I have taken a few soundings."

"Let the matter alone, dear Madame Merle? Remember that I am in love."

"Oh, you won't burn up. Why did you come to me, if you are not to heed what I say?"

"You are very kind; I will be very good," the young man promised. "But I am afraid Mr. Osmond is rather difficult," he added, in his mild voice, as he went to the door.

Madame Merle gave a light laugh.

"It has been said before. But his wife is not easy, either."

"Ah, she's a splendid woman!" Ned Rosier repeated, passing out.

He resolved that his conduct should be worthy of a young man who was already a model of discretion; but he saw nothing in any pledge he had given Madame Merle that made it improper he should keep himself in spirits by an occasional visit to Miss Osmond's home. He reflected constantly on what Madame Merle had said to him, and turned over in his mind the impression of her somewhat peculiar manner. He had gone to her *de confiance*, as they said in Paris; but it was possible that he had been precipitate. He found difficulty in thinking of himself as rash, — he had incurred this reproach so rarely; but it certainly was true that he had known

Madame Merle only for the last month, and that his thinking her a delightful woman was not, when one came to look into it, a reason for assuming that she would be eager to push Pansy Osmond into his arms, gracefully arranged as these members might be to receive her. Beyond this, Madame Merle had been very gracious to him, and she was a person of consideration among the girl's people, where she had a rather striking appearance (Rosier had more than once wondered how she managed it) of being intimate without being familiar. But possibly he had exaggerated these advantages. There was no particular reason why she should take trouble for him; a charming woman was charming to every one, and Rosier felt rather like a fool when he thought of his appealing to Madame Merle on the ground that she had distinguished him. Very likely, though she had appeared to say it in joke, she was really only thinking of his bibelots. Had it come into her head that he might offer her two or three of the gems of his collection? If she would only help him to marry Miss Osmond, he would present her with his whole museum. He could hardly say so to her outright, — it would seem too gross a bribe; but he should like her to believe it.

It was with these thoughts that he went again to Mrs. Osmond's, Mrs. Osmond having an "evening," — she had taken the Thursday of each week, — when his presence could be accounted for on general principles of civility. The object of Mr. Rosier's well-regulated affection dwelt in a high house in the very heart of Rome; a dark and massive structure, overlooking a sunny *piazza* in the neighborhood of the Farnese Palace. In a palace, too, little Pansy lived, — a palace in Roman parlance, but a dungeon to poor Rosier's apprehensive mind. It seemed to him of evil omen that the young lady he wished to marry, and whose fastidious father he doubted of his ability to conciliate, should be

immured in a kind of domestic fortress, which bore a stern old Roman name; which smelt of historic deeds, of crime and craft and violence; which was mentioned in Murray, and visited by tourists who looked disappointed and depressed; and which had frescoes by Caravaggio in the *piano nobile*, and a row of mutilated statues and dusty urns in the wide, nobly-arched *loggia* overlooking the damp court where a fountain gushed out of a niche. In a less preoccupied frame of mind he could have done justice to the Palazzo Roccanera; he could have entered into the sentiment of Mrs. Osmond, who had once told him that on settling themselves in Rome she and her husband chose this habitation for the love of local color. It had local color enough, and though he knew less about architecture than about Limoges enamel he could see that the proportions of the windows, and even the details of the cornice, had quite the grand air. But Rosier was haunted by the conviction that at picturesque periods young girls had been shut up there to keep them from their true loves, and, under the threat of being thrown into convents, had been forced into unholy marriages. There was one point, however, to which he always did justice, when once he found himself in Mrs. Osmond's warm, rich-looking reception-rooms, which were on the second floor: he acknowledged that these people were very strong in bibelots. It was a taste of Osmond's own, — not at all of hers: this she had told him the first time he came to the house, when, after asking himself for a quarter of an hour whether they had better things than he, he was obliged to admit that they had, very much, and vanquished his envy, as a gentleman should, to the point of expressing to his hostess his pure admiration of her treasures. He learned from Mrs. Osmond that her husband had made a large collection before their marriage, and that, though he had obtained a number of fine

pieces within the last three years, he had got his best things at a time when he had not the advantage of her advice. Rosier interpreted this information according to principles of his own. For "advice" read "money," he said to himself; and the fact that Gilbert Osmond had landed his great prizes during his impecunious season confirmed his most cherished doctrine, — the doctrine that a collector may freely be poor if he be only patient. In general, when Rosier presented himself on a Thursday evening, his first glance was bestowed upon the walls of the room; there were three or four objects that his eyes really yearned for. But after his talk with Madame Merle he felt the extreme seriousness of his position; and now, when he came in, he looked about for the daughter of the house with such eagerness as might be permitted to a gentleman who always crossed a threshold with an optimistic smile.

XXXVI.

Pansy was not in the first of the rooms, a large apartment with a concave ceiling and walls covered with old red damask; it was here that Mrs. Osmond usually sat, — though she was not in her customary place to-night, — and that a circle of more especial intimates gathered about the fire. The room was warm, with a sort of subdued brightness; it contained the larger things, and, almost always, an odor of flowers. Pansy on this occasion was presumably in the chamber beyond, the resort of younger visitors, where tea was served. Osmond stood before the chimney, leaning back, with his hands behind him; he had one foot up, and was warming the sole. Half a dozen people, scattered near him, were talking together, but he was not in conversation; his eyes were fixed, abstractedly. Rosier, coming in unannounced, failed to attract his atten-

tion; but the young man, who was very punctilious, though he was even exceptionally conscious that it was the wife, not the husband, he had come to see, went up to shake hands with him. Osmond put out his left hand, without changing his attitude.

"How d'ye do? My wife's somewhere about."

"Never fear; I shall find her," said Rosier, cheerfully.

Osmond stood looking at him; he had never before felt the keenness of this gentleman's eyes. "Madame Merle has told him, and he does n't like it," Rosier said to himself. He had hoped Madame Merle would be there; but she was not within sight; perhaps she was in one of the other rooms, or would come later. He had never especially delighted in Gilbert Osmond; he had a fancy that he gave himself airs. But Rosier was not quickly resentful, and where politeness was concerned he had an inveterate wish to be in the right. He looked round him, smiling, and then, in a moment, he said, —

"I saw a jolly good piece of *Capo di Monte* to-day."

Osmond answered nothing at first; but presently, while he warmed his boot-sole, "I don't care a fig for *Capo di Monte*!" he returned.

"I hope you are not losing your interest?"

"In old pots and plates? Yes, I am losing my interest."

Rosier for a moment forgot the delicacy of his position.

"You are not thinking of parting with a — a piece or two?"

"No, I am not thinking of parting with anything at all, Mr. Rosier," said Osmond, with his eyes still on the eyes of his visitor.

"Ah, you want to keep, but not to add," Rosier remarked, brightly.

"Exactly. I have nothing that I wish to match."

Poor Rosier was aware that he had

blushed, and he was distressed at his want of assurance. "Ah, well, I have!" was all that he could murmur; and he knew that his murmur was partly lost as he turned away. He took his course to the adjoining room, and met Mrs. Osmond coming out of the deep doorway. She was dressed in black velvet; she looked brilliant and noble. We know what Mr. Rosier thought of her, and the terms in which, to Madame Merle, he had expressed his admiration. Like his appreciation of her dear little step-daughter, it was based partly on his fine sense of the plastic; but also on a relish for a more impalpable sort of merit, — that merit of a bright spirit, which Rosier's devotion to brittle wares had not made him cease to regard as a quality. Mrs. Osmond, at present, appeared to gratify all such tastes. The years had touched her only to enrich her; the flower of her youth had not faded; it only hung more quietly on its stem. She had lost something of that quick eagerness to which her husband had privately taken exception; she had more the air of being able to wait. Now, at all events, framed in the gilded door-way, she struck our young man as the picture of a gracious lady.

"You see I am very regular," he said. "But who should be if I am not?"

"Yes, I have known you longer than any one here. But we must not indulge in tender reminiscences. I want to introduce you to a young lady."

"Ah, please, what young lady?" Rosier was immensely obliging; but this was not what he had come for.

"She sits there by the fire, in pink, and has no one to speak to."

Rosier hesitated a moment.

"Can't Mr. Osmond speak to her? He is within six feet of her."

Mrs. Osmond also hesitated.

"She is not very lively, and he does n't like dull people."

"But she is good enough for me? Ah, now, that is hard."

"I only mean that you have ideas for two. And then you are so obliging."

"So is your husband."

"No, he is not, — to me," and Mrs. Osmond smiled vaguely.

"That's a sign he should be doubly so to other women."

"So I tell him," said Mrs. Osmond, still smiling.

"You see I want some tea," Rosier went on, looking wistfully beyond.

"That's perfect. Go and give some to my young lady."

"Very good; but after that I will abandon her to her fate. The simple truth is that I am dying to have a little talk with Miss Osmond."

"Ah," said Isabel, turning away, "I can't help you there!"

Five minutes later, while he handed a tea-cup to the young lady in pink, whom he had conducted into the other room, he wondered whether, in making to Mrs. Osmond the profession I have just quoted, he had broken the spirit of his promise to Madame Merle. Such a question was capable of occupying this young man's mind for a considerable time. At last, however, he became, comparatively speaking, reckless, and cared little what promises he might break. The fate to which he had threatened to abandon the young lady in pink proved to be none so terrible; for Pansy Osmond, who had given him the tea for his companion, — Pansy was as fond as ever of making tea, — presently came and talked to her. Into this mild colloquy Edward Rosier entered little; he sat by moodily watching his small sweetheart. If we look at her now through his eyes, we shall at first not see much to remind us of the obedient little girl who, at Florence, three years before, was sent to walk short distances in the Cascine, while her father and Miss Archer talked together of matters sacred to elder people. But after a moment we shall perceive that if at nineteen Pansy has become a young lady, she does not

really fill out the part; that if she has grown very pretty, she lacks in a deplorable degree the quality known and esteemed in the appearance of females as style; and that if she is dressed with great freshness, she wears her smart attire with an undisguised appearance of saving it, — very much as if it were lent her for the occasion. Edward Rosier, it would seem, would have been just the man to note these defects; and in point of fact there was not a quality of this young lady, of any sort, that he had not noted. Only he called her qualities by names of his own, — some of which, indeed, were happy enough. "No, she is unique, — she is absolutely unique," he used to say to himself; and you may be sure that not for an instant would he have admitted to you that she was wanting in style. Style? Why, she had the style of a little princess; if you could n't see it you had no eye. It was not modern, it was not conscious; it would produce no impression in Broadway; the small, serious damsel, in her stiff little dress, only looked like an Infanta of Velasquez. This was enough for Edward Rosier, who thought her delightfully old-fashioned. Her anxious eyes, her charming lips, her slip of a figure, were as touching as a childish prayer. He had now an acute desire to know just to what point she liked him, — a desire which made him fidget as he sat in his chair. It made him feel hot, so that he had to pat his forehead with his handkerchief; he had never been so uncomfortable. She was such a perfect *jeune fille*; and one couldn't make of a *jeune fille* the inquiry necessary for throwing light on such a point. A *jeune fille* was what Rosier had always dreamed of, — a *jeune fille* who should yet not be French, for he had felt that this nationality would complicate the question. He was sure that Pansy had never looked at a newspaper, and that, in the way of novels, if she had read Sir Walter Scott it was the very most. An

American *jeune fille*, — what would be better than that? She would be frank and gay, and yet would not have walked alone, nor have received letters from men, nor have been taken to the theatre to see the comedy of manners. Rosier could not deny that, as the matter stood, it would be a breach of hospitality to appeal directly to this unsophisticated creature; but he was now in imminent danger of asking himself whether hospitality were the most sacred thing in the world. Was not the sentiment that he entertained for Miss Osmond of infinitely greater importance? Of greater importance to him, — yes; but not probably to the master of the house. There was one comfort: even if this gentleman had been placed on his guard by Madame Merle, he would not have extended the warning to Pansy; it would not have been part of his policy to let her know that a prepossessing young man was in love with her. But he *was* in love with her, the prepossessing young man; and all these restrictions of circumstance had ended by irritating him. What had Gilbert Osmond meant by giving him two fingers of his left hand? If Osmond was rude, surely he himself might be bold. He felt extremely bold after the dull girl in pink had responded to the call of her mother, who came in to say, with a significant simper at Rosier, that she must carry her off to other triumphs. The mother and daughter departed together, and now it depended only upon him that he should be virtually alone with Pansy. He had never been alone with her before; he had never been alone with a *jeune fille*. It was a great moment; poor Rosier began to pat his forehead again. There was another room, beyond the one in which they stood, — a small room, which had been thrown open and lighted, but, the company not being numerous, had remained empty all the evening. It was empty yet. It was upholstered in pale yellow; there were several lamps;

through the open door it looked very pretty. Rosier stood a moment, gazing through this aperture; he was afraid that Pansy would run away, and felt almost capable of stretching out a hand to detain her. But she lingered where the young lady in pink had left them, making no motion to join a knot of visitors on the other side of the room. For a moment it occurred to him that she was frightened, — too frightened perhaps to move; but a glance assured him that she was not, and then he reflected that she was too innocent, indeed, for that. After a moment's supreme hesitation he asked her whether he might go and look at the yellow room, which seemed so attractive, yet so virginal. He had been there already with Osmond to inspect the furniture, which was of the first French empire, and especially to admire the clock (which he did not really admire), an immense classic structure of that period. He therefore felt that he had now begun to manoeuvre.

"Certainly, you may go," said Pansy; "and if you like, I will show you." She was not in the least frightened.

"That's just what I hoped you would say; you are so very kind," Rosier murmured.

They went in together. Rosier really thought the room very ugly, and it seemed cold. The same idea appeared to have struck Pansy.

"It's not for winter evenings; it's more for summer," she said. "It's papa's taste; he has so much."

He had a good deal, Rosier thought; but some of it was bad. He looked about him; he hardly knew what to say in such a situation. "Does n't Mrs. Osmond care how her rooms are done? Has she no taste?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, a great deal; but it's more for literature," said Pansy, "and for conversation. But papa cares also for those things: I think he knows everything."

Rosier was silent a moment. "There is one thing I am sure he knows!" he

broke out presently. "He knows that when I come here it is, with all respect to him, with all respect to Mrs. Osmond, who is so charming, — it is really," said the young man, "to see you!"

"To see me?" asked Pansy, raising her vaguely-troubled eyes.

"To see you; that's what I come for!" Rosier repeated, feeling the intoxication of a rupture with authority.

Pansy stood looking at him, simply, intently, openly; a blush was not needed to make her face more modest.

"I thought it was for that," she said.

"And it was not disagreeable to you?"

"I could n't tell; I didn't know. You never told me," said Pansy.

"I was afraid of offending you."

"You don't offend me," the young girl murmured, smiling as if an angel had kissed her.

"You like me, then, Pansy?" Rosier asked, very gently, feeling very happy.

"Yes, — I like you."

They had walked to the chimney-piece, where the big cold empire clock was perched; they were well within the room, and beyond observation from without. The tone in which she had said these four words seemed to him the very breath of nature, and his only answer could be to take her hand and hold it a moment. Then he raised it to his lips. She submitted, still with her pure, trusting smile, in which there was something ineffably passive. She liked him, — she had liked him all the while; now anything might happen! She was ready, — she had been ready always, waiting for him to speak. If he had not spoken she would have waited forever; but when the word came she dropped like the peach from the shaken tree. Rosier felt that if he should draw her towards him, and hold her to his heart, she would submit without a murmur; she would rest there without a question. It was true that this would be a rash experiment in a yellow empire *salottino*. She

had known it was for her he came; and yet like what a perfect little lady she had carried it off!

"You are very dear to me!" he murmured, trying to believe that there was after all such a thing as hospitality.

She looked a moment at her hand, where he had kissed it. "Did you say that papa knows?"

"You told me just now he knows everything."

"I think you must make sure," said Pansy.

"Ah, my dear, when once I am sure of you!" Rosier murmured in her ear, while she turned back to the other rooms with a little air of consistency which seemed to imply that their appeal should be immediate.

The other rooms, meanwhile, had become conscious of the arrival of Madame Merle, who, wherever she went, produced an impression when she entered. How she did it the most attentive spectator could not have told you; for she neither spoke loud, nor laughed profusely, nor moved rapidly, nor dressed with splendor, nor appealed in any appreciable manner to the audience. Large, fair, smiling, serene, there was something in her very tranquillity that diffused itself, and when people looked round it was because of a sudden quiet. On this occasion she had done the quietest thing she could do: after embracing Mrs. Osmond, which was more striking, she had sat down on a small sofa to commune with the master of the house. There was a brief exchange of commonplaces between these two, — they always paid, in public, a certain formal tribute to the commonplace, — and then Madame Merle, whose eyes had been wandering, asked if little Mr. Rosier had come this evening.

"He came nearly an hour ago; but he has disappeared," Osmond said.

"And where is Pansy?"

"In the other room. There are several people there."

"He is probably among them," said Madame Merle.

"Do you wish to see him?" Osmond asked, in a provokingly pointless tone.

Madame Merle looked at him a moment; she knew his tones to the eighth of a note. "Yes, I should like to say to him that I have told you what he wants, and that it interests you but feebly."

"Don't tell him that; he will try to interest me more, — which is exactly what I don't want. Tell him I hate his proposal."

"But you don't hate it."

"It does n't signify: I don't love it. I let him see that, myself, this evening: I was rude to him on purpose. That sort of thing is a great bore. There is no hurry."

"I will tell him that you will take time and think it over."

"No, don't do that. He will hang on."

"If I discourage him, he will do the same."

"Yes; but in the one case he will try and talk and explain, which would be exceedingly tiresome; in the other he will probably hold his tongue, and go in for some deeper game. That will leave me quiet. I hate talking with a donkey."

"Is that what you call poor Mr. Rosier?"

"Oh, he's enervating with his eternal majolica."

Madame Merle dropped her eyes, with a faint smile. "He's a gentleman; he has a charming temper; and after all an income of forty thousand francs" —

"It's misery, — genteel misery," Osmond broke in. "It's not what I have dreamed of for Pansy."

"Very good, then. He has promised me not to speak to her."

"Do you believe him?" Osmond asked, absent-mindedly.

"Perfectly. Pansy has thought a great deal about him; but I don't suppose you think that matters."

"I don't think it matters at all; but neither do I believe she has thought about him."

"That opinion is more convenient," said Madame Merle, quietly.

"Has she told you that she is in love with him?"

"For what do you take her? And for what do you take me?" Madame Merle added in a moment.

Osmond had raised his foot, and was resting his slim ankle on the other knee; he clasped his ankle in his hand, familiarly, and gazed a while before him. "This kind of thing does n't find me unprepared. It's what I educated her for. It was all for this, — that when such a case should come up she should do what I prefer."

"I am not afraid that she will not do it."

"Well, then, where is the hitch?"

"I don't see any. But all the same I recommend you not to get rid of Mr. Rosier. Keep him on hand; he may be useful."

"I can't keep him. Do it yourself."

"Very good; I will put him into a corner, and allow him so much a day." Madame Merle had, for the most part, while they talked, been glancing about her; it was her habit, in this situation, just as it was her habit to interpose a good many blank-looking pauses. A long pause followed the last words I have quoted; and before it was broken again she saw Pansy come out of the adjoining room, followed by Edward Rosier. Pansy advanced a few steps, and then stopped, and stood looking at Madame Merle and her father.

"He has spoken to her," Madame Merle said, simply, to Osmond.

Her companion never turned his head. "So much for your belief in his promises. He ought to be horse-whipped."

"He intends to confess, poor little man!"

Osmond got up; he had now taken a sharp look at his daughter. "It does n't matter," he murmured, turning away.

Pansy, after a moment, came up to Madame Merle with her little manner of unfamiliar politeness. This lady's reception of her was not more intimate; she simply, as she rose from the sofa, gave her a friendly smile.

"You are very late," said the young girl, gently.

"My dear child, I am never later than I intend to be."

Madame Merle had not got up to be gracious to Pansy; she moved towards Edward Rosier. He came to meet her, and, very quickly, as if to get it off his mind, "I have spoken to her!" he whispered.

"I know it, Mr. Rosier."

"Did she tell you?"

"Yes, she told me. Behave properly for the rest of the evening, and come and see me to-morrow at a quarter past five."

She was severe, and in the manner in which she turned her back to him there was a degree of contempt which caused him to mutter a decent imprecation.

He had no intention of speaking to Osmond; it was neither the time nor the place. But he instinctively wandered towards Isabel, who sat talking with an old lady. He sat down on the other side of her; the old lady was an Italian, and Rosier took for granted that she understood no English.

"You said just now you would n't help me," he began, to Mrs. Osmond. "Perhaps you will feel differently when you know — when you know" —

He hesitated a little.

"When I know what?" Isabel asked, gently.

"That she is all right."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, that we have come to an understanding."

"She is all wrong," said Isabel. "It won't do."

Poor Rosier gazed at her half pleadingly, half angrily; a sudden flush testified to his sense of injury.

"I have never been treated so," he said. "What is there against me, after all? That is not the way I am usually considered. I could have married twenty times!"

"It's a pity you did n't. I don't mean twenty times, but once, comfortably," Isabel added, smiling kindly. "You are not rich enough for Pansy."

"She does n't care a straw for one's money."

"No, but her father does."

"Ah, yes, he has proved that!" cried the young man.

Isabel got up, turning away from him, leaving her old lady, without saying anything; and he occupied himself for the next ten minutes in pretending to look at Gilbert Osmond's collection of miniatures, which were neatly arranged on a series of small velvet screens. But he looked without seeing; his cheek burned; he was too full of his sense of injury. It was certain that he had never been treated that way before; he was not used to being thought not good enough. He knew how good he was, and if such a fallacy had not been so pernicious he could have laughed at it. He looked about again for Pansy, but she had disappeared, and his main desire was now to get out of the house. Before doing so he spoke to Isabel again; it was not agreeable to him to reflect that he had just said a rude thing to her, — the only point that would now justify a low view of him.

"I spoke of Mr. Osmond as I should n't have done, a while ago," he said. "But you must remember my situation."

"I don't remember what you said," she answered, coldly.

"Ah, you are offended, and now you will never help me."

She was silent an instant, and then, with a change of tone, —

"It's not that I won't; I simply can't!" Her manner was almost passionate.

"If you could, just a little," said Rosier, "I would never again speak of your husband save as an angel."

"The inducement is great," said Isabel gravely, — inscrutably, as he afterwards, to himself, called it; and she gave him, straight in the eyes, a look which was also inscrutable. It made him remember, somehow, that he had known her as a child; and yet it was keener than he liked, and he took himself off.

XXXVII.

He went to see Madame Merle on the morrow, and to his surprise she let him off rather easily. But she made him promise that he would stop there until something should have been decided. Mr. Osmond had had higher expectations; it was very true that as he had no intention of giving his daughter a portion such expectations were open to criticism, or even, if one would, to ridicule. But she would advise Mr. Rosier not to take that tone; if he would possess his soul in patience he might arrive at his felicity. Mr. Osmond was not favorable to his suit, but it would not be a miracle if he should gradually come round. Pansy would never defy her father, he might depend upon that; so nothing was to be gained by precipitation. Mr. Osmond needed to accustom his mind to an offer of a sort that he had not hitherto entertained, and this result must come of itself; it was useless to try to force it. Rosier remarked that his own situation would be in the mean while the most uncomfortable in the world, and Madame Merle assured him that she felt for him. But, as she justly declared, one could n't have everything one wanted; she

had learned that lesson for herself. There would be no use in his writing to Gilbert Osmond, who had charged her to tell him as much. He wished the matter dropped for a few weeks, and would himself write when he should have anything to communicate which it would please Mr. Rosier to hear.

"He does n't like your having spoken to Pansy. Ah, he does n't like it at all," said Madame Merle.

"I am perfectly willing to give him a chance to tell me so!"

"If you do that he will tell you more than you care to hear. Go to the house, for the next month, as little as possible, and leave the rest to me."

"As little as possible? Who is to measure that?"

"Let me measure it. Go on Thursday evenings with the rest of the world; but don't go at all odd times, and don't fret about Pansy. I will see that she understands everything. She's a calm little nature; she will take it quietly."

Edward Rosier fretted about Pansy a good deal, but he did as he was advised, and waited for another Thursday evening before returning to the Palazzo Roccanera. There had been a party at dinner, so that although he went early the company was already tolerably numerous. Osmond, as usual, was in the first room, near the fire, staring straight at the door, so that, not to be distinctly uncivil, Rosier had to go and speak to him.

"I am glad that you can take a hint," Pansy's father said, slightly closing his keen, conscious eye.

"I take no hints. But I took a message, as I supposed it to be."

"You took it? Where did you take it?"

It seemed to poor Rosier that he was being insulted, and he waited a moment, asking himself how much a true lover ought to submit to.

"Madame Merle gave me, as I understood it, a message from you, to the

effect that you declined to give me the opportunity I desire, — the opportunity to explain my wishes to you.”

Rosier flattered himself that he spoke rather sternly.

“I don’t see what Madame Merle has to do with it. Why did you apply to Madame Merle?”

“I asked her for an opinion, — for nothing more. I did so because she had seemed to me to know you very well.”

“She does n’t know me so well as she thinks,” said Osmond.

“I am sorry for that, because she has given me some little ground for hope.”

Osmond stared into the fire for a moment.

“I set a great price on my daughter.”

“You can’t set a higher one than I do. Don’t I prove it by wishing to marry her?”

“I wish to marry her very well,” Osmond went on, with a dry impertinence which, in another mood, poor Rosier would have admired.

“Of course I pretend that she would marry well in marrying me. She could n’t marry a man who loves her more, or whom, I may venture to add, she loves more.”

“I am not bound to accept your theories as to whom my daughter loves,” Osmond said, looking up with a quick, cold smile.

“I am not theorizing. Your daughter has spoken.”

“Not to me,” Osmond continued, bending forward a little, and dropping his eyes to his boot-toes.

“I have her promise, sir!” cried Rosier, with the sharpness of exasperation.

As their voices had been pitched very low before, such a note attracted some attention from the company. Osmond waited till this little movement had subsided, then he said very quickly, —

“I think she has no recollection of having given it.”

They had been standing with their faces to the fire, and after he had uttered these last words Osmond turned round again to the room. Before Rosier had time to rejoin he perceived that a gentleman, a stranger, had just come in, unannounced, according to the Roman custom, and was about to present himself to the master of the house. The latter smiled blandly, but somewhat blankly; the visitor was a handsome man, with a large, fair beard, — evidently an Englishman.

“You apparently don’t recognize me,” he said, with a smile that expressed more than Osmond’s.

“Ah, yes, now I do! I expected so little to see you.”

Rosier departed, and went in direct pursuit of Pansy. He sought her, as usual, in the neighboring room, but he again encountered Mrs. Osmond in his path. He gave this gracious lady no greeting, — he was too righteously indignant, — but said to her crudely, —

“Your husband is awfully cold-blooded.”

She gave the same mystical smile that he had noticed before.

“You can’t expect every one to be as hot as yourself.”

“I don’t pretend to be cold, but I am cool. What has he been doing to his daughter?”

“I have no idea.”

“Don’t you take any interest?” Rosier demanded, feeling that she too was irritating.

For a moment she answered nothing. Then, —

“No!” she said abruptly, and with a quickened light in her eye which directly contradicted the word.

“Excuse me if I don’t believe that. Where is Miss Osmond?”

“In the corner making tea. Please leave her there.”

Rosier instantly discovered the young girl, who had been hidden by intervening groups. He watched her, but her

own attention was entirely given to her occupation.

"What on earth has he done to her?" he asked again, imploringly. "He declares to me that she has given me up."

"She has not given you up," Isabel said, in a low tone, without looking at him.

"Ah, thank you for that! Now I will leave her alone as long as you think proper!"

He had hardly spoken when he saw her change color, and became aware that Osmond was coming towards her, accompanied by the gentleman who had just entered. He thought the latter, in spite of the advantage of good looks and evident social experience, was a little embarrassed.

"Isabel," said Osmond, "I bring you an old friend."

Mrs. Osmond's face, though it wore a smile, was, like her old friend's, not perfectly confident. "I am very happy to see Lord Warburton," she said. Rosier turned away, and now that his talk with her had been interrupted felt absolved from the little pledge he had just taken. He had a quick impression that Mrs. Osmond would not notice what he did.

To do him justice, Isabel for some time quite ceased to observe him. She had been startled; she hardly knew whether she were glad or not. Lord Warburton, however, now that he was face to face with her, was plainly very well pleased; his frank gray eye expressed a deep, if still somewhat shy, satisfaction. He was larger, stouter, than of yore, and he looked older; he stood there very solidly and sensibly.

"I suppose you did n't expect to see me," he said. "I have only just arrived. Literally, I only got here this evening. You see I have lost no time in coming to pay you my respects; I knew you were at home on Thursdays."

"You see the fame of your Thurs-

days has spread to England," Osmond remarked, smiling, to his wife.

"It is very kind of Lord Warburton to come so soon; we are greatly flattered," Isabel said.

"Ah, well, it's better than stopping in one of those horrible inns," Osmond went on.

"The hotel seems very good; I think it is the same one where I saw you four years ago. You know it was here in Rome that we last met; it is a long time ago! Do you remember where I bade you good-by? It was in the Capitol, in the first room."

"I remember that myself," said Osmond; "I was there at the time."

"Yes, I remember that you were there. I was very sorry to leave Rome, — so sorry that, somehow or other, it became a melancholy sort of memory, and I have never cared to come back till to-day. But I knew you were living here, and I assure you I have often thought of you. It must be a charming place to live," said Lord Warburton, brightly, looking about him.

"We should have been glad to see you at any time," Osmond remarked, with propriety.

"Thank you very much. I have n't been out of England since then. Till a month ago, I really supposed my travels were over."

"I have heard of you from time to time," said Isabel, who had now completely recovered her self-possession.

"I hope you have heard no harm. My life has been a blank."

"Like the good reigns in history," Osmond suggested. He appeared to think his duties as a host had now terminated, he had performed them very conscientiously. Nothing could have been more adequate, more nicely measured, than his courtesy to his wife's old friend. It was punctilious, it was explicit, it was everything but natural, — a deficiency which Lord Warburton, who, himself, had on the whole a good deal

of nature, may be supposed to have perceived. "I will leave you and Mrs. Osmond together," he added. "You have reminiscences into which I don't enter."

"I am afraid you lose a good deal!" said Lord Warburton, in a tone which perhaps betrayed over much his appreciation of Osmond's generosity. He stood a moment, looking at Isabel with an eye that gradually became more serious. "I am really very glad to see you."

"It is very pleasant. You are very kind."

"Do you know that you are changed, — a little?"

Isabel hesitated a moment.

"Yes, — a good deal."

"I don't mean for the worse, of course; and yet how can I say for the better?"

"I think I shall have no scruple in saying that to you," said Isabel, smiling.

"Ah, well, for me — it's a long time. It would be a pity that there should n't be something to show for it."

They sat down, and Isabel asked him about his sisters, with other inquiries of a somewhat perfunctory kind. He answered her questions as if they interested him, and in a few moments she saw — or believed she saw — that he would prove a more comfortable companion than of yore. Time had laid its hand upon his heart, and, without chilling this organ, had discreetly soothed it. Isabel felt her usual esteem for Time rise at a bound. Lord Warburton's manner was certainly that of a contented man, who would rather like one to know it.

"There is something I must tell you without more delay," he said. "I have brought Ralph Touchett with me."

"Brought him with you?" Isabel's surprise was great.

"He is at the hotel; he was too tired to come out, and has gone to bed."

"I will go and see him," said Isabel, quickly.

"That is exactly what I hoped you would do. I had an idea that you had n't seen much of him since your marriage; that in fact your relations were a — a little more formal. That's why I hesitated, like an awkward Englishman."

"I am as fond of Ralph as ever," Isabel answered. "But why has he come to Rome?"

The declaration was very gentle; the question a little sharp.

"Because he is very far gone, Mrs. Osmond."

"Rome, then, is no place for him. I heard from him that he had determined to give up his custom of wintering abroad, and remain in England, in-doors, in what he called an artificial climate."

"Poor fellow, he does n't succeed with the artificial! I went to see him three weeks ago, at Gardencourt, and found him extremely ill. He has been getting worse every year, and now he has no strength left. He smokes no more cigarettes! He had got up an artificial climate, indeed; the house was as hot as Calcutta. Nevertheless, he had suddenly taken it into his head to start for Sicily. I did n't believe in it; neither did the doctors, nor any of his friends. His mother, as I suppose you know, is in America, so there was no one to prevent him. He stuck to his idea that it would be the saving of him to spend the winter at Catania. He said he could take servants and furniture, and make himself comfortable; but in point of fact he has n't brought anything. I wanted him at least to go by sea, to save fatigue; but he said he hated the sea, and wished to stop at Rome. After that, though I thought it all rubbish, I made up my mind to come with him. I am acting as — what do you call it in America? — as a kind of moderator. Poor Touchett's very moderate now. We left England a fortnight ago, and he has been very bad on the way. He can't keep warm, and the

further south we come the more he feels the cold. He has got a rather good man, but I'm afraid he's beyond human help. If you don't mind my saying so, I think it was a most extraordinary time for Mrs. Touchett to choose for going to America."

Isabel had listened eagerly; her face was full of pain and wonder.

"My aunt does that at fixed periods, and she lets nothing turn her aside. When the date comes round she starts. I think she would have started if Ralph had been dying."

"I sometimes think he is dying," Lord Warburton said.

Isabel started up.

"I will go to him now!"

He checked her; he was a little disconcerted at the quick effect of his words.

"I don't mean that I thought so to-night. On the contrary, to-day, in the train, he seemed particularly well; the idea of our reaching Rome—he is very fond of Rome, you know—gave him strength. An hour ago, when I bade him good-night, he told me that he was very tired, but very happy. Go to him in the morning; that's all I mean. I did n't tell him I was coming here; I did n't think of it till after we separated. Then I remembered that he had told me that you had an evening, and that it was this very Thursday. It occurred to me to come in and tell you that he was here, and let you know that you had perhaps better not wait for him to call. I think he said he had not written to you." There was no need of Isabel's declaring that she would act upon Lord Warburton's information; she looked, as she sat there, like a winged creature held back. "Let alone that I wanted to see you for myself," her visitor added, gallantly.

"I don't understand Ralph's plan; it seems to me very wild," she said. "I was glad to think of him between those thick walls at Gardencourt."

"He was completely alone there; the thick walls were his only company."

"You went to see him; you have been extremely kind."

"Oh, dear, I had nothing to do," said Lord Warburton.

"We hear, on the contrary, that you are doing great things. Every one speaks of you as a great statesman, and I am perpetually seeing your name in the Times, which, by the way, does n't appear to hold it in reverence. You are apparently as bold a radical as ever."

"I don't feel nearly so bold; you know the world has come round to me. Touchett and I have kept up a sort of parliamentary debate all the way from London. I tell him he is the last of the Tories, and he calls me the head of the Communists. So you see there is life in him yet."

Isabel had many questions to ask about Ralph, but she abstained from asking them all. She would see for herself on the morrow. She perceived that after a little Lord Warburton would tire of that subject,—that he had a consciousness of other possible topics. She was more and more able to say to herself that he had recovered, and, what is more to the point, she was able to say it without bitterness. He had been for her, of old, such an image of urgency, of insistence, of something to be resisted and reasoned with, that his reappearance at first menaced her with a new trouble. But she was now reassured; she could see that he only wished to live with her on good terms, that she was to understand that he had forgiven her, and was incapable of the bad taste of making pointed allusions. This was not a form of revenge, of course; she had no suspicion that he wished to punish her by an exhibition of disillusionment; she did him the justice to believe that it had simply occurred to him that she would now take a good-natured interest in knowing that he was resigned. It was the resignation of a healthy,

manly nature, in which sentimental wounds could never fester. British politics had cured him; she had known they would. She gave an envious thought to the happier lot of men, who are always free to plunge into the healing waters of action. Lord Warburton of course spoke of the past, but he spoke of it without implication; he even went so far as to allude to their former meeting in Rome as a very jolly time. And he told her that he had been immensely interested in hearing of her marriage; that it was a great pleasure to him to make Mr. Osmond's acquaintance, since he could hardly be said to have made it on the other occasion. He had not written to her when she married, but he did not apologize to her for that. The only thing he implied was that they were old friends, intimate friends. It was very much as an intimate friend that he said to her, suddenly, after a short pause which he had occupied in smiling, as he looked about him, like a man to whom everything suggested a cheerful interpretation, —

"Well, now, I suppose you are very happy, and all that sort of thing?"

Isabel answered with a quick laugh; the tone of his remark struck her almost as the accent of comedy.

"Do you suppose if I were not I would tell you?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't see why not."

"I do, then. Fortunately, however, I am very happy."

"You have got a very good house."

"Yes, it's very pleasant. But that's not my merit, — it's my husband's."

"You mean that he has arranged it?"

"Yes; it was nothing when we came."

"He must be very clever."

"He has a genius for upholstery," said Isabel.

"There is a great rage for that sort of thing now. But you must have a taste of your own."

"I enjoy things when they are done; but I have no ideas. I can never propose anything."

"Do you mean that you accept what others propose?"

"Very willingly, for the most part."

"That's a good thing to know. I shall propose you something."

"It will be very kind. I must say, however, that I have in a few small ways a certain initiative. I should like, for instance, to introduce you to some of these people."

"Oh, please don't; I like sitting here. Unless it be to that young lady in the blue dress. She has a charming face."

"The one talking to the rosy young man? That's my husband's daughter."

"Lucky man, your husband. What a dear little maid!"

"You must make her acquaintance."

"In a moment with pleasure. I like looking at her from here." He ceased to look at her, however, very soon; his eyes constantly reverted to Mrs. Osmond. "Do you know, I was wrong just now in saying that you had changed?" he presently went on. "You seem to me, after all, very much the same."

"And yet I find it's a great change to be married," said Isabel, with gayety.

"It affects most people more than it has affected you. You see I have n't gone in for that."

"It rather surprises me."

"You ought to understand it, Mrs. Osmond. But I want to marry," he added, more simply.

"It ought to be very easy," Isabel said, rising, and then blushing a little at the thought that she was hardly the person to say this. It was perhaps because Lord Warburton noticed her blush that he generously forbore to call her attention to the incongruity.

Edward Rosier, meanwhile, had seated himself on an ottoman beside Pansy's tea-table. He pretended at first to talk to her about trifles, and she asked him

who was the new gentleman conversing with her step-mother.

"He's an English lord," said Rosier. "I don't know more."

"I wonder if he will have some tea. The English are so fond of tea."

"Never mind that; I have something particular to say to you."

"Don't speak so loud, or every one will hear us," said Pansy.

"They won't heed us if you continue to look that way, as if your only thought in life was the wish that the kettle would boil."

"It has just been filled; the servants never know!" the young girl exclaimed, with a little sigh.

"Do you know what your father said to me just now? That you did n't mean what you said a week ago."

"I don't mean everything I say. How can a young girl do that? But I mean what I say to you."

"He told me that you had forgotten me."

"Ah, no, I don't forget," said Pansy, showing her pretty teeth in a fixed smile.

"Then everything is just the same?"

"Ah no, it's not just the same. Papa has been very severe."

"What has he done to you?"

"He asked me what *you* had done to me, and I told him everything. Then he forbade me to marry you."

"You need n't mind that."

"Oh, yes, I must, indeed. I can't disobey papa."

"Not for one who loves you as I do, and whom you pretend to love?"

Pansy raised the lid of the tea-pot, gazing into this vessel for a moment; then she dropped six words into its aromatic depths: "I love you just as much."

"What good will that do me?"

"Ah," said Pansy, raising her sweet, vague eyes, "I don't know that."

"You disappoint me!" groaned poor Rosier.

Pansy was silent a moment; she handed a tea-cup to a servant.

"Please don't talk any more."

"Is this to be all my satisfaction?"

"Papa said I was not to talk with you."

"Do you sacrifice me like that? Ah, it's too much!"

"I wish you would wait a little," said the young girl, in a voice just distinct enough to betray a quaver.

"Of course I will wait if you will give me hope. But you take my life away."

"I will not give you up, — oh, no!" Pansy went on.

"He will try and make you marry some one else."

"I will never do that."

"What, then, are we to wait for?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I will speak to Mrs. Osmond, and she will help us." It was in this manner that she for the most part designated her step-mother.

"She won't help us much. She is afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of your father, I suppose."

Pansy shook her little head.

"She is not afraid of any one! We must have patience."

"Ah, that's an awful word!" Rosier groaned; he was deeply disconcerted. Oblivious of the customs of good society, he dropped his head into his hands, and, supporting it with a melancholy grace, sat staring at the carpet. Presently he became aware of a good deal of movement about him, and when he looked up saw Pansy making a courtesy — it was still her little courtesy of the convent — to the English lord whom Mrs. Osmond had presented.

XXXVIII.

It probably will not be surprising to the reflective reader that Ralph Touch-

ett should have seen less of his cousin since her marriage than he had done before that event, — an event of which he took such a view as could hardly prove a confirmation of intimacy. He had uttered his thought, as we know, and after this he had held his peace, Isabel not having invited him to resume a discussion which marked an era in their relations. That discussion had made a difference, — the difference that he feared, rather than the one he hoped. It had not chilled the girl's zeal in carrying out her engagement, but it had come dangerously near to spoiling a friendship. No reference was ever again made between them to Ralph's opinion of Gilbert Osmond, and by surrounding this topic with a sacred silence they managed to preserve a semblance of reciprocal frankness. But there was a difference, as Ralph often said to himself, — there was a difference. She had not forgiven him, she never would forgive him; that was all he had gained. She thought she had forgiven him; she believed she did n't care; and as she was both very generous and very proud these convictions represented a certain reality. But whether or no the event should justify him, he would virtually have done her a wrong, and the wrong was of the sort that women remember best. As Osmond's wife, she could never again be his friend. If in this character she should enjoy the felicity she expected, she would have nothing but contempt for the man who had attempted, in advance, to undermine a blessing so dear; and if, on the other hand, his warning should be justified, the vow she had taken that he should never know it would lay upon her spirit a burden that would make her hate him. Such had been, during the year that followed his cousin's marriage, Ralph's rather dismal previsions of the future; and if his meditations appear morbid, we must remember that he was not in the bloom of health. He consoled himself as he

might by behaving (as he deemed) beautifully, and was present at the ceremony by which Isabel was united to Mr. Osmond, and which was performed in Florence in the month of June. He learned from his mother that Isabel at first had thoughts of celebrating her nuptials in her native land, but that, as simplicity was what she chiefly desired to secure, she had finally decided, in spite of Osmond's professed willingness to make a journey of any length, that this characteristic would best be preserved by their being married by the nearest clergyman in the shortest time. The thing was done, therefore, at the little American chapel, on a very hot day, in the presence only of Mrs. Touchett and her son, of Pansy Osmond and the Countess Gemini. That severity in the proceedings of which I just spoke was in part the result of the absence of two persons who might have been looked for on the occasion, and who would have lent it a certain richness. Madame Merle had been invited, but Madame Merle, who was unable to leave Rome, sent a gracious letter of excuses. Henrietta Stackpole had not been invited, as her departure from America, announced to Isabel by Mr. Goodwood, was in fact frustrated by the duties of her profession; but she had sent a letter less gracious than Madame Merle's, intimating that had she been able to cross the Atlantic she would have been present not only as a witness, but as a critic. Her return to Europe took place somewhat later, and she effected a meeting with Isabel in the autumn, in Paris, when she indulged — perhaps a trifle too freely — her critical genius. Poor Osmond, who was chiefly the subject of it, protested so sharply that Henrietta was obliged to declare to Isabel that she had taken a step which erected a barrier between them. "It is n't in the least that you have married, — it is that you have married *him*," she deemed it her duty to remark; agreeing, it will be

seen, much more with Ralph Touchett than she suspected, though she had few of his hesitations and compunctions. Henrietta's second visit to Europe, however, was not made in vain ; for just at the moment when Osmond had declared to Isabel that he really must object to that newspaper woman, and Isabel had answered that it seemed to her he took Henrietta too hard, the good Mr. Bantling appeared upon the scene, and proposed that they should take a run down to Spain. Henrietta's letters from Spain proved to be the most picturesque she had yet published, and there was one in especial, dated from the Alhambra, and entitled *Moors and Moonlight*, which generally passed for her masterpiece. Isabel was secretly disappointed at her husband's not having been able to judge the poor girl more humorously. She even wondered whether his sense of humor were by chance defective. Of course she herself looked at the matter as a person whose present happiness had nothing to grudge to Henrietta's violated conscience. Osmond thought their alliance a kind of monstrosity ; he could n't imagine what they had in common. For him, Mr. Bantling's fellow-tourist was simply the most vulgar of women, and he also pronounced her the most abandoned. Against this latter clause of the verdict Isabel protested with an ardor which made him wonder afresh at the oddity of some of his wife's tastes. Isabel could explain it only by saying that she liked to know people who were as different as possible from herself. "Why, then, don't you make the acquaintance of your washerwoman ?" Osmond had inquired ; to which Isabel answered that she was afraid her washerwoman would n't care for her. Now Henrietta cared so much.

Ralph saw nothing of her for the greater part of the two years that followed her marriage ; the winter that formed the beginning of her residence in Rome he spent again at San Remo,

where he was joined in the spring by his mother, who afterwards went with him to England, to see what they were doing at the bank, — an operation she could not induce him to perform. Ralph had taken a lease of his house at San Remo, a small villa, which he occupied still another winter ; but late in the month of April of this second year he came down to Rome. It was the first time since her marriage that he had stood face to face with Isabel ; his desire to see her again was of the keenest. She had written to him from time to time, but her letters told him nothing that he wanted to know. He had asked his mother what she was making of her life, and his mother had simply answered that she supposed she was making the best of it. Mrs. Touchett had not the imagination that communes with the unseen, and she now pretended to no intimacy with her niece, whom she rarely encountered. This young woman appeared to be living in a sufficiently honorable way, but Mrs. Touchett still remained of the opinion that her marriage was a shabby affair. It gave her no pleasure to think of Isabel's establishment, which she was sure was a very lame business. From time to time, in Florence, she rubbed against the Countess Gemini, doing her best, always, to minimize the contact ; and the countess reminded her of Osmond, who made her think of Isabel. The countess was less talked about in these days, but Mrs. Touchett augured no good of that ; it only proved how she had been talked about before. There was a more direct suggestion of Isabel in the person of Madame Merle ; but Madame Merle's relations with Mrs. Touchett had suffered a marked alteration. Isabel's aunt had told her, without circumlocution, that she had played too ingenious a part ; and Madame Merle, who never quarreled with any one, who appeared to think no one worth it, and who had performed the miracle of living, more

or less, for several years with Mrs. Touchett without a symptom of irritation, — Madame Merle now took a very high tone, and declared that this was an accusation from which she could not stoop to defend herself. She added, however (without stooping), that her behavior had been only too simple; that she had believed only what she saw; that she saw that Isabel was not eager to marry, and that Osmond was not eager to please (his repeated visits were nothing; he was boring himself to death on his hill-top, and he came merely for amusement). Isabel had kept her sentiments to herself, and her journey to Greece and Egypt had effectually thrown dust in her companion's eyes. Madame Merle accepted the event, — she was unprepared to think of it as a scandal; but that she had played any part in it, double or single, was an imputation against which she proudly protested. It was doubtless in consequence of Mrs. Touchett's attitude, and of the injury it offered to habits consecrated by many charming seasons, that Madame Merle, after this, chose to pass many months in England, where her credit was quite unimpaired. Mrs. Touchett had done her a wrong; there are some things that can't be forgiven. But Madame Merle suffered in silence; there was always something exquisite in her dignity.

Ralph, as I say, had wished to see for himself; but while he was engaged in this pursuit he felt afresh what a fool he had been to put the girl on her guard. He had played the wrong card, and now he had lost the game. He should see nothing, he should learn nothing; for him she would always wear a mask. His true line would have been to profess delight in her marriage, so that later, when, as Ralph phrased it, the bottom should fall out of it, she might have the pleasure of saying to him that he had been a goose. He would gladly have consented to pass for a goose in order to know Isabel's real situation. But now she

neither taunted him with his fallacies, nor pretended that her own confidence was justified; if she wore a mask, it completely covered her face. There was something fixed and mechanical in the serenity painted upon it; this was not an expression, Ralph said, — it was an invention. She had lost her child; that was a sorrow, but it was a sorrow she scarcely spoke of; there was more to say about it than she could say to Ralph. It belonged to the past, moreover; it had occurred six months before, and she had already laid aside the tokens of mourning. She seemed to be leading the life of the world; Ralph heard her spoken of as having a "charming position." He observed that she produced the impression of being peculiarly enviable; that it was supposed, among many people, to be a privilege even to know her. Her house was not open to every one, and she had an evening in the week, to which people were not invited as a matter of course. She lived with a certain magnificence, but you needed to be a member of her circle to perceive it; for there was nothing to gape at, nothing to criticise, nothing even to admire, in the daily proceedings of Mr. and Mrs. Osmond. Ralph, in all this, recognized the hand of the master; for he knew that Isabel had no faculty for producing calculated impressions. She struck him as having a great love of movement, of gayety, of late hours, of long drives, of fatigue; an eagerness to be entertained, to be interested, even to be bored, to make acquaintances, to see people that were talked about, to explore the neighborhood of Rome, to enter into relation with certain of the mustiest relics of its old society.

In all this there was much less discrimination than in that desire for comprehensiveness of development on which he used to exercise his wit. There was a kind of violence in some of her impulses, of crudity in some of her proceedings, which took him by surprise;

it seemed to him that she even spoke faster, moved faster, than before her marriage. Certainly she had fallen into exaggerations, — she, who used to care so much for the pure truth; and whereas of old she had a great delight in good-humored argument, in intellectual play (she never looked so charming as when in the genial heat of discussion she received a crushing blow full in the face, and brushed it away as a feather), she appeared now to think there was nothing worth people's either differing about or agreeing upon. Of old she had been curious, and now she was indifferent; and yet, in spite of her indifference, her activity was greater than ever. Slender still, but lovelier than before, she had gained no great maturity of aspect; but there was a kind of amplitude and brilliancy in her personal arrangements which gave a touch of insolence to her beauty. Poor human-hearted Isabel, what perversity had bitten her? Her light step drew a mass of drapery behind it; her intelligent head sustained a majesty of ornament. The free, keen girl had suffered a marked mutation; what he saw was the fine lady, who was supposed to represent something. What did Isabel represent? Ralph asked himself; and he could answer only by saying that she represented Gilbert Osmond. Good heavens, what a function! he exclaimed. He was lost in wonder at the mystery of things. He recognized Osmond, as I say; he recognized him at every turn. He saw how he kept all things within limits; how he adjusted, regulated, animated, their manner of life. Osmond was in his element; at last he had material to work with. He always had an eye to effect; and his effects were elaborately studied. They were produced by no vulgar means, but the motive was as vulgar as the art was great. To surround his interior with a sort of invidious sanctity, to tantalize society with a sense of exclusion, to make people believe his house was different from every

other, to impart to the face that he presented to the world a cold originality, — this was the ingenious effort of the personage to whom Isabel had attributed a superior morality. "He works with superior material," Ralph said to himself; "but it's rich abundance compared with his former resources." Ralph was a clever man; but Ralph had never, to his own sense, been so clever as when he observed, *in petto*, that, under the guise of caring only for intrinsic values, Osmond lived exclusively for the world. Far from being its master, as he pretended to be, he was its very humble servant, and the degree of its attention was his only measure of success. He lived with his eye on it, from morning till night, and the world was so stupid it never suspected the trick. Everything he did was *pose*, — pose so deeply calculated that if one were not on the lookout one mistook it for impulse. Ralph had never met a man who lived so much in the world of calculation. His tastes, his studies, his accomplishments, his collections, were all for a purpose. His life on his hill-top at Florence had been a pose of years. His solitude, his ennui, his love for his daughter, his good manners, his bad manners, were so many features of a mental image constantly present to him as a model of impertinence and mystification. His ambition was not to please the world, but to please himself by exciting the world's curiosity, and then declining to satisfy it. It made him feel great to play the world a trick. The thing he had done in his life most directly to please himself was his marrying Isabel Archer; though in this case, indeed, the gullible world was in a manner embodied in poor Isabel, who had been mystified to the top of her bent. Ralph of course found a fitness in being consistent; he had embraced a creed, and as he had suffered for it he could not in honor forsake it. I give this little sketch of its articles for what they are worth. It was certain that he was very

skillful in fitting the facts to his theory, — even the fact that during the month he spent in Rome at this period Gilbert Osmond appeared to regard him not in the least as an enemy. For Mr. Osmond Ralph had not now that importance. It was not that he had the importance of a friend; it was rather that he had none at all. He was Isabel's cousin, and he was rather unpleasantly ill: it was on this basis that Osmond treated with him. He made the proper inquiries: asked about his health, about Mrs. Touchett, about his opinion of winter climates, whether he was comfortable at his hotel. He addressed him, on the few occasions of their meeting, not a word that was not necessary; but his manner had always the urbanity proper to conscious success in the presence of conscious failure. For all this, Ralph had, towards the end, an inward conviction that Osmond had made it uncomfortable for his wife that she should continue to receive her cousin. He was not jealous, — he had not that excuse; no one could be jealous of Ralph. But he made Isabel pay for her old-time kindness, of which so much was still left; and as Ralph had no idea of her paying too much, when his suspicion had become sharp he took himself off. In doing so he deprived Isabel of a very interesting occupation: she had been constantly wondering what fine principle kept him alive. She decided that it was his love of conversation; his conversation was better than ever. He had given up walking; he was no longer a humorous stroller. He sat all day in a chair, — almost any chair would do, — and was so dependent on what you would do for him that, had not his talk been highly contemplative, you might have thought he was blind. The reader already knows more about him than Isabel was ever to know, and the reader may therefore be given the key to the mystery. What kept Ralph alive was simply the fact that he had not yet seen enough of

his cousin; he was not yet satisfied. There was more to come; he could n't make up his mind to lose that. He wished to see what she would make of her husband, — or what he would make of her. This was only the first act of the drama, and he was determined to sit out the performance. His determination held good; it kept him going some eighteen months more, till the time of his return to Rome with Lord Warburton. It gave him indeed such an air of intending to live indefinitely that Mrs. Touchett, though more accessible to confusions of thought in the matter of this strange, unremunerative — and unremunerated — son of hers than she had ever been before, had, as we have learned, not scrupled to embark for a distant land. If Ralph had been kept alive by suspense, it was with a good deal of the same emotion — the excitement of wondering in what state she should find him — that Isabel ascended to his apartment the day after Lord Warburton had notified her of his arrival in Rome.

She spent an hour with him; it was the first of several visits. Gilbert Osmond called on him punctually, and on Isabel sending a carriage for him Ralph came, more than once, to the Palazzo Roccanera.

A fortnight elapsed, at the end of which Ralph announced to Lord Warburton that he thought after all he would n't go to Sicily. The two men had been dining together, after a day spent by the latter in ranging about the Campagna. They had left the table, and Warburton, before the chimney, was lighting a cigar, which he instantly removed from his lips.

"Won't go to Sicily? Where, then, will you go?"

"Well, I guess I won't go anywhere," said Ralph, from the sofa, in a tone of jocosity.

"Do you mean that you will return to England?"

"Oh, dear, no; I will stay in Rome."

"Rome won't do for you; it's not warm enough."

"It will have to do; I will make it do. See how well I have been."

Lord Warburton looked at him a while, puffing his cigar, as if he were trying to see it.

"You have been better than you were on the journey, certainly. I wonder how you lived through that. But I don't understand your condition. I recommend you to try Sicily."

"I can't try," said poor Ralph; "I can't move further. I can't face that journey. Fancy me between Scylla and Charybdis! I don't want to die in the Sicilian plains, — to be snatched away, like Proserpine in the same locality, to the Plutonian shades."

"What the deuce, then, did you come for?" his lordship inquired.

"Because the idea took me. I see it won't do. It really does n't matter where I am now. I've exhausted all remedies, I've swallowed all climates. As I'm here, I'll stay; I have n't got any cousins in Sicily."

"Your cousin is certainly an inducement. But what does the doctor say?"

"I have n't asked him, and I don't care a fig. If I die here Mrs. Osmond will bury me. But I shall not die here."

"I hope not." Lord Warburton continued to smoke reflectively. "Well, I must say," he resumed, "for myself I am very glad you don't go to Sicily. I had a horror of that journey."

"Ah, but for you it need n't have mattered. I had no idea of dragging you in my train."

"I certainly did n't mean to let you go alone."

"My dear Warburton, I never expected you to come further than this!" Ralph cried.

"I should have gone with you, and seen you settled," said Lord Warburton.

"You are a very good fellow. You are very kind."

"Then I should have come back here."

"And then you would have gone to England."

"No, no; I should have stayed."

"Well," said Ralph, "if that's what we are both up to, I don't see where Sicily comes in!"

His companion was silent; he sat staring at the fire. At last, looking up, —

"I say, tell me this!" he broke out. "Did you really mean to go to Sicily when we started?"

"Ah, vous m'en demandez trop! Let me put a question first. Did you come with me quite — platonically?"

"I don't know what you mean by that. I wanted to come abroad."

"I suspect we have each been playing our little game."

"Speak for yourself. I made no secret whatever of my wanting to be here a while."

"Yes, I remember you said you wished to see the minister for foreign affairs."

"I have seen him three times; he is very amusing."

"I think you have forgotten what you came for," said Ralph.

"Perhaps I have," his companion answered, rather gravely.

These two gentlemen were children of a race which is not distinguished by the absence of reserve, and they had traveled together from London to Rome without an allusion to matters that were uppermost in the mind of each. There was an old subject that they had once discussed, but it had lost its recognized place in their attention; and even after their arrival in Rome, where many things led back to it, they had kept the same half-diffident, half-confident silence.

"I recommend you to get the doctor's consent, all the same," Lord Warburton went on, abruptly, after an interval.

"The doctor's consent will spoil it; I never have it when I can help it!"

"What does Mrs. Osmond think?"

"I have not told her. She will probably say that Rome is too cold, and even offer to go with me to Catania. She is capable of that."

"In your place I should like it."

"Her husband won't like it."

"Ah, well, I can fancy that; though it seems to me you are not bound to mind it. It's his affair."

"I don't want to make any more trouble between them," said Ralph.

"Is there so much already?"

"There's complete preparation for it. Her going off with me would make the explosion. Osmond is n't fond of his wife's cousin."

"Then of course he would make a row. But won't he make a row if you stop here?"

"That's what I want to see. He made one the last time I was in Rome, and then I thought it my duty to go away. Now I think it's my duty to stop and defend her."

"My dear Touchett, your defensive powers" — Lord Warburton began, with a smile. But he saw something in his companion's face that checked him. "Your duty, in these premises, seems to me rather a nice question," he said.

Ralph for a while answered nothing.

"It is true that my defensive powers are small," he remarked at last; "but as my aggressive ones are still smaller, Osmond may, after all, not think me worth his gunpowder. At any rate," he added, "there are things I am curious to see."

"You are sacrificing your health to your curiosity, then?"

"I am not much interested in my health, and I am deeply interested in Mrs. Osmond."

"So am I. But not as I once was," Lord Warburton added quickly. This was one of the allusions he had not hitherto found occasion to make.

"Does she strike you as very hap-

py?" Ralph inquired, emboldened by this confidence.

"Well, I don't know; I have hardly thought. She told me the other night that she was happy."

"Ah, she told *you*, of course!" Ralph exclaimed, smiling.

"I don't know that. It seems to me I was rather the sort of person she might have complained to."

"Complain? She will never complain. She has done it, and she knows it. She will complain to you least of all. She is very careful."

"She need n't be. I don't mean to make love to her again."

"I am delighted to hear it; there can be no doubt at least of *your* duty!"

"Ah, no," said Lord Warburton, gravely, "none!"

"Permit me to ask," Ralph went on, "whether it is to bring out the fact that you don't mean to make love to her that you are so very civil to the little girl?"

Lord Warburton gave a slight start; he got up and stood before the fire, blushing a little.

"Does that strike you as very ridiculous?"

"Ridiculous? Not in the least, if you really like her."

"I think her a delightful little person. I don't know when a girl of that age has pleased me more."

"She's extremely pleasing. Ah, she at least is genuine."

"Of course there's the difference in our ages, — more than twenty years."

"My dear Warburton," said Ralph, "are you serious?"

"Perfectly serious, — as far as I've got."

"I'm very glad. And, Heaven help us!" cried Ralph, "how tickled Gilbert Osmond will be!"

His companion frowned.

"I say, don't spoil it. I shan't marry his daughter to please him."

"He will have the perversity to be pleased, all the same."

"He's not so fond of me as that," said his lordship.

"As that? My dear Warburton, the drawback of your position is that people need n't be fond of you at all to wish to be connected with you. Now, with me, in such a case, I should have the happy confidence that they loved me."

Lord Warburton seemed scarcely to be in the mood for doing justice to general axioms; he was thinking of a special case.

"Do you think she'll be pleased?"

"The girl herself? Delighted, surely."

"No, no; I mean Mrs. Osmond."

Ralph looked at him a moment.

"My dear fellow, what has she to do with it?"

"Whatever she chooses. She is very fond of the girl."

"Very true, — very true." And Ralph slowly got up. "It's an interesting question, — how far her fondness for the girl will carry her." He stood there a moment with his hands in his pockets, with a rather sombre eye. "I hope, you know, that you are very — very sure — The deuce!" he broke off, "I don't know how to say it."

"Yes, you do; you know how to say everything."

"Well, it's awkward. I hope you are sure that among Miss Osmond's merits her being a — so near her step-mother is n't a leading one."

"Good heavens, Touchett!" cried Lord Warburton, angrily. "For what do you take me?"

Henry James, Jr.

WHAT IS MYTHOLOGY?

WHAT is mythology? Let us look into our dictionaries. It is defined by Worcester as "a system of *fables*, or a treatise upon *fables*; the collective body of traditions of any heathen nation respecting its gods and other fabulous supernatural beings." And the same lexicographer defines a myth as "a work of *fiction*; a *fabulous* story; a *fable*; an *invention*; a *parable*; an *allegory*," — though the latter part of the definition is qualified by the much-needed remark that, while "the allegory is a reflective and artificial process, the myth springs up spontaneously and by a kind of inspiration." But in spite of this important qualification, the definition seems, on the whole, very defective. It describes well enough the vague popular use of words according to which the existence of a bogus mine or a falsely alleged Kuklux outrage is said to be a "myth," but it fails to exhibit the word under

that aspect which, to a mind trained in the study of mythology, seems most important, if not even most prominent, of all. This short-coming is associated with the absence of any specific reference to the original sense of the Greek *μῦθος*, of which our English word is the abbreviated form; and it is by glancing for a moment at this original sense that we shall best come to a preliminary understanding of what mythology is. The word *μῦθος* does not primarily mean an "invention," or a "work of fiction," or a "fabulous story;" it primarily means "anything said," a "word" or "speech" in the most general sense. In the Homeric poems it is very frequently used, both in this general way and more specially, to signify a talk or conversation, a debate, a promise, or even a speech delivered before an audience. In Homer's language it also means a tale or story, — that is, "what people say," —

but without any reference to the truth or falsity of what is said, a distinction which appears for the first time in Pindar. By his time *μῦθος* seems to have come to designate a *poetical* tale as distinguished from a *historical* tale, which was called *λόγος*, though as yet it is not implied that the *μῦθος* is necessarily false, or the *λόγος* necessarily true. The one is simply such a kind of story as you are likely to meet with in poetry; the other such as you may expect to find in historical narration. Herodotos, indeed, makes a double distinction between *λόγος*, a mere tale, which may be true or not, *μῦθος*, a story which is not to be believed, and *ιστορία*, an account which claims and receives credence; but it is certain that no such distinction was definitely established, nor does Herodotos consistently adhere to it himself. By the great Attic writers *μῦθος* is used to denote an old story or tradition relating to times or places indefinitely remote, and from this it quite naturally acquired the implication of the untrustworthy, the incredible, or the strictly fabulous. Without entering into further detail, what it concerns us to remember is that *μῦθος* is fundamentally not that which is true or untrue, credible or incredible, but is simply that which "they say." When you catechise the Italian *cicerone* concerning the authenticity of the marvelous legend associated by tradition with the ruined temple or fortress you are visiting, he does not usually commit himself by any skeptical utterance on the subject, but with a shrug and a "So they say," he illustrates the precise force of the word *μῦθος* as applied to the story in question; relegating it to a region where the canons of historical truth and falsehood are left unenforced.

To those, therefore, who are accustomed to weigh words carefully it will not seem correct to describe a myth as an invention or fable. It is impossible to use these words without suggesting intentional fabrication, whereas it is the

most characteristic mark of a myth, properly so called, that nobody knows by whom, or at what time, or under what circumstances it was originated. Moreover, while by the time a myth has become recognized as such it does not command belief, yet at the outset it was quite otherwise. Originally myths were not told with a shrug of the shoulders, but they were told to be believed, and they were believed by those who told them. To disbelieve in the myths currently accepted was to be a heretic and blasphemer, and was likely to draw down upon one's self and one's kindred the vengeance of the gods, or at least the anathemas of society. Far from being a work of fiction, therefore, a myth is a story of obscure origin which embodies some belief now become antiquated, or which has its root in some habit of contemplating nature that is now outgrown and perhaps hardly intelligible. A collection of such stories, belonging to a particular age or people, is called "a mythology;" and the science or branch of study which describes, classifies, and interprets such stories is called "mythology."

Like all sweeping definitions, this requires some little qualification. The stories which form the subject matter of mythology are exceedingly multifarious in character. As a family, the gods have had strange vicissitudes of fortune; and tales of heroes or deities which once were an object of religious faith are often so closely linked with nursery ballads or household lore of goblins and spooks, or even with rhymes of minnesingers and romances of chivalry, that it becomes difficult to treat the myth exhaustively without occasional reference to the domain of conscious fiction. It is not only that almost all the fairy-tales which delight our children are largely made up of mythical incidents which in early times had a serious meaning, but also that even in such works as the *Nibelungenlied* and the Homeric poems,

which are among our principal store-houses of mythologic lore, conscious fiction, immemorial myth, and probably a few vestiges of traditional history are so intimately commingled that it is impossible to separate one element from another, and assign to each its share in the work. Nor can we assert positively of each and every one of the stories which make up the heterogeneous aggregates of Grecian or Indian or Scandinavian mythology that it had a really mythical origin. Now and then fable or apologue, or even allegory, may no doubt have contributed its mite to the grand total. But after making all needful allowance for these complicating circumstances, it remains true on the whole that the mythical story differs from the ordinary fictitious narrative by giving expression to some genuine belief that has been forgotten or superseded.

The study of mythology, therefore, when properly conducted, must throw light on some of the early thoughts of mankind, giving us glimpses of the way in which people reasoned about things before there was any such knowledge of nature as we are accustomed to call scientific. It is only within the present century, however, that the subject has been studied to any purpose, and it is only now that philosophical explanations of the myth-making tendency are beginning to be offered. According to the theory of Euhemerus, still advocated by the Abbé Banier about a hundred years ago, a myth is simply a bit of exaggerated or distorted history, and when the supernatural or extraordinary features of the story are stripped off we have a residuum of genuine history. Zeus and Wodan, for example, were ancient monarchs or heroes, who underwent a *post-mortem* process of deification like the early Cæsars, only with more lasting effect; and Herakles was a stalwart pioneer, addicted to hunting wild animals, who once broke into a garden and stole some oranges that were guard-

ed by gigantic dogs. This theory originated in an age in which historical criticism was unknown. The process of eliminating history from legendary narrative by simply winnowing out the credible parts from the incredible is entirely inadmissible; for in order that a historical narrative be regarded as authentic, it is not enough that the events it contains should be perfectly credible; it is also necessary that they should be attested by contemporary records of some kind or other. The explanation is further contradicted by the myths themselves, which do not describe Wodan and Zeus and Herakles as human beings, but as belonging to a higher sphere of existence. The superhuman or marvelous element, which Euhemerism sought to winnow out, is really the essential part of the stories, without which the remainder would be worthless either as history or as legend. As Sir G. W. Cox has well said concerning the Iliad, "It is of the very essence of the narrative that Paris, who has deserted Oinone, the child of the stream Kebren, and before whom Here, Athene, and Aphrodite had appeared as claimants for the golden apple, steals from Sparta the beautiful sister of the Dioskouroi; that the chiefs are summoned together for no other purpose than to avenge her woes and wrongs; that Achilles, the son of the sea-nymph Thetis, the wielder of invincible weapons and the lord of undying horses, goes to fight in a quarrel which is not his own; that his wrath is roused because he is robbed of the maid Briseis, and that he henceforth takes no part in the strife until his friend Patroklos has been slain; that then he puts on the new armor which Thetis brings to him from the anvil of Hephaistos, and goes forth to win the victory. The details are throughout of the same nature. Achilles sees and converses with Athene; Aphrodite is wounded by Diomedes; and Sleep and Death bear away the lifeless Sarpedon on their noiseless

wings to the far-off land of light." Take away these marvelous features and there would be no point left to the story. But the Euhemeristic theory is still more completely discredited by its inability to account for a class of phenomena which were unknown at the time when it was suggested, — to wit, the substantial identity of the principal mythical personages of Greece and India with each other and with those of Scandinavia, and the diffusion of certain myths all over the world.

The Euhemeristic theory is perhaps worthy of this explicit mention by reason of the great reputation which it once enjoyed and the length of time during which it held its ground. The rival theory that myths are allegories, in which are enshrined profound scientific or philosophical mysteries apprehended by the "wisdom of the ancients," has found its supporters even within the present century; but it may be here passed over without comment, since this and all other arbitrary theories characteristic of the infancy of modern scholarship have been once for all set aside by the results of the application of the comparative method to the myths of antiquity and the naïve beliefs of contemporary savages.

Comparative mythology aims at interpreting the mythical stories of different peoples by comparing them with one another; so that, wherever possible, a story carrying its meaning on its face may throw light on some parallel story, the meaning of which could not well be detected but for some such comparison. This modern branch of study is primarily an offshoot from comparative philology, and it came into existence as soon as the philological interpretation of the Vedas had proceeded far enough to enable scholars to compare the myths of Greece with those of ancient India. As the Sanskrit language has in most cases preserved its roots in a more primitive form than the other Aryan languages,

so in the Rig-Veda we find to some extent the same mythic phraseology as in Homer and Hesiod, but in a much more rudimentary and intelligible condition. Zeus, Eros, Hermes, Helena, Ouranos, and Kerberos reappear as Dyaus, Arusha, Sarameias, Sarama, Varuna, and Çarvara, but instead of completely developed personalities they are presented to us as vague powers, with their nature and attributes dimly defined, and their relations to one another are fluctuating and often contradictory. There is no theogony or mythologic system thoroughly worked out, as in Hesiod. The same pair of divinities appear now as father and daughter, now as brother and sister, now as husband and wife; while every now and then they quite lose their personal shapes, and appear as mere elemental forces or vivified phenomena of nature. Coupled with this is the fact that in the Vedas the early significance of the myths has not faded, but continually recurs to the mind of the poet; while in the Homeric poems this early significance is almost entirely lost sight of, save in so far as it may sometimes appear, unknown to the poet himself, to determine the current of his narrative. Looking thus to the Vedas to see what light they throw upon the true meaning of ancient myths in general, we find that the divinities and heroes of the Vedas usually exhibit themselves plainly as personifications of the great phenomena of nature; and this character is, at the outset, distinctly implied in their names. The name of Dyaus, for example, is derived from the root *dyu*, the same root from which comes the verb *dyut*, meaning "to shine." *Dyu*, as a noun, means "sky" and "day," — that is, "the brightness" or "the bright time." There is a passage in the Rig-Veda where Dyaus is addressed as the Sky, in company with Prithivi the Earth and Agni the Fire; and there are many such passages where the character of Dyaus as the personified sky or

brightness of day-time is unmistakably brought out. Here we have a key which opens at once some of the secrets of Greek mythology. So long as there was for the word *Zeus* no better etymology than Plato's guess, which assigned it to the root *zen*, "to live," the real elemental character of *Zeus* remained undetected. But when it was shown, in accordance with the canons of comparative linguistics, that the word *Zeus* is simply the Greek pronunciation of the same word which the Brahman pronounced as *Dyaus*, it followed at once that the supreme god of Greek mythology was originally the personified sky; and thus was revealed the literal meaning of such expressions as Horace's "sub Jove frigido," and the Attic prayer, "Rain, rain, dear *Zeus*, on the land of the Athenians and on the fields." The root *dyu* is again seen in *Jupiter*, which is identical with the Sanskrit *Dyaus pitar*, or Jove the Father. The same root can be followed into Old German, where *Zio* is also the god of day, and into Old English, where *Tiwsdaeg*, the day of *Tiws* or *Zeus*, is the ancestral form of *Tuesday*. Again, in Sanskrit the root *dyu* assumes the form *div*, whence *devas*, "bright" or "divine," and the Lithuanian *dievas*, Latin *deus*, and Greek *θεός*, all meaning God. Clearly, then, without the help of the Sanskrit root *dyu*, combined with the character assigned to *Dyaus* in the Vedas, we should be unable to interpret any of the names belonging to the chief deity of the early Aryans; but with this clue we can not only understand these names, but we also perceive that there was a time when our ancestors could speak of the bright sky as of a superhuman personality fit to be worshipped.

Advancing a step from this mere comparison of mythological names, let us briefly consider a famous mythical story, that we may see how much light is thrown upon it by the comparative

method. In my *Myths and Myth-Makers* I have called attention to M. Bréal's admirable treatment of the story of *Hercules* and *Cacus*, which, although one of the oldest of the traditions common to the whole Aryan race, appears in Italy as a purely local legend, and is narrated as such by *Livy*, as well as by *Virgil*, *Propertius*, and *Ovid*. That is to say, it is a *λόγος* as well as a *μῦθος*, and for aught one could tell from the Latin legend alone it might be a distorted fragment of early history, as *Banier* would have had it. *Hercules*, it is said, journeying through Italy after his victory over *Geryon*, halts by the *Tiber*. While he is enjoying his *siesta*, a son of *Vulcan*, the formidable monster *Cacus*, comes and steals his cattle, and drags them, tail foremost, to a secret cavern in the rocks. "But the lowing of the cows arouses *Hercules*, and he runs toward the cavern, where the robber, already frightened, has taken refuge. Armed with a huge flinty rock, he breaks open the entrance of the cavern, and confronts the demon within, who vomits forth flames at him, and roars like the thunder in the storm-cloud. After a short combat his hideous body falls at the feet of the invincible hero, who erects on the spot an altar to *Jupiter Inventor*, in commemoration of the recovery of his cattle. Ancient Rome teemed with reminiscences of this event. . . . The place where *Hercules* pastured his oxen was known long after as the *Forum Boarium*; near it the *Porta Trigemina* preserved the recollection of the monster's triple head; and in the time of *Diodorus Siculus* sight-seers were shown the cavern of *Cacus* on the slope of the *Aventine*. Every tenth day the earlier generations of Romans celebrated the victory with solemn sacrifices at the *Ara Maxima*; and on days of triumph the fortunate general deposited there a tithe of his booty, to be distributed among the citizens." No better example than this could be desired to illustrate what

I said above in defining a myth. A myth such as this was no "fable" or "work of fiction," but a narrative or "saga," which the Roman people had always "heard told," and in the truth of which they believed very thoroughly, as is shown by the pains which they took to commemorate it. People do not hold religious services every tenth day in honor of fables or allegories. The Romans celebrated the victory of Hercules, because they believed both in the existence of this semi-divine national hero and in the reality of his exploit; and if any one had been found hardy enough to call in question the one or the other, he would doubtless have been put down as a pernicious heretic who sought to detract from the glory of the state and to discourage belief in its gods. Yet in its primitive Italian form the legend had nothing to do with Hercules, who was a quiet domestic deity, very unlike the mighty Doric Herakles, with whom the accidental resemblance of names caused him to be identified at a time when the conversion of the Romans to the Greek mythology had resulted in the mixing up and partial forgetting of their own early traditions. In the story as originally told, the hero is none other than Jupiter, the god of day himself, called by his Sabine name *Sancus*, which also means "the bright sky." And likewise the name of the demon was not *Cacus*, "the evil one," but *Cæcius*, "the one who darkens or steals light." It was because the story so closely resembled the Greek myth of the victory of Herakles over Geryon that the later confusion of names resulted. But the earlier names give us a hint as to the physical significance of the myth, which is confirmed when we turn to the Rig-Veda, and find the counterpart of both the Greek and the Latin stories, told over and over again in such words that it is impossible to mistake its meaning. Here we encounter, not Geryon himself, but his three-headed dog

Orthros (written and pronounced in Sanskrit as *Vritra*), who is one of the *Panîs*, or "robbers" that steal the daylight. Indra, the god of light, one of the chief deities of the Rig-Veda, is a herdsman, who tends a herd of bright golden or violet-colored cattle. *Vritra*, a snake-like monster with three heads, steals them and hides them in a cavern; but Indra slays him as Jupiter-Sancus slew *Cæcius*, and the cows are recovered. The scene of the conflict is not placed upon the earth, but in the firmament overhead, and the entire language of the myth is so transparent that the Hindu commentators of the Veda have anticipated modern scholars in explaining it as an account of the victory of the god of day over the fiend of the thunder-storm. These celestial cattle, with their resplendent coats of purple and gold, are the clouds lit up by the solar rays; and the demon who hides them in the cavernous rock is the fiend of darkness, who obscures the heavens in the storm and at night-fall, and against whom, in his manifold shapes, Indra and Herakles and the other bright divinities are always waging war. Not only in stormy weather, but every night, the cattle are stolen by *Vritra*, "he who shrouds or conceals," or by *Cæcius*, "the darkener;" and Indra is obliged to spend hours in looking for them, sending *Sarama*, the inconstant and untrustworthy twilight, to negotiate for their recovery. The *Panîs*, of whom the storm-fiend *Vritra* is one, are uniformly represented in the Vedic hymns as night-demons. "They steal Indra's golden cattle, and drive them by circuitous paths to a dark hiding-place near the eastern horizon. Indra sends the dawn-nymph *Sarama* to search for them; but as she comes within sight of the dark stable the *Panîs* try to coax her to stay with them: 'Let us make thee our sister; do not go away again; we will give thee part of the cows, darling!'" Sometimes she is described as scorning

their solicitations, but often the fickle dawn-nymph is characteristically said to coquet with the powers of darkness. "She does not care for their cows, but will take a drink of milk, if they will be so good as to get it for her. Then she goes back and tells Indra that she cannot find the cows." He kicks her, and she runs back to the hiding-place of the night-demons, followed by the exasperated deity, who smites them all with his unerring arrows and brings back the stolen light. In connection with this primitive story it is interesting to observe that, according to Max Müller, the word *Sarama*, "the creeping dawn," is the Vedic pronunciation of the word which from Greek lips sounds as *Helena*, just as *Sarameias* corresponds to *Hermeias* and *Surya* to *Helios*. This phonetic identity of names is only one out of many grounds for the suggestion that from this simple story of the fickle dawn-nymph and the stolen treasures of the day-god has been evolved the Grecian myth of the faithlessness of Helen.

The warfare of Indra with Vritra and the other Panis forms one of the principal themes of the Vedic hymns; and as we pass from India to Persia we see most strikingly illustrated the way in which such representations of natural phenomena have given rise to what may be properly called a system of theology. In the Veda the Panis do not seem to be regarded with any decided feeling of moral reprobation, but they are feared and hated as makers of mischief. They not only steal the daylight, but they parch the earth and wither the fruits, and they slay vegetation during the winter months. As *Cæcius*, the "darkener," became ultimately changed into *Cacus*, the "evil one," so the name of *Vritra*, the "concealer," the most famous of the Panis, was gradually generalized until it came to mean "enemy," like the English word "fiend," and began to be applied indiscriminately to any kind of evil spirit. In Persian

mythology the process is carried much further. The fiendish Panis are concentrated in the person of Ahriman or Anro-mainyas, the "spirit of darkness," who maintains a perpetual warfare against the "spirit of light," Ormuzd or Ahura-mazda. The struggle is not for the possession of a herd of perishable cattle, but for the dominion of the universe. Ormuzd made the world beautiful and free from sin and pain, but after him came Ahriman and created evil. Not only does Ahriman keep the earth covered with darkness during half of the day, not only does he withhold rain and parch the standing corn, but he is also the author of all evil thoughts and the instigator of all wicked actions. Like his progenitor Vritra, and like Satan, who in many respects resembles him, he is represented under the form of a serpent; and the destruction which ultimately awaits these demons is in reserve also for him. Eventually there is to be a day of reckoning, when Ahriman will be bound in chains and rendered powerless, or when, according to another account, he will be converted to righteousness, as Burns hoped and Origen believed would be the case with "auld Nickie Ben."

In these various versions of the strife between Ormuzd and Ahriman, Indra and the Panis, Herakles and Geryon, Jupiter and Cæcius, we see well exemplified the diversity of forms which the same group of mythical ideas takes on in the course of its development in different parts of the world; and in the help which either version affords toward an understanding of the others we see the great advantage of the comparative method of studying myths. So completely has this method now taken possession of the field that it has become quite useless to attempt to interpret the mythology of any one people, at least within the Aryan domain, without taking into account all the kindred mythologies. Attempts, like that of Mr. Glad-

stone, to treat the Homeric legends without any reference to the hymns of the Veda, the sagas of Norway, and the popular epics of the old Germans are fruitful in little else but arbitrary speculation and unverifiable conjecture. The same mythical ideas, and often the same mythical personages with identical or equivalent names, run through all these webs of popular fancy; and without presenting them all in connection with one another we cannot hope to add much to our knowledge of any portion of Aryan mythology.

But with all the help thus afforded by philological and literary comparison, our conception of the true character of a myth is still incomplete. It is a great step in advance when we are able to say that Zeus was not some apotheosized Cretan king, but the personification of daylight, or when we can trace such a legend as that of Hercules and Cacus back to its more primitive version in the victory of Indra over the Panis. But a further step needs to be taken. What is, after all, the meaning of this way of speaking of the sky as a bright hero, and the darkness as a three-headed monster? Is it a mere poetical personification, or ingenious allegory; or, if not thus explicable, in what peculiarities of ancient thought or culture are we to look for the explanation? The suggestion of allegory or poetic license is not in harmony with the fact that the myths were once literally believed. Men do not believe allegories and metaphors. A more plausible explanation was offered by Max Müller in his famous essay on Comparative Mythology, published in 1856. This brilliant essay did much toward awakening general interest in the study of myths, and in many respects deserved the high reputation which it quickly won. But, admirable as many of its special interpretations undoubtedly are, its general philosophy of mythology is by no means satisfactory. According to Max Müller, a myth is a

metaphorical saying of which the metaphorical character has been forgotten, so that it has come to be accepted literally. That is, Dyaus was originally a common noun signifying "sky;" and when the old Aryan said, "Dyaus rains," he only stated the plain fact that the sky pours down rain. But in later ages, when the Greek had forgotten the meaning of Zeus, the expression "Zeus rains" conveyed the notion that there is a person named Zeus who sends down the rain. And after this manner, according to Müller, all mythology grew up. An admirable illustration of this view is to be found in the legend of Daphne, the maiden who fled from the love of Phoebos Apollo, until, when her fluttering robe was almost within his grasp, she saved herself by plunging into the river Peneios; and on the bank from which she had leaped a laurel grew up to bear her name forever. In its Greek form this legend is hardly intelligible; for although Phoebos is always a personification of the far-darting sun, the name of Daphne, on the other hand, cannot be explained from Greek sources. But the Greek *Daphne* implies an Old Aryan form *Dahana*, from the root *dah*, which in Sanskrit still means to burn, or to be bright like a flame. This root *dah* seems to be connected with the German *tag* and the English words *day* and *dawn*. In Sanskrit there is a tendency to drop an initial Aryan *d*, as, for example, in *asru*, a "tear," which corresponds to the Greek *δάκρυ*; so, though we do not find the old name *Dahana* in Sanskrit, we do find *Ahana* occurring in the Rig-Veda as a name of the personified Dawn:—

"Grihām griham Ahanā yati átchcha
Divé dive ádhi nāma dádhanā,—

Ahana [the Dawn] comes near to every house,— she who makes every day to be known."¹ In view of this it is every way probable that the Greek Daphne is the rosy-fingered Dawn who takes to

¹ Müller, Chips, II. 91.

flight and vanishes at the approach of the sun. Her metamorphosis into a laurel results from a purely Greek association of ideas. The laurel, as a wood in use for kindling, was called δάφνη, and nothing more than such an identity of name was required to suggest the metamorphosis. Now, according to Müller, the people who first spoke of Daphne as fleeing from before Apollo only meant to say that the dawn fades from sight as the sun comes up; in the days when there was a common Aryan speech this would have been understood; but after the Greek had forgotten what the word δάφνη meant in this connection, and remembered it only as a name for the laurel, it would have acquired in the story the force of a proper name, and hence both the personification and the metamorphosis. This interpretation of the myth is accepted by so wary a scholar as Curtius, and I think we may safely admit it, though the evidence hardly amounts to demonstration. It is not improbable that mere etymological forgetfulness is sufficient to account for this particular instance of personification; but I do not see that we have got very far toward understanding the personifying tendency in general. To recur to our other example, there is no doubt that such a personification as Zeus or Dyaus is enabled to survive until a much later stage of culture when its physical meaning is forgotten than if it were remembered. A cultivated and skeptical Athenian of Plato's time, for instance, would not be likely to regard the sky as a person; but as long as Zeus was to him merely the name of a personal deity, not especially associated with the sky or with any other physical phenomenon, there was nothing to hinder belief in him. If it had been remembered that Zeus was but a name for the sky, Zeus would no doubt have lost his godship when people became too cultivated to personify natural phenomena otherwise than in metaphor. In just this way

Uranus (whose name was the common Greek word for "sky") did actually get undeified; and similarly in Hindu mythology the too transparent character of Indra and his fights with the powers of darkness led to his being supplanted by the more mysterious deities, Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu. So far there is a germ of truth in Müller's theory. But it does not account for the personification of Dyaus in the first place. How did the sky ever get so thoroughly anthropomorphized that people had a chance to forget what its name Zeus originally meant? To this question Müller affords no answer; and our suspicion that he has presented the case wrong end foremost is strengthened by another illustration. He tells us that the familiar Greek expression "Erinyes finds the criminal" was originally quite free from mythology; Erinyes, the Sanskrit Saranyu, is admitted to be the Dawn; and thus the expression originally meant *no more than that crime would be brought to light some day or other*; but it became mythological when the speakers had forgotten what Erinyes meant, and so were led to regard it as a person. To me this seems like getting the cart before the horse, and ignoring the enormous difference between civilized and primitive men in their ways of looking at things. To us the expression "Erinyes finds the criminal" means no more than that crime will be brought to light, and to the cultivated Greek it probably meant no more than this. But the use of poetical metaphor as such is characteristic of civilized men, not of men in the myth-making stage of culture. Strictly speaking, uncivilized men do not talk in metaphor, but they believe in the literal truth of their similes and personifications, from which, by what Mr. Tylor calls survival in culture, our poetic metaphors are lineally descended. I regard it as much more consistent with what we know of barbaric thought to suppose that at the outset Erinyes the Dawn and

Zeus the Sky were actually conceived as persons or beings exercising volition; and that such personifications now appear metaphorical to us only because we find it difficult to comprehend the naïve ignorance of the primeval men who made them in literal and sober earnest.

It is not strange that Max Müller stops far short of any such result as this. His study of myths has been a purely philological study, and has been carried on, too, mainly within the region of Aryan speech. He understands and admirably illustrates the comparative method, in so far as it explains a story in which the terminology is obscure by revealing its kinship with some other story in which the meaning of the terminology is unmistakable. But in order to understand what mythology is, we must go farther than this. As I have elsewhere said, "the principles of philological interpretation are an indispensable aid to us in detecting the hidden meaning of many a legend in which the powers of nature are represented in the guise of living and thinking persons; but before we can get at the secret of the myth-making tendency itself, we must leave philology, and enter upon a psychological study. We must inquire into the characteristics of that primitive style of thinking to which it seemed quite natural that the sun should be an unerring archer, and the thunder-cloud a black demon or gigantic robber, finding his richly merited doom at the hands of the indignant Lord of Light." For the purposes of such an inquiry as this, one must go outside of Aryan mythology, and take into the account the legends and superstitions of barbarous races. In the quaint but not illogical fancies of uncivilized men we may trace the processes of thought which gave rise to the elemental deities of Olympus and Valhalla, and to the heroes which figure in classic epos or humble fairy-tale.

Strange as old superstitions are apt to seem after they have once been entirely

outgrown, there is perhaps no superstition so fantastic that we may not understand how it could once have been believed, if we only take the trouble to realize how differently situated the mind of the savage is from our own. It is quite natural to all men, whether savage or civilized, whether illiterate or cultivated, to draw conclusions from analogy, and to imagine intimate relations between phenomena that are in the habit of occurring simultaneously or in close succession. Newton's theory of gravitation was at the outset a case of reasoning from analogy; and so is the notion of the Zulu, who chews a bit of wood in order to soften the heart of the man with whom he is about to negotiate a trade. The superior correctness of the scientific conclusion is due to the fact that the civilized man has learned to exclude as preposterous a great many guesses which the barbarian has not learned to exclude. Long ages crowded with experiences have taught us that there are many associations of ideas which do not correspond to any connection of cause and effect among external phenomena; and this same long succession of experiences has permanently established in our minds a great number of associations of ideas with which it is needful that new notions should harmonize before we can accept them. But the savage has had but little of this sort of training in sifting his experiences, and such experiences of the world as he gets are but few, monotonous, and narrow. In his mind that enormous mass of associations answering to what we call "laws of nature" have not been formed; and hence, when he tries to reason about what he sees, there is little but the most superficial analogy to guide his thoughts hither or thither, and it is inevitable that he should arrive at many conclusions which to us seem quaint or grotesque. Mr. Tylor cites Lord Chesterfield's remark, "that the king had been ill, and that people generally expected the illness to

be fatal, because the oldest lion in the Tower, about the king's age, had just died. "So wild and capricious is the human mind," observes the elegant letter-writer. But indeed, as Mr. Tylor justly remarks, being taught better by his familiarity with barbaric ideas, "the thought was neither wild nor capricious; it was simply such an argument from analogy as the educated world has at length painfully learned to be worthless, but which, it is not too much to declare, would to this day carry considerable weight to the minds of four fifths of the human race." Observing, thus, the great capacity for assent in uncultivated minds which have not learned to distinguish between sound and unsound analogies, we need find nothing extraordinary in the entire and literal faith which the barbarian puts in dreams. To him the visions seen and the voices heard in sleep possess as much objective reality as the gestures and shouts of waking hours. In relating his dream he tells how he *saw* certain dogs or demons, or *fought with* certain dead warriors, last night. In his crude language no words have been devised for stating the difference between seeing and dreaming that he saw; and the implication, both to himself and to his hearers, is "that his *other self* has been away, and came back when he awoke." The immense mass of evidence collected by Mr. Tylor shows that all uncivilized people have framed this notion of *another self*; and the hypothesis which serves to account for the savage's wanderings during sleep in strange lands and among strange people serves also to account for the presence in his dreams of parents, comrades, or enemies known to be dead and buried. The other self of the dreamer meets and converses with the other selves of his dead brethren, joins with them in the hunt, or sits down with them to the wild cannibal banquet. Thus arises the belief in an ever-present world of ghosts, — a belief which the entire ex-

perience of uncivilized man goes to strengthen and expand. The weird reflection of his person and gestures in rivers or still woodland pools is interpreted by the savage as an appearance of his other self; in the echo he hears the mocking voice of this phantom double, and as his fantastic shadow he sees it dogging his footsteps. Usually, if not universally, in barbaric thought the other self is supposed to resemble the material self with which it is customarily associated. For example, the Australian, not content with slaying his enemy in battle, cuts off the right thumb of the corpse, so that the departed soul may be incapacitated from throwing a spear. The Chinese allege as a reason for preferring crucifixion to decapitation that their souls may not wander headless about the spirit-world. Indeed, so grossly materialistic is the prescientific conception of soul that the savage will bore holes in the coffin of his dead friend, so that the soul may again have a chance, if it likes, to revisit the body; and in similar wise, even to-day, ignorant European peasants open the windows in sick-rooms, in order that the soul, if it choose to depart, need not be angered by hindrance. Very different is this from the modern philosophic conception of the soul as immaterial. And the difference is again strikingly illustrated when, taking a step farther, we observe that primitive culture makes no such distinction as that between the immortal man and the soulless brute, but speaks of the other selves of beasts in the same terms which are used of human ghosts. The Kafir who has killed an elephant will cry that he didn't mean to do it; and, lest the elephant's soul should still seek vengeance, he will cut off and bury the trunk, so that the crippled other self of the mighty beast may be unable to strike him. So the Assamese believe that the ghosts of slain animals will become in the next world the property of the hunter who kills them. Even plants

are accredited with souls, so that the Talein will not cut down a tree without first seeking to propitiate its ghost by laying the blame on some one else. But the matter does not end here. Not only the horse and dog, the bamboo and the oak-tree, but even lifeless objects, such as the hatchet, or bow and arrows, or food and drink of the dead man, possess other selves which pass into the world of ghosts. Fijians and other contemporary savages expressly declare that this is their belief: "If an axe or chisel is worn out or broken up, away flies its soul for the service of the gods." In this, as I have elsewhere urged, we see how simple and consistent is the logic which guides the savage, and how inevitable is the genesis of the great mass of beliefs, to our minds so arbitrary and grotesque, which prevail throughout the barbaric world. "However absurd the belief that pots and kettles have souls may seem to us, it is nevertheless the only belief which can be held consistently by the savage, to whom pots and kettles, no less than human friends or enemies, may appear in his dreams; who sees them followed by shadows as they are moved about; who hears their voices, dull or ringing, when they are struck; and who watches their doubles fantastically dancing in the water as they are carried across the stream." This is exemplified in the argument of the Algonkins, who insisted to Charlevoix that since hatchets have shadows as well as men, therefore the shadow or soul of the hatchet must accompany the shadow or soul of the warrior to the spirit-land. This primitive belief at once explains the custom, so general among uncivilized races, of sacrificing the wives and servants, the horses and dogs, of a departed chief, as well as of presenting at his tomb offerings of food, weapons, or money. In some countries, after surviving the phase of culture in which they originated, such offerings have no doubt come to be mere memo-

rials of esteem or affection for the dead man; but evidence gathered from numberless savage tribes shows that originally they were presented that their ghosts might be eaten or otherwise employed by the deceased. The stout club which is buried with the dead Fijian sends its soul along with him, that he may be able to defend himself against the hostile ghosts which will lie in ambush for him on the road to the spirit-land, seeking to kill and eat him. Sometimes the club is afterwards removed from the grave as of no further use, since its ghost is all that the dead man needs.

Now, when this general theory of object souls, universal among uncultured men, is expanded into a still more general theory of indwelling spirits, we have before us a set of phenomena which go very far toward explaining the personification of mythology. To quote again from my work on this subject: "When once habituated to the conception of souls of knives and tobacco-pipes passing to the land of ghosts, the savage cannot avoid carrying the interpretation still further, so that wind and water, fire and storm, are accredited with indwelling spirits akin by nature to the soul which inhabits the human frame. That the mighty spirit or demon by whose impelling will the trees are rooted up and the storm-clouds driven across the sky should resemble a freed human soul is a natural inference, since uncultured man has not attained to the conception of immaterial force acting in accordance with uniform methods, and hence all events are to his mind the manifestations of capricious volition. If the fire burns down his hut, it is because the fire is a person with a soul, and is angry with him, and needs to be coaxed into a kindlier mood by means of prayer or sacrifice. Thus the savage has no alternative but to regard fire soul as something akin to human soul; and in point of fact we find that savage philosophy makes no distinction between the human

ghost and the elemental demon or deity. This is sufficiently proved by the universal prevalence of the worship of ancestors. The essential principle of manes worship is that the tribal chief or patriarch, who has governed the community during life, continues also to govern it after death; assisting it in its warfare with hostile tribes, rewarding brave warriors, and punishing traitors and cowards. Among such higher savages as the Zulus, the doctrine of divine ancestors has been developed to the extent of recognizing a first ancestor, the Great Father, Unkulunkulu, who made the world. But in the stratum of savage thought in which barbaric or Aryan folk-lore is for the most part based we find no such exalted speculation. The ancestors of the rude Veddas and of the Guinea negroes, the Hindu *pitris* (*patres*, 'fathers'), and the Roman manes have become elemental deities, which send rain or sunshine, health or sickness, plenty or famine, and to which their living offspring appeal for guidance amid the vicissitudes of life." The various theories of embodiment show how thoroughly the demons or deities, which cause disease are identified with human ghost souls. On the one hand, in Australasia it is a dead man's ghost which creeps up into the liver of the impious wretch who has dared to pronounce his name; "while, conversely, in the well-known European theory of demoniacal possession it is a fairy from elf-land or an imp from hell which has entered the body of the sufferer. In the close kinship, moreover, between disease possession and oracle possession, where the body of the Pythia or the medicine-man is placed under the direct control of some great deity, we may see how by insensible transitions the conception of the human ghost passes into the conception of the spiritual numen or divinity."

Thus, by a somewhat circuitous process, we have at last reached something

like a consistent and satisfactory explanation of the true nature of mythology. On the one hand, philology has shown that a myth is an attempt to explain some natural phenomenon by endowing with human feelings and capacities the senseless factors in the phenomenon, as when the ancient Hindoo explained a thunder-storm as the smiting of Vritra by the unerring shafts of Indra. On the other hand, a brief survey of barbaric superstitions has shown how uncultured man, by the best use he could make of his rude common sense, has invariably come to regard all objects as endowed with souls, and all nature as peopled with supra-human entities shaped after the general pattern of humanity. Thus is suggested a natural mode of genesis for the personifications of which mythology is made up. As the Moslem camel-driver regards the deadly simoom as a malignant demon, so we need not wonder that the Greeks in prehistoric times should have personified the wind as Hermes, or the sun as an unerring archer, or an unwearying traveler, or an invincible hero. When we know that some people believe pots and kettles to have souls that live hereafter, there is not much difficulty in understanding how other people may have deified the blue sky as the sire of gods and men. We see, moreover, that these personifying stories are not parables or allegories, but sober explanations of natural phenomena. Where we have recourse to some elaborate scientific theorem, the ancient was content with telling a myth. It is only after ages of philosophizing that it begins to seem plausible to regard the clouds as masses of watery vapor suspended in the atmosphere, or the moon as a great planetary body covered with extinct volcanoes. In primeval times it was much simpler to call the cloud a rock, or a huge bird, or a Centaur, and to burn incense to the moon as the chaste goddess Artemis of the silver bow. Thus the study of mythol-

ogy, when pursued on the wide scale indicated in the present paper, throws light of no uncertain character on the thoughts and mental habits of primitive men, as well as on countless superstitious beliefs and customs which have survived in relatively high stages of culture. And perhaps there is no better

evidence of the profoundly philosophic character of contemporary scholarship than the pains which it is taking to investigate methodically the legends and sayings which formerly were either thought unworthy of serious study, or were treated as subjects for idle and arbitrary speculation.

John Fiske.

FRIENDS : A DUET.

XVI.

Doña Sol. Je vous suivrai !

HERNANI.

So torn was Nordhall by the irresolutions and contradictions of his feeling that after he had left Mrs. Strong, and had got alone into the red library that day, he wrote her a note, which he mailed without giving himself time for that repentance sure to overtake the prudent man who commits an impulse to paper. In this letter he said : —

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I cannot say I do not respect your decision, for I do ; nor that I do not revere you for it, for I do. But alas ! to increase reverence for what we love is not to ease or lessen love. I love you : this is my extenuation. If you would, you could love me : this is my argument.

The more I think of it, away from you and from the influence of your firm purpose, the more I am led to ask whether there is not another side to the lofty code by which you desire to regulate your life. Life is long and lonely, and you are young and alone. I do not say this to influence your judgment through your feeling, but rather your feeling through your judgment. Indeed, honestly, I cannot own that I say it with any profound hope of influencing you at all. Life is hard and exacting, and

it has already exacted a good deal of you. If a happiness, real, however imperfect, and trustworthy, however insufficient, is possible to you, is it not *good sense* to accept it ?

I'm a plain fellow, without romantic ideas of conduct, and sometimes the plain sense of a thing comes uppermost to me, not with the pressure of a mood, but with the force of nature.

And yet I want to do right. I don't want to profane a sacrament (I'm not too plain to believe in sacraments), for the sake of mere human happiness. Above all things, I want *you* to do right. I know that I am writing a contradictory, useless sort of note. But what I am trying to get at is whether the good sense of a matter *is* no guide to the *right* of a matter.

Will you tell me how it strikes you ?

I am, in denial or delight, your faithful friend, CHARLES NORDHALL.

To that letter he received in a few days this brief reply : —

DEAR FRIEND, — It seems to me that the goodness of a thing *is* the good sense of it.

If I thought I cared for you in the way to make what you ask right, I suppose it would be the most sensible thing to do. Even then, I am not sure that the happiness you think of would come,

or could come, to you and me. Does it matter so much whether one is happy? If only one is true, I think that is best.

And yet I would rather you did not think me very happy, in causing you so deep a pain. Ever sincerely your friend,

RELiance STRONG.

P. S. I do not think we had better write or talk of these matters any more.

He took her at her word, with this, and urged her no more.

They sought, with such imperfect success as was possible, to return to their former relations. Nordhall was manly and brave about that. He had distinctly made up his mind that he would not deprive her of a friend because he could not win her for a wife. As long as he could bear it, she should not miss anything he could be or give to her. Women and men lived gladder, fuller, nobler lives for each other's mutual support. It ought to be possible to render that support, even staggering under a burden such as his shoulders were doomed to bear. Perhaps none but he who loved and could not win was capable of that devotion sifted of self, that high help and calm comfort, which only a wise and controlled masculine friendship can wrap about a woman's life.

As for himself, he chose the crumbs fallen from that dear, denying life, sweeter to him and richer than the feast of a goddess with her god.

This was *his* way of being true.

The supreme opportunity comes to each of us once. It may be in the surrender of a joy, in the renunciation of a love, in the acceptance of a daily burden almost too petty to rank among the heroisms, in the resistance of an obscure temptation striking to the roots of character, in the endurance of infliction whose subtlest blow aims at the very brain and marrow of enduring will, perhaps in the laying down of life itself, — but it comes once only.

The angel with averted face broods

over us for that moment, and passes on. It remains with ourselves to dream of that unseen countenance, whether as the spectre or the seraph of our lives.

The patient pursuance of a high ideal is the crucial test of nature; desperately to miss it may be the final discipline of character.

Do you tell me this is a hard saying? He that hath ears to hear what passes on "the other side of silence," let him hear.

Reliance Strong's was no analytic mind, and she did not reflect upon ideals; she only served them. She was a gentle woman, whose instinct knew love from loneliness, and whose conscience wished to separate right and wrong.

After the conclusive scene between herself and Nordhall, she took up her life again, with perplexity in her brave brown eyes. She did not grow strong, or, if so, very slowly; and her spirits suffered with her suffering nerve. She was not able to carry on her benevolent work, and this gave her idle and depressed hours.

She was sorry and puzzled that Nordhall still retained such a grasp upon her daily thoughts. She did not wish to forget him, but she would have preferred to make an effort to remember him. She had to learn how inexorable is the twining of any two human lives; and that the dismembership of ties far lighter than the sincere and harmonious ones which had subsisted so long between herself and her friend is a process which can no more be hastened than the healing of a torn tendril, and no more be reasoned with than the quiver of the star-fish wrenched from the rock.

In this case, naturally, matters were not helped by the rock. Rock-like, Nordhall stayed by her. There was granite in his love. There was crystal in his unselfishness. She despised herself for leaning against a support she had arbitrarily refused. She did not know which to pity more, herself or

him. His fidelity and devotion made a species of slavery in her life, against which it seemed dishonorable to rebel. The inevitable awkwardness and consciousness of their present position towards each other overwhelmed her, now with a shallow sense of nervous irritation, now with a deep tide, half emotion, half reflection, like a dull despair.

This friendship, which had ruled her for so many years, could not abdicate without anarchy. It was not as if it had been a light experience, flexibly yielded to; a gust of feeling, born of rare circumstances, or of morbid solitude, ill health, or any of the conditions which create easy emotions in unobservant natures without fixed ideals. Reliance had been a cheerful, active woman, and, up to this time, a well one. Soul and body drew healthy breath. She knew not where to look for a substitute for a feeling which had been so happy, so natural, so calm, so free from remorse or reproach, but which, after this, could never become anything in which a woman of self-possession and sense could take womanly refuge. He might protest as he would, he might serve her unselfishly and heroically as he could. She knew that their golden age was over. She knew that they could never take comfort in each other any more. She battled with this knowledge. She withdrew into those experiences of which no woman's lip can speak. She sat like Penelope in her bower, and raveled by night the web she wove by day.

There was something terrible to her in the urgency of Nordhall's image. All other problems seemed to fold their hands and wait till this one thing was settled. All other people seemed, for the time, to slip out of her life. Only she and he were in the world. Like the hero and heroine of the drama, like the victor and the rival of a race, they saw the supernumeraries melt from the unreal stage, the racers grow specks in the distant dust.

Winter relented, and the reluctant New England spring looked in over the bare syringa bushes and red-brown horse-chestnut buds.

Reliance grew better, and worse again. She sent for Dr. Bishop, who was uncommonly busy, and returned word that he would come the first day he could. When he called, at last, he was absorbed in two deadly cases of diphtheria and a remarkable and interesting piece of surgery,—something about a boy who was cut open and lived without brains. Reliance listened impatiently to this cheerful story. It did not seem to her at all surprising that people could live without brains. Apparently life could go on without other vital conditions. She passionately objected to these men to whom a cut skull was more real than a cut soul. Only the stolid assurance that he could not possibly understand her, prevented her from telling Dr. Bishop what she thought of him; he would call her hysterical for her pains, being none the wiser, and herself the weaker, for the spasm of revolt.

She listened, therefore, in absolute silence, when he told her that he could find nothing the matter with her, advised a little Peruvian bark and a trip to Washington,—and went back to his dreadful boy.

It did not help matters much that the physician sent her a scientifically short note that evening, in which he said :—

DEAR MRS. STRONG, — I was sorry to seem unsympathetic to-day, but I was driven to death. Had I been able to command "all the time there is," like the Indian, what could I have done for you? You have no physical ailment. I am not a physician of the soul. I see nothing for you but to work out your own cure. Truly yours,

E. F. BISHOP.

This humiliated without helping her. She tore the note, denounced science,

and went and sat, uncomprehended, with Myrtle. She would have sat with Janet, just then, for sheer human companionship. Myrtle, too, was going to desert her. She had to return to her brother's by and by, where a sick (if undesirable) sister-in-law and a very new baby created duties "nearer," as the phrase goes, than these in the young widow's lonely and now less cheerful home.

It occurred bitterly to Reliance that she had no claim on anybody anywhere in a world full of shared sorrows and united joys.

She resolutely gathered her heart together, and crept out among her poor people. But for these most intense forms of human sympathy and exertion, a frame of iron should inclose a soul of sunshine.

Mr. Griggs came to her house, one day, and respectfully, but urgently, said,

"It ain't my business to look after you, but I'm free to say somebody had ought to. I don't speak for nobody but myself; but it seems to *me* you're sick. You're tired all the time, and you've got a cough, and you can't do for us folks at the mission like you used. I don't wish to be bold nor for'ard, but I know you took care and trouble on my account, — I can't help knowin'. Now I don't want you to take no more till you're different to what you are now. Mrs. Strong, if you'll go away somewhere, — among folks that ain't poor and don't drink, — and try to get better, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll reform myself without you! I'll reform myself and every live man I can get hold on, from Cranby's to the sea! I will, so help me God!" cried the "redeemed man," drawing himself up. "I've got it in me to do a sight of that sort of thing I've never put my shoulder to, yet. Mebbe I've depended too much on you — on a lady — on a lady's help," said Mr. Griggs, gently; "*and she's nothing but a woman, after all!* And I'm a strong, well man! I'd ought to

take care of myself, and help her along, too. Mrs. Strong, if you'll be so good as to trust me, *I'll* look after the meetins and the fellows while you're gone. And we'll pray for you every meetin'," added Mr. Griggs, conclusively. The tears were in his eyes. His rough hand shook. Reliance was greatly touched. She was in that unreasonable but highly sensitive mood when we are most ready to give a pledge to the person that has the least right to ask it. She told Mr. Griggs that if he would feel any better about it she would go away; she would travel somewhere, and get well enough to come back to anybody that needed her.

"And I'm glad you said you would pray for me; I shall like to think of that. I need help, too, Mr. Griggs," she said, in her wistful voice, "as much as the poor men. We all need one another in this hard world."

Hers was at this time that inharmonious relation of soul and body when to take a resolution is to take the first step in recovery. She thrived upon her promise to Mr. Griggs, impulsively given, but honorably kept, and laid her plans with a great access of courage for what we used to call a change of scene, but now designate as a difference of environment.

As soon as Myrtle went she would close the house, give Janet a vacation, take Amy Rollinstall, and travel for an indefinite time. She would begin by going South, — to Washington, Charleston, Atlanta, possibly. If she found herself happy, they would run over to Switzerland and spend the summer. In the autumn she would come home, start a hospital for poor girls, and save every drunkard in Salem!

She drew up this practical and hopeful programme without consulting Nordhall. When her plans were fully laid, she sent for him, one yielding April day, — when light was soft, and thought obedient, and feeling gentle, — to tell him

what she was going to do, and to bespeak his Godspeed. She was not without some fear how her purpose would strike him.

It was one of the days we sometimes have as May approaches, with a heart-throb of midsummer in the veins of spring. It would have been oppressively warm, but for the afternoon seabreeze. There had been thunder in the night and a heavy morning shower. The tender grass was vivid and wet. The bulbs in the garden were sprouting like jets of green fire from the moist, brown garden loam. Jacobs had been at work half the afternoon over Madam Strong's hollyhocks, which seemed to him to be growing old. The tall brown one was feeble. Jacobs thought it would die. He nursed it tenderly. He fancied the flowers missed their old mistress. The rose and the gold and the silver-white would blossom in the summer; but they, too, he thought, showed signs of age. They were experienced hollyhocks. Jacobs treated them with respect, and Kaiser smelt anxiously of every one. Janet came out with blue ribbons on, and was a long time dusting the front steps. She and Jacobs chatted across the budding garden in merry, but deferent voices.

Mrs. Strong and Miss Snow watched them from the garden paths.

"*They* make the idyl," said Myrtle, a little wistfully. The weather had won upon the caprices of the two ladies, and they had ventured into summer dresses. Myrtle looked like a bluebell in her thin stuffs. Reliance wore white that day, and Myrtle had teased her into laying aside the hot black ribbons. The yellowish laces melted against her throat.

"There's going to be another shower!" cried Myrtle, suddenly. "Come down to the beach and see it gather. We will get back in time."

Reliance, after a moment's hesitation, assented, and bade Janet bring them wraps. She expected Nordhall, now, every moment, but did not like to refuse

Myrtle for such a reason. They got themselves into their things, and ran down over the marshes with Kaiser, as if they had all three been girls — or dogs — together. The shower *was* coming. Reliance looked back over her shoulder at the garden, where Janet and Jacobs stirred in the sun. The burning green started out against the black loam, but on the trees that overhung the house a cloud of green mist settled. Jacobs was singing, now, that favorite song of his, — the "petunia song."

"Hear him!" cried Myrtle.

"Hasten, my heart, and greet her,
Loth and late, loth and late, though she be!"

Myrtle echoed the refrain in her cultivated soprano. The wind caught it, and carried it back.

There was no sun before them. Seaward, the sky gloomed. The beach was a dull white; the heart of the waves malachite, opaque, and forbidding. The gulls' wings turned from white to pearl, to ash, to iron, to black, to pearl again; one, like a silver boat, drifted against a lamp-black cloud. The waves suddenly grew black, with edges of white fire.

"We cannot dare any more," said Reliance breathlessly. "We must turn here."

They stood for a minute, wind-beaten and excited, poised on the crest of the cliff, still a quarter of a mile from the water's edge.

"I wonder what was the use of coming," commented Myrtle, philosophically, as they set their faces homewards.

"We've *seen* it," said Reliance.

"And lost it," said Myrtle.

Reliance shook her head. The sea was there. It was not necessary to sweep and beat against the gale to point it out. Whether one fought, or whether one fled, wave of black and crest of fire flashed and thundered on the white, deserted beach.

The two women retreated before the shower, and came running lightly, fair and flushed, merrily back into the now

darkening garden. Janet had gone in to shut windows. Jacobs was covering some tender bulbs. The half-clothed trees tossed wildly. All the scene had grown dull and strange. Kaiser went into the house first, and came bounding out to tell Mrs. Strong that she had company. She said, —

“Yes, yes, Kaiser. I know.”

Nordhall appeared when he heard their voices, and the four sat on the piazza in the unseasonable and unreasonable sultriness, and watched the advance of the storm.

When the lightning struck, Myrtle slipped away. She had theories about putting your bedstead into four tumblers when showers came in April. But it was not necessary to explain all one's scientific views.

Reliance did not want to move. She was still excited. She watched for the flash, and the thunder gave her electric strength.

A dart of terrible and tender color, crimson fire, pierced the zenith, and the unreal light played long and luridly over her.

“Come in!” said Nordhall, imperiously. “I can't have you expose yourself like this.” She obeyed him reluctantly, and they went into the darkened parlor. She would not sit down, but moved from window to window, looking fantastic in her strange costume, — her thick woolen cape and cambric dress.

“I believe you've got the storm in you!” muttered Nordhall.

“Then it will pass by,” she said in a low voice. They did not speak to each other again till the shower was over, but sat silent and separate in the unnatural light and dark. Nordhall watched the strange colors play over her, — blue and scarlet and ghostly white. Her cape had slipped off, and every caprice of the lightning was taken up by her white dress. Kaiser crept close to her, a little frightened by the thunder, which was terrific. She stroked his head with

that absent-minded tenderness which some women expend on anything that seeks their protection. The dog kissed her wrist profusely.

“I can't stand it!” cried Nordhall suddenly, between the lessening peals of thunder. “I wish you would n't let that dog touch you so!”

He had the masculine aversion to seeing women spoil their pets; in this case it seemed a cruel waste of feeling. He was irrationally annoyed and rasped. He was jealous of Kaiser.

“I — did not notice,” said Reliance gently. “Was Kaiser making himself disagreeable? I was thinking of the thunder. There — Kaiser — good fellow — kisses enough, Kaiser! Go and lie down. Go!”

She took the dog's head between her slender hands. Her dismissal to the animal was an endearment a man might have died for.

“Such tenderness!” breathed Nordhall half audibly. He thought how her capacity for tenderness gave splendor and power to this gentle woman. If to love, as has been said, is a talent, Reliance Strong had genius.

The storm was over; dying with low cries and sobs, like a superabundant life that had fought hard for itself. The gloom had lifted from the room and from the sky. The scattering drops flashed with an elfin evanescence upon the glass, the grass, the trees. In the distance, where the black heart of the wave had grown green again, and the white fires of the still excited foam burned on the purified, bright beach, the breakers could be heard.

“It is over!” she said, with a sigh. She came and sat down beside him. All her restlessness and some of her strength had passed on with the lightning. She began to talk with him at once, in a business-like manner, explaining to him why she had sent for him, and what her plans were, and why she wished to carry them into effect; that she was not gaining

strength fast enough, that it was silly to be ill, that this seemed to be the only thing she could reasonably do, and that she thought he would like to know (he had always been so kind) about her life, and what she meant to do with it.

He listened to her in silence, leaning his head against the high-backed chair. He looked very tired. She saw this; it made her voice falter once or twice. In the natural, safe sunlight he seemed a different man to her from what he had in the darkness and the storm. She would have been glad to creep up to him and touch his arm, and say, —

“Oh, I am sorry!”

But she had grown too sadly wise. She sat upon the sofa, and folded her hands, and told her tale, and waited distantly to hear what he would say. When she had finished, he nodded once or twice, and said only, —

“Very well.”

“You approve of my plans? You think I am acting wisely?” she asked timidly.

“Oh, very; with extreme wisdom. It is the thing for you to do. I did not look for it, it is true. I did not think *you* would have to go.”

“It is not that I *have* to go!” Startled, she flashed at him.

“No, oh no, I understand. It amounts to the same thing. We won’t dispute about it. I thought *I* might have to surrender. But I never meant to. And I never have, I thank God for it! I have stayed by you, Mrs. Strong, — and I would have. I have been able to remain and be your faithful friend.”

He spoke these simple words with a sad and proud sincerity which went to her heart. Her eyes filled. They looked miserably at one another.

“Since it *is* so,” said Nordhall, “and you are the one to go — I think — it may be better for me — to feel a little freer than I have. It would cost me some pain to hang around here these last few weeks before you start, and I

don’t see that I could help you any. If I could, it would be another thing.”

“You always help me,” she quivered, “but I don’t want you to stay. I don’t want you to make sacrifices . . . for me. . . . I don’t deserve them.”

“You deserve more than I can give,” he replied, gravely. “But I have — taxed my courage somewhat. I think I had better get away at once. You wouldn’t want me to stay and make blunders, and lose my wits, and bother you. I think, myself, we had better part, for a time at least, — and immediately. The strain” —

“Has it been so great a strain?” she asked pitifully. “You are so silent and unselfish — I am so selfish. . . . I do not think.”

“It has been pretty hard at times,” said Nordhall, patiently.

“Really, then,” said Reliance, after some thought, “you would *like* to go where you would not have me to think about, — away from me? This is what you mean?”

“For my own sake, — yes.”

“I never asked you to stay by me for my sake!”

“No. It was my privilege.”

“And so at last you weary of your privileges? I don’t blame you.”

“I do not *weary* of them. You cannot understand — I won’t go — now — if you wish me not to.”

“I wish you to please yourself. I think you had better go,” said Reliance, with a touch of dignity.

“It is child’s play for us to be talking like this,” answered Nordhall, after an awkward silence.

He turned and looked at her with his fine, faithful eyes. He had not seen her for five years without the tragic colors of her widowhood about her. She seemed to shrink a little from her own white dress, as if she knew how lovely she could be in it. Her hands were folded in her lap, the right above the left. Her eyelashes trembled upon her cheek.

The breaking sunlight found her, and brought out suddenly the hidden colors of her hair. It was like an unexpected joy calling forth the concealed capacities of youth. Nordhall could not help smiling when he saw it.

She stirred uneasily, moved back, and put out her hand.

"You can't do it!" he said.

"Do what?"

"You can't push the sun away."

"I only do not mean to be blinded!" said Reliance, with some feeling.

"It's of no use," returned Nordhall, sighing. "We *cannot* get on like this. I think I'll go home now. If I can serve you in any way about your plans, you know you have only to command me. You know you have only to speak, — now, or at any time. If I cannot — why, good-by!"

He rose, with a sharp motion, and she looked up; and she saw that he was going, and that he meant it, and that it was all over.

"Oh, wait a minute!" she cried, like a child to a surgeon. He obeyed her instantly, and sat down on the sofa beside her.

"It has all been too bad, too bad!" she mourned. "It has been all a mistake. I wonder if it is always so, — if everybody that tries to be friends behaves like this! If it's *got* to fail, — if a man and woman cannot be all we tried to be; if people who are like other people could, — I mean people like you and me (I don't mean those great persons we talked about at Bethlehem), — I should feel happier, better, if I knew they could."

"I should n't," said Nordhall, in reply to this rather incoherent appeal; "it would n't help *us* any."

"It was such a noble thought," urged Reliance, lifting her head. "I felt as if it made all the world grander. I feel as if so much nobleness had gone out of life."

"The thing has been done," he said

doggedly, "if that's any comfort to you, by what you call 'people like other people.' I don't think there can be much doubt of that. Some men are stronger than I. All women are not as lovely as you. I don't see that our failure affects the theory. Theorize all you like about it. There *was* something fine about it, I admit."

He looked at her with wistfulness. What a woman she was! Wailing over a dead ideal, concerned about the nobility of the race, while he —

His sensitive face changed. Over his soul an April gale came sweeping. He must fight it or flee from it.

"Let me go!" he cried, with savage suddenness; as if she had held him.

She turned her troubled face towards him, all the hurt woman in it, wrapped in a dignity like a trampled lily. She, too, rose, and with a gesture of fine self-possession waved him away.

He went. Across the room, he turned and looked back at her.

"If I do," he cried, "it is forever! I have endured too much. If I come back, I make my own conditions."

She gave him only that fine gesture for his answer. Even then he revered it, and her because of it.

But he said: —

"Very well, then. If you let me go you must live without me."

"Will you say good-by — before" —

Her penetrating, sweet voice rang through the room and faltered.

He returned, and held out his shaking hand. She put hers into it without one word, and without a word they parted.

He went. He went like the spirit of the pursued and lost. He pulled his hat over his eyes, and groped down the garden walk, past the hollyhocks, under the horse-chestnuts and the elms, to the syringa bushes, where the faint, sickly smells of the unripe buds yielded themselves to the evening air. It seemed to him to have grown very dark. Indeed,

the twilight had come on. He stopped in the syringa arbor to gather life.

Kaiser came to him while he stood there, and whined. He looked at the setter stupidly. Kaiser, it was evident, had something to say. Nordhall remembered that he had not made his adieus to the dog.

"Good-by, Kaiser," he said thickly.

But Kaiser did not accept this apology. The dog turned and walked a little way up the garden path, looked over his shoulder at Nordhall, came back, and walked up the path again.

It occurred to Nordhall then that Kaiser desired him to return to the house.

He pushed the dog away from him and strode out of the gate, letting it slam as he passed through.

At this moment the consciousness of an unusual sound struck upon his excited senses. He stopped. It was like a woman's voice.

He thought he could distinguish words. "Charley Nordhall! *Charley Nordhall!*" He took a wild step back into the April night. The young moon was just climbing up from the sea, but only served as yet to emphasize the darkness.

Was that an outline, white as a wraith, real as a woman, mistily moving among

the budding trees? Did it retreat? He advanced. Did it hasten? He pursued. Did it wave him back with that rare dignity? Too late now! Too late to stay a man by the turn of a soft wrist! Too late for repentance, were you wraith or woman! Too late, too late, for fear, or memory, or thought!

He strode on like fate, and hurst into the half-lighted room. The door was open into the hall. She stood within it, startled, panting, in her white dress. Had she never left the spot? Her vision, was it, that had beckoned? Oh, they had followed visions long enough. She at least was here, and she was real.

"Did you send Kaiser to call me?"

But she answered him not a word.

"*Did you send Kaiser to call me back?* I will be answered!"

"Oh, I did, I did!"

She bowed her broken face. Both her hands received and shielded it. It was too dark for him to have seen its expression of entreaty, wild as an eternal regret.

"And did you speak my name? Was it *you* who called?"

"Oh, don't ask me! *It was bad enough to send Kaiser.* It was"—

It was heaven on earth, at least, to him. If to her it was earth after heaven, what cared he?

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE GREEK PLAY AT HARVARD.

FEW persons were present at the first performance of the King *Œdipus* at Sanders Theatre who did not feel before the play was out that the occasion was of no trivial significance. Most of the audience had come out of natural curiosity to witness an unusual spectacle, with no very definite ideas as to what they were to see, or how far, except for its being in an ancient language, the performance

would differ from an ordinary dramatic entertainment. They anticipated an evening's amusement, but were prepared to experience some weariness from the scholastic character of the exhibition; and they were inclined to judge kindly the short-comings of youthful actors, unfamiliar with the stage. Others had come with strong personal sympathies with the players and the promoters of

the play, hopeful but doubtful of the effect upon spectators less immediately concerned. The bustle of lively and uncertain expectation was hushed by the first notes of the preluding music, and the entrance of the white-robed suppliants, in slow and stately procession, at once fixed all eyes and raised the level of expectation. The key-note of the performance was happily struck. From that moment curiosity and sympathy gave way to interest, — interest that never flagged, but went on steadily increasing to a degree of intensity rarely experienced in any theatre. The whole assemblage was filled with a common emotion, and as the play reached its climax and drew to its close the audience no longer was concerned with the foreign language and the remote associations of the piece, no longer was occupied by personal considerations of actors and properties, but was stirred to its heart by the fortunes and the fall of King *Œdipus*. Sophocles had a great triumph. The power of Greek tragedy asserted itself with undeniable supremacy.

Nor did the impression pass away with the scene. Reflection confirmed the witness of emotion. The cool judgment of the critic was that the presentation of the play had been of exceptional excellence. The actors had not only mastered the difficulties of the language of their parts, but had, without exception, shown unusual ability in the rendering of the characters of the drama. The music had been strikingly original and effective. Acting and music had combined in a unique and admirable achievement.

The unity and depth of effect of the performance were the more remarkable because, though the play was ancient, the method of presentation of it was essentially modern. It would have been as vain to expect that young American students could so inspire themselves with the Athenian spirit that they could represent the passions of *Jocasta* and of

Œdipus and the other personages of the play with the self-restraint, the loftiness, and the gravity of classic art, as that the audience should gather to witness the drama in the temper and mood of those who filled the benches of the theatre of *Dionysus*, to be moved by the presentment of the instability of human fortune and of the awful inexorableness of the moral law. To actors and audience the play could not mean what it meant to those for whom it was written. The spirit of the age is the most absolute condition of the arts. In one of his Discourses Sir Joshua Reynolds repeats an observation of Dr. Johnson's on Pope's translation of Homer which is much to the point: "When it was incidentally remarked that our translation of Homer, however excellent, did not convey the character, nor had the grand air of the original, Johnson replied that if Pope had not clothed the naked majesty of Homer with the graces and elegancies of modern fashions, though the real dignity of Homer was degraded by such a dress, his translation would not have met with such a favorable reception, and he must have been contented with fewer readers." The general taste has doubtless changed for the better in some respects since Johnson's day or Pope's, but it may well be questioned whether the "naked majesty" of Sophocles would have approved itself so distinctly to the audience at the Harvard play as that majesty did robed in the "graces and elegancies" of the modern and romantic stage. The Greek exhibition of passion, as we learn from the works of plastic art, and as we gather from the criticisms of Plato and of Aristotle, was as intense as our own, but there was less self-assertion and less sentimentalism in its display. It had the dignity and reserved force of imaginative and poetic idealism, as compared with the sympathetic and appealing realism of our modern dramatic art.

Happily the promoters of the play

had from the beginning accepted frankly the conditions under which it was to be produced. There was no attempt to secure an archaeological correctness that could not with the best efforts be attained. It was the play only, not the mode of its presentation, that was classic. The dresses of the actors, indeed, were copied in all but color from ancient models, and the painted scene professed to represent the front of a Greek palace; but the music to which the choruses were set was rather of the music of the future than of the past, and was as modern in its mode of expression and interpretation of the sentiment of the drama as the acting of the performers on the stage.

It might beforehand have been fancied that such a commingling and contrast of ancient and modern elements would result only in a series of incongruities more or less grating to the feeling of the scholar, more or less amusing to the mere uncultured play-goer. But this was not the case. The play lent itself with curious readiness to the modern stage. Sophocles seemed less archaic than Racine. The truth of the art of the tragedy gave it a real contemporaneousness that prevented any sense of incongruity, and admitted of expression in the most recent modes. The striking and noble music of the living master was appropriate to the real passion of the drama, while the spirit of the actors revealed the universal human elements in its characters. The unsurpassed dramatic form of the work, for which it was famous even among the Greeks, the superb simplicity of its artistic construction, greatly helped this effect. The advantage of the unities of the Greek drama was strikingly apparent. In spite of the unfamiliarity of the audience with the plot, the story was easily followed, and the steady progression of the incidents step by step, as in accord with the advancing step of doom, each successive action leading up, as if

by ethical necessity, to the tragic climax, not merely held the attention fixed, but produced the moral impression which it was the original intention of the poet to effect. The import of the drama was recognized, and the place given to the dramatic art in the moral life of the most civilized community the world has seen was justified to all who now saw this play.

There could be no question as to the impressive nature of the lesson it conveyed. It was that lesson of retribution as the order of destiny which Plato sets forth in a noted passage: "This is a divine justice which neither you, O young man, nor any other will glory in escaping, and which the ordaining powers have specially ordained; take good heed of them, for a day will come when they will take heed of you. If you say, I am small and will creep into the depths of the earth, or, I am high and will fly up to heaven, you are not so small or so high but you shall pay the fitting penalty. This is also the explanation of the fate of those whom you saw who had done unholy and evil deeds and from small beginnings had become great, and you fancied that from being miserable they had become happy; and in their actions, as in a mirror, you seemed to see the universal neglect of the gods, not knowing how they make all things work together, and contribute to the great whole."

This is the teaching of the play. The solidarity of human interests, by virtue of which a social quality is inherent in personal conduct, so that its consequences may affect not merely the responsible agent, but even remote and personally irresponsible individuals, is a hard doctrine, but it was accepted as the true lesson of experience by the deepest thinkers of Greece, as well as by all who have considered rightly the nature of the moral order of the world. The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge, is a say-

ing of widest application. The course of retribution is uncertain; it seems irregular and lawless; the mode of exacting penalty appears arbitrary, but that the penalty for sin is exacted to the uttermost grain is a fact that cannot be blinked. The innocent people of Thebes suffered and died because of the pollution of a sin in which they had no part. And the moral grandeur of the character of *Œdipus* is revealed by his instant and complete acceptance of the doom which he had pronounced unwittingly against himself for a sin of which he had unwittingly been guilty. The drama is not a vindication but an exhibition of the moral law.

The interest that was taken by the public at large in this performance shows that it was rightly recognized as being of concern to the general community as well as to the special university whose classical instructors and students had undertaken it. The production of one of the masterpieces of the Greek drama on a university stage marks the advance in recent years of intelligent and interested study of the classics. It is an indication of the growth of a conviction, strong and though not yet very widespread becoming year by year more general, that it is to classical studies pursued with right methods that we have to look as the surest correctives of certain dangerous tendencies in the direction of our intellectual life, and as the most certain means for the formation of pure taste and correct judgment, not alone in literature and art, but in modes of daily life and conduct. The ground of this conviction may be clearly stated. It consists in the fact that the Greeks are the only race which in the works of its genius, at its best time, whether works of pure literature, or of the arts that address the intelligence through the eye, embodied ultimate principles of universal application, and of authority not merely in domains of the understanding and the imagination,

but in those of conduct as well. For, in the last analysis, the laws of beauty and the laws of morality not only correspond, but are coincident; and the principles which gave its perfection of form to the Parthenon, or to the History of Thucydides, were the same as those on which rested the moral character of Pericles and the civic virtue of the Athenian people in the days of Marathon and Salamis. The preëminence of Greek literature and Greek art in general was due to the sanity of the Athenian temperament, and that sanity was not a mere endowment of nature, not an exceptional bounty of fate, but the effect of long-continued obedience of the Athenian people to the law of temperance and self-control. This obedience had already failed in the time of Sophocles, but its results are manifest in his work. Euripides shows the beginning of the decline, — a decline which was to proceed with ever-hastening step to a fall even more complete than that of *Œdipus* himself.

The success of this performance will do something to quicken the revival and increase of interest in Greek studies. Such an event as this in the annals of classical learning in this country ought to leave some permanent record. There could be no worthier commemoration of the occasion than by setting aside the proceeds of the entertainments to form the nucleus of a fund for the support of an American School of Classical Learning at Athens, for the benefit of the scholars not of Harvard alone, but of every part of the country. The Germans and the French have long had schools there, which have been fruitful in good work; the English are proposing to establish a similar institution. If we are not to be left behind in scholarship, whether in literature, art, or archaeology, we too must have such a school. It is the chief need of Greek students in America, and would do more than anything else to maintain a lively and

genuine interest in Greek letters and arts.

If such a school should result from this performance, the Greek Depart-

ment of Harvard, and all who have taken part in the play, will have added one more and no small claim to the gratitude of the country to the university.

Charles Eliot Norton.

IN MEMORY.

As a guest who may not stay
Long and sad farewells to say
Glides with smiling face away,

Of the sweetness and the zest
Of thy happy life possessed
Thou hast left us at thy best.

Warm of heart and clear of brain,
Of thy sun-bright spirit's wane
Thou hast spared us all the pain.

Now that thou hast gone away,
What is left of one to say
Who was open as the day?

What is there to gloss or shun?
Save with kindly voices none
Speak thy name beneath the sun.

Safe thou art on every side,
Friendship nothing finds to hide,
Love's demand is satisfied.

Over manly strength and worth,
At thy desk of toil, or hearth,
Played the lambent light of mirth,—

Mirth that lit but never burned;
All thy blame to pity turned;
Hatred thou hadst never learned.

Every harsh and vexing thing
At thy home-fire lost its sting;
Where thou wast was always spring.

And thy perfect trust in good,
Faith in man and womanhood,
Chance and change and time withstood.

Small respect for cant and whine,
Bigot's zeal and hate malign,
Had that sunny soul of thine.

But to thee was duty's claim
Sacred, and thy lips became
Reverent with one holy Name.

Therefore, on thy unknown way
Go in God's peace! We who stay
But a little while delay.

Keep for us, O friend, where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear.

Something of thy pleasant past
On a ground of wonder cast,
In the stiller waters glassed!

Keep the human heart of thee:
Let the mortal only be
Clothed in immortality.

And when fall our feet as fell
Thine upon the asphodel,
Let thy old smile greet us well,

Proving in a world of bliss
What we fondly dream in this, —
Love is one with holiness!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE GENTLEMEN'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE LADIES' DEPOSIT.

"THE insolence, the ignorance, and the stupidity of the age has embodied itself and found its mouth-piece in men who are personally the negation of all that they represent publicly. We have men who in private are full of the most gracious modesty representing in public the most ludicrous arrogance; . . . we have men who have mastered many kinds of knowledge acting on the world only as embodiments of the completest and most pernicious ignorance."

Mallock was speaking of the Boston Ladies' Deposit Campaign, only he did not know it.

Upon this solid and firmly entrenched mass of insolence, ignorance, and stupidity one person can hope to make but little impression. Yet I suppose there is greater joy in heaven, and I know there is greater joy in earth, over a cordial thwack at it than over most other attainable forms of pleasure.

The Boston newspapers hurled Mrs.

Howe upon society like a glass bomb, and when she struck the explosion shattered reputations in all directions. Under that detonating dynamite disappeared the intelligence and the morality of women. The female school-teacher was denuded of all fitness for her position, and the woman suffragist was not left a leg to stand on. Now that Mrs. Howe, after legal investigation and by legal process, has been pronounced guilty, and local moral inflammation may be assumed to be somewhat allayed, I propose to show that the history of the Ladies' Deposit does not demonstrate the credulity of women, the immorality of women, or the educational or political incapacity of women; while it does show that men, so far as the Ladies' Deposit has tested them, are untrustworthy as reporters of facts or reasoners on facts, that they have either not culture enough to tell a straight or not conscience enough to tell a true story, and that they are utterly incompetent to be intrusted with the educational interests of children or with the financial interests of women.

In endeavoring to reconcile this slight discrepancy of opinion between Boston and myself, and declining to admit even for the sake of peace that geese are swans and swans are geese, I shall be obliged reluctantly to give the history of my own brief connection with the Ladies' Deposit, and to speak of messieurs the newspaper moralists with considerable frankness; but for the egotism I do not apologize, since it is but the gathering point of odium; of the courage I do not boast, since it is not founded on respect.

Having thus amicably arranged the preliminaries, I invite the attention of all who are interested in abstract truth, or in the morality of public schools, or in the adoption of woman suffrage, or who wrought folly in Israel by sheepishly following a sudden clamor. If my invitation is accepted, there will be silence in Boston for the space of half an hour!

I first heard of the Ladies' Deposit September 11, 1880, in my own house, from two ladies, of whose character and social standing I need, as the world is at present constituted, say no more than that one was a personal friend and sometime guest of one of the proprietors of the Boston Daily Advertiser, and the other a kinswoman of one of the editors. They had been told, as they informed me, that the Ladies' Deposit had been in existence eight years.

That it paid to depositors eight per cent. a month.

That no woman who owned more than fifteen hundred dollars, and no wife of an able-bodied man, was allowed to deposit.

That no one was allowed to deposit less than two hundred or more than one thousand dollars.

That no woman was allowed to add her interest to her deposit, on the ground that she needed her interest to live on; that subsequent additions might be made to her deposit, but that the interest was to be paid to her and taken away by her on the day it was due.

That a lady of wealth might deposit for a poor lady whom she wished to benefit.

That every new depositor must be introduced by some preceding depositor.

That the Ladies' Deposit had been attacked by the newspapers the preceding winter as a fraud; that the attack had produced a "run" upon the Deposit; that the Deposit had made no reply, had not asserted, defended, or explained itself, but had paid all dues demanded, and had declined to receive again deposits from those who had withdrawn them on account of the panic.

That the Deposit made no statements regarding its own character, and no solicitations for deposits.

I believe this information was substantially correct, with two exceptions: I have seen no proof that the Deposit was more than three years old, and there is

evidence that it did at times profess to be a charitable institution.

The idea that the Ladies' Deposit was a bank, or in any ordinary sense a business institution, was not entertained by my informants, — did not even present itself for discussion. The only question was, Is it a charity, or is it a cheat? This was debated with a liveliness, not to say levity, with a mixture of faith and fun, which, in view of the subsequent development of the decadence of female morals, cannot be too severely condemned.

In favor of the fraud theory stood only the general improbability of anything else.

In favor of the charity theory appeared (1) a yearly percentage nearly equal to the amount deposited. To the small capitalist six per cent. a month would be as alluring as eight, and to the swindler it would be more profitable. But if it were designed by a benefactor to help the worthy poor, if it were designed not to pamper paupers or to pauperize workers, we could see a reason for fixing upon a test sum not far from that which is required of voters in England, and then rewarding as well as testing thrift by bestowing that sum upon the accumulator in the guise of yearly income. That the amount deposited was not allowed to exceed a thousand dollars, that it was paid back in little more than nine months, that it was not allowed to remain at compound interest, but that each quarter's interest was imperatively awarded to the depositor, seemed to indicate the presence of some principle that was not greed for money.

(2.) That each depositor must be introduced by some previous depositor seemed to fix character as the basis of benefit. It seemed also that the Deposit might design thus not only to guard itself against imposition from the unprincipled rich, but to confine its operations within a manageable compass. As the Deposit had been several years in exist-

ence, as I had never heard of it before and my informants only within a few days, though living under the shadow of its refuge, it must have gone on quietly, without parade or publicity to tempt the adventurer; and might have been intended to pass only from the lips of one beneficiary to another, thus attracting only those whom it was to help, and designing not to attract even them in numbers too great for its resources.

(3.) The year's accumulation being paid back each year to the accumulator freed her in one year from possibility of loss, while in case the Deposit should at any time find its project unwieldy she would not be cast adrift, but would be left with at least as much capital as she brought to the Deposit at the outset.

(4.) That the Deposit had been in existence for years, had been attacked and had withstood the attack, without boisterousness or belligerency, but simply by going on its own way and paying its depositors all their dues, seemed an indication of strength.

All these devices might indeed be the ingenious invention of dishonesty, but they would be the natural development of benevolence. If there had been a great charity at the basis, I do not see how any wiser mode of distribution could have been framed. In view of the inexpressible relief which was afforded in the dozen or so cases of which I learned in the course of the discussion, I feel a thrill of regret whenever I remember that there was nothing in it.

In regard to general probability, I candidly avow that no originality and no magnitude of charity is so incredible as that the Omnipotent Creator of the world should let things go on as they are.

To the religious newspapers, whose hearts have been wrung by the decline and fall of female morals indicated by the Ladies' Deposit, let me make a consoling suggestion, which may be "skipped" by the world's people.

I have been told that Dr. Cullis professes to support his Home for Consumptives in the heart of Boston on prayer alone. In Brooklyn the Woman's Faith Home for Incurables has just published its Fifth Annual Report, and laid the corner-stone of a new building with joyful shoutings of Grace! grace unto it! I am not fully prepared to accept the philosophy of these institutions, but it is not denied that they are institutions, — established facts. Dr. Cullis and the Misses Campbell publicly announce that prayer and faith constitute their only capital. Of course, the virtue of the act consists in exercising the faith and offering the prayer, not in proclaiming them. If, then, prayer and faith, standing in the synagogues and on the corners of streets, can build houses and found homes, is it impossible that prayer and faith in the closet with shut doors can support poor women in homes of their own? If Christ could fish up money out of the sea wherewithal to pay his taxes, and if he said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do," why should it seem a thing incredible that he should pluck from the pockets of the rich a hundred fold or ninety-six fold the slender means of the deserving poor? I understand that Dr. Cullis's prayer is answered and Miss Campbell's faith justified through the workings of divine impulsion on the hearts of men to give the carpets, the bread, and the medicine which the invalids are known to want. Why is it imbecile or immoral to think divine power could work with equal facility in the heart of a man, for instance, who was bred on the stony acres of a New England farm; who saw a widowed mother grow prematurely old from hard work, a sister's youth ground into senility between the upper and nether millstone of unrelenting need? Going thence into the golden fields of California, or the silver mountains of Arizona, such a man

should be far more likely to turn the streams of his manhood's wealth into the pit whence he was digged, should be far more likely to convert his money into rest and comfort for such mothers and sisters as won the deep compassion of his youth, than to build a house with sixty bedrooms, or buy the Column Vendome to illuminate for a ball-room. It has happened to me to be more conversant, probably, than most men or women, with the anxieties, the apprehension, the courage and the conflict, the heroism, and the martyrdom, of this class of women, and I can think of no way in which a fortune could be more satisfactorily spent than in raising them out of the shadow and foreboding in which they live to the heart's ease of ever so modest an independence.

Leaving the realms of prayer and faith, and returning to the palpable ground of good works, we actually have some magnificent charities. When the Bergen Savings Bank failed, Mr. William Walter Phelps, a politician and an office-holder, late a member of Congress, and now minister to Austria, himself, though entirely irresponsible for the loss, paid to the small depositors their dues. It is said to have cost him twenty thousand dollars, and from a business point of sight I do not see how it can be justified; but for solid happiness how can it be surpassed!

When the Hon. Philetus Sawyer, United States senator, paid off the mortgages of his poor neighbors and employees to the amount of thirty or more thousand dollars, and lifted the burden from Heaven knows how many heavy hearts, he was financially a fool; for money is made by foreclosing, not lifting, mortgages. But "Uncle Phile" did it, and I venture to say no investment ever gave him more real satisfaction. All the credulity involved in believing that the assuaging of human sorrow is the highest prerogative of wealth, and that in the present stage of the world's spir-

itual history wealth may at any moment assert its prerogative, I not only admit, but avow. And I maintain further that this credulity pertains neither to imbecility nor immorality, but is the natural result of our progress towards the higher life. No one can live long and intimately in political circles without being prepared for any development whatever of generosity and magnanimity.

At the time I learned of the Ladies' Deposit, I had in special sympathy three women, each alone in the world; two faltering through failing strength, after having fought a brave fight; all dependent on their own slender hands, or the compassion of chance friends; all highly educated, and nurtured in refined homes. I said I would try the Ladies' Deposit for them. If it were a bubble, my touch would be sure to burst it, judging from the gamesome precipitancy with which all stocks, bonds, and values shrink under my meekest approach. If it were indeed a rain from heaven, it was little for me to see that a friend's dish was right side up.

I begged an introduction from a depositor, and September 18th, one week after I first heard of it, I visited the Deposit. The house looked like any Boston house, solid and respectable, but in no way noticeable. The Pompeian splendor, the tropical bloom, which afterwards burst forth refulgent in the newspapers did not reveal themselves to my rustic gaze. A single visitor was present, besides myself, — a lady who only made inquiries, and was quietly and simply answered. Two women transacted the business: one curt and arrogant, as who dispensed a charity rather than lured a victim, the other noticeably gentle and pleasing. I said to them that I could make no deposit myself, under their rules, but I should like to deposit for some one else, whose circumstances I related. They suggested that she come herself to make her statement and re-

ceive her note. As I had not consulted her I did not feel at liberty to use her name, nor did I feel sure enough of the nature of the institution to be willing to subject her to the risk of disappointment. I said that I preferred myself to be the agent. They did not strenuously object. The only thing in the whole interview which impressed me unfavorably was that they were unwilling to take a check even upon the New England Trust Company of Boston, an institution whose stability and order are but feebly represented by the eternal march of the stars in their courses. I have a great though a somewhat blind faith in checks. They have a way of coming back to you when lost, and of proving things you have forgotten, which makes them seem like a friend, while they have also a uselessness which never tempts the burglar or burdens the possessor; so that life would be rather cumbersome and unwieldy without a system of checks, and a New England Trust Company to reckon on for the perpetual rectification of one's accounts. That the Deposit should not be willing to take a check looked like not living up to their privileges, — like not wishing to put themselves in the line of direct testimony. It had not much weight with me, but it had a little, — just enough to make me deposit for only one of my *protégées*, and to decide not to mention the others, but to wait a while, then to apply by letter, and see whether the Deposit officers really had any repugnance to putting themselves on paper. September 29th, therefore, I wrote to the Deposit a letter, of which I kept no copy, describing my other applicants, and saying that I would not willingly even seem to wish to encroach upon so divine a charity by grasping its benefits for persons who were not within its scope, — and viewed myself as a rather acute financial diplomatist. So far from considering myself credulous, I fancied that I was feeling my way

along with a most commendable caution.

In this exact conjunction stood the larger planets on the evening of Saturday, October 2d. My own interest was of a tentative and comparatively languid nature, — the interest attaching to a lively hope and a bare possibility on which one has ventured two hundred floating dollars; an interest entirely secondary to picking forty bushels of apples, making three barrels of cider, harvesting seven hills of potatoes as the result of three acres of tillage, pulling turnips which a healthy horse will not eat, and gathering the eight squashes of which even the Boston Daily Advertiser must be sorry to learn that six turned out to be pumpkins. Certainly nothing was further from my thoughts, when I plucked a moment now and then from the farm to try the Ladies' Deposit, than that the act should have the smallest interest to any one but myself, and, in the event of success, those whom I hoped to help.

Saturday evening, October 2d, my original informant sent me word, in some consternation, that the newspapers were attacking the Deposit again; that "they said dreadful things about Mrs. Howe," that my informant's friends were alarmed, and had withdrawn their deposits, and feeling that she was responsible for having involved me, desired authority to secure mine. She also furnished me the Boston Daily Advertiser of September 30th and October 2d to show the state of the case.

Before reading the Advertiser's *exposé* I replied that I had acted solely on my own risk; that even if the Deposit were a fraud it would, in case of a run upon it, pay out all it possibly could in order to keep itself alive; so that if my money did not go to the woman for whom it was intended, it would go to some other poor woman, and would not therefore be really lost, and I would let it be. (I forgot the lawyers!) It did not occur to me to do anything else; but

since reading what the Boston newspapers seem to have considered the natural thing for one to do, I protest I am lost in admiration of my own moral heroism.

Then I read the two Advertisers, and found columns of very low scandal, rumor, conjecture, contradiction, wholesale objurgation of women, a great deal of gleeful, not to say gloating, narrative, but, to my surprise, not one particle of evidence. They even supplied the missing link by saying that Mrs. Howe had asserted the Ladies' Deposit to be a charitable institution. A letter from Mrs. Howe herself, published in one of the papers, was not reassuring, but it was suggested — begging pardon of the lawyers — that it might have been written by her lawyer. With all my knowledge of the conspicuous inexactness of newspapers, I still could not see why they should fabricate and collect such a heap of rubbish if they really had any truth underneath to tell.

The positions of the Advertiser were:

- (1.) All the depositors hitherto were contemptible, "credulous women."
- (2.) All who did not instantly repudiate the Ladies' Deposit on the sole strength of the Advertiser's information were "destitute of moral scruple."

But the Advertiser's sole authority was an anonymous "reporter." This deprived its information of legal value.

The story on its face developed gross inaccuracies and glaring contradictions. This deprived it of moral value.

No just judge would shoot a dog on such testimony.

Here the matter leaves my own modest little potato-patch, which shrinks under such scrutiny, and broadens out into the universe generally.

For I, at least, felt that it was impossible to decline this "trial by newspaper" with sufficient promptitude and thoroughness. I did my best, however, and sent my protest to the Advertiser as fast as steam could carry it. I dealt

in no glittering and sounding generalities, but gathered up the contradictory statements and set them side by side, and showed that the one devoured the other. I made no defense of Mrs. Howe or the Deposit; I said distinctly that I had never seen her and knew nothing about her; that I spoke only of the Advertiser articles of September 30th and October 2d, the only ones I had seen; and that I spoke in self-defense, as one charged with being a credulous woman devoid of moral scruples; and demanding that we should have truth and not falsehood. I proved by producing the contradictions that it was impossible for women to accept all the Advertiser's statements; that there was no standard for deciding which to accept, and therefore no possibility of accepting any as final. I showed that even as a business the Ladies' Deposit offered no greater profits and threatened no greater disasters than were offered and perpetrated by men without in the least affecting the moral character or mental standing of the men who received the profit and suffered the loss.

And the Advertiser — instead of saying "I have sinned. From long habit I am prone to fibbing as the sparks to fly upward. But in this case there is truth, though held in solution, as I see now that you have mentioned it, by falsehood. I will at once precipitate the truth, cast away the falsehood, and go and sin no more" — turned upon me, and declared, for substance of doctrine, that I had proved myself a knave and a partner to the fraud!

And Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, and a good many other harmless little dogs, joined in the cry; some pulling a long face and mournful ululations, some with a frankly jubilant bow-wow-wow, but all betraying the same absence of rational speech and articulate thought.

For no one denied my contradictions. It was only replied that they were of no account. They were but "slight dis-

crepancies." The principle of newspaper testimony is, No matter if the witness does bear false witness, so long as he tells the truth." The Advertiser gravely affirmed that its conspicuous inexactness was "of no importance, except so far as it bears upon the substantial accuracy and truthfulness of our statements," and did not in the least perceive that it was thus stating the whole question in an aside. Everything turned on the credibility of the Advertiser as a witness. Palpable false witness does not prove the accused innocent, but it never establishes his guilt. Still less does it establish the guilt of the judge who declines to admit it. When the Advertiser denounced its victims in the same breath for financial ignorance in believing that the Ladies' Deposit was a legitimate business institution, and for vulgar credulity in believing that it was an honest charitable institution, it attributed to them a feat of inscrutable logical legerdemain. When two contradictory assertions are made about the the same act, a woman is neither credulous nor knavish for refusing to accept either and demanding further evidence. To deny this is to be ignorant, insolent, and stupid. Five thousand persons denying it, five million newspapers repeating the denial, do not make it any the less insolent, ignorant, and stupid.

But it was my religious critic who gilded the refined gold of fatuity with the solemn reflection that "errors of a like trivial character would overthrow the whole Christian plan of salvation."

"Bredren," said the colored preacher to the pestilent questioner asking who made the fence against which his account of creation had set the first man up to dry, — "bredren, three more such questions would destroy de whole system of theology!" Any person who thinks the Christian plan of salvation is strapped on any newspaper's shoulders may well be left to dry against the same fence.

"Credulous fools!" said the newspapers to the depositors, slapping the money out of their hands at one blow, "renounce the devil and all his works, of which Mrs. Howe is chief!"

"Why — why — why?" gasped the surprised depositors.

"Because I bid you."

"But you have told a great many fibs in your day, and I can see that you are telling some now. How shall I know that this is not one of them?"

"Ugh! Knave! Hawk! Avaunt! You are a pal of thieves! You have no moral scruples! You have got your money! What ails you? Begone!"

Exit female depositors. Gentlemen of the press join hands and sing in concert: —

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me from my earliest days
A male and Christian child!"

Chorus of their male relatives:

"Oh! thank the goodness, for
He might have been a woman
Unscrupulous, inhuman,
Or even a de-pos-i-tor!"

Providence, which sometimes interposes even for women, did not leave them without a witness against this newspaper blizzard.

While outraged Boston was piling bales of bail upon her frightful female, the "gigantic conspirator" of the newspapers, the "crazy old fool" of the lawyers, an elegant gentleman was running away with some ninety thousand dollars of the city's money dropping out of his pockets. The finances of the city of Boston were not managed by female school-teachers, nor by women of any degree, but by men. A man was specially appointed to treasure the funds, and a committee of men were specially appointed to watch the treasurer. This committee, say the aldermen, were not only men, but men distinguished as merchants, as bankers, as accountants; different men each year, and of the best men to be found in Boston. Every year

these men examined the accounts of the treasurer, and every year the treasurer examined the accounts of Mr. Woodward; and every year the treasurer assured Mr. Woodward that the accounts were right, and every year the committee assured the treasurer and the city council and the Boston citizens that the accounts were right; and all the while for five years, under the very eyes of these wise watchmen, Mr. Woodward was helping himself to the city's money whenever he pleased, and escaping detection by the simple device of shifting the remaining money from one hand to the other, and so showing a full fist to the inspectors each time. But I listen in vain for a voice from State House Hill denouncing the credulity of men, and proclaiming their unfitness for financial or political trust.

Depositors had no more reason to know Mrs. Howe outside of the Deposit than Mr. Dennie and the committee had to know Mr. Woodward outside of the City Hall. The one letter of Mrs. Howe's which I saw — printed after the charges were made — was, I have admitted, not reassuring. But it does not compare unfavorably with the letters of Mrs. Amy Woodward. Women may have been deceived by a crazy old fool, but there is just as strong evidence that Mr. Woodward and Mr. Dennie and the treasury committee were beguiled by a crazy young fool. Officially, Mrs. Howe had paid every dollar promised just as promptly as Mr. Woodward had presented his accounts, and presumably for as long a period. Mr. Dennie and the committee did not discover Mr. Woodward's misdemeanor till the money disappeared, but Mrs. Howe's money did not disappear at all. The depositors had no defalcation to account for. Mrs. Howe was paying every dollar due, fully and promptly, up to the very last minute when the astute Boston business-men pounced upon her with a sheriff, so vigorously and rigorously that Mr. Woodward

slipped away from them, money and all. Therefore, the female school-teachers have displayed no more credulity than the Boston bankers. And the female school-teachers and other depositors were acting each on her own account, risking only her own money. They were under no obligations to any one to supervise Mrs. Howe. But the treasurer and committee were especially appointed to care for a trust fund, for other people's money. In the act of the women, therefore, there is no element of immorality, while in the oversight of the Boston committee there is the element of a breach of trust. But I have seen no attempt on the part of the Boston press to disfranchise, demoralize, and degrade the merchants and bankers of Boston; nor has the Rev. T. W. Higginson published in the *Commercial Bulletin* an article to show State Street that a committee of financial inspection should not allow accountants to present their accounts on the principle of the old nursery trick, —

"Two little blackbirds sitting on a hill,
One named Jack, one named Gill:
Fly away, Jack, fly away, Gill;
Come again, Jack, come again, Gill."

After the detection of Mr. Woodward and the apprehension of Mrs. Woodward, Sumner Albee, Esq., permitted himself to be retained in their defense. Why should not Mr. Albee be instantly expelled from Prospect Street Church for defending theft, conspiracy, profaneness, and the variety theatre? He is in precisely the attitude of those women who, after the charges against Mrs. Howe had been published, refused to condemn her on the strength of anonymous newspaper reports and contradictory assertions, and demanded, not that fraud should be justified, but that fraud should be proved before it should be punished. Neither Mrs. Howe, nor Mr. Woodward, nor any other creature of the world, the flesh, or the devil, has done anything to forfeit his right to the

truth. Legal investigation is not a mere arbitrary fashion. It is the formulation of what time and trial have shown to be the most real investigation. The forms of law are not imperative because they are legal. They are legal because they are imperative. Evidence is not sifted because courts of justice require it. Courts of justice require it because only by sifting evidence can truth and justice be secured.

Now let us take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example. The *Advertiser* stoutly maintained that no woman could achieve such a "gigantic conspiracy," and that behind the offending woman there must be a gang of offending men, and on October 18th, in brief but significant summary, called attention to the fact that itself had caught and caged the woman, and prudently exhorted the police to go for the men! It bade the conscious blood to the policemen's cheek, if the policeman's cheek had not forgotten how to blush, — though nothing less than the *Advertiser's* extraordinary mental confusion would ever bring a blush and a policeman together, — and it was ashamed to think of the contempt which would rage in the breast of the Paris detectives when they heard the story!

Let the heathen rage and the policemen blush; what I wish to ascertain is why women, hundreds of miles away in the country, are required to know more about Boston notions than the Bostonians themselves? The *Advertiser* says that the *Ladies' Deposit* has been going on "for several years, — three by the lowest estimate. The police have either been as blind as bats, or they have known of its existence for the past two years." Yet the *Advertiser* declares that the police have done literally nothing towards detecting or arresting it. "When they were approached they said they had looked into it, and its managers were all right, all right!" So, then, this "gi-

gantic conspiracy" could flourish three years in the heart of Boston, under the very eyes of the police and the antennæ of the newspapers, without menacing an iota of man's intelligence, or honesty, or capacity for self-government; but the moment it struck a woman she must see through it completely, or instantly forfeit sense and suffrage. Women do not make the laws which protect property and detect fraud. Men make the laws. I beg to know if the fact that an institution has existed for three years, as the Advertiser says, "in no sense private," openly in the face of Boston, under the full inspection of the whole costly detective force which is organized to distinguish between the legal and the illegal, and has been pronounced by them all right, — I beg to know if that is not a fact on which women have a right to rely as affording at least presumptive evidence of legitimacy. If three weeks were enough to break up the Deposit and imprison its managers, who were most immoral and credulous, — the women of the suburbs who thought it might be a charity, or the men of the city who knew it must be a cheat, yet let it go on unmolested for three years?

And what of the newspapers? The Advertiser boasts that in three weeks it brought the fraud practically to an end. But why did it wait three years before beginning? It says, "The business was not only covered all over with the marks of its fraudulent purpose, but it was an open, palpable, certain, self-evident swindle," and at any time when the work was properly taken hold of, "in a few days thereafter the Ladies' Deposit would have fallen to pieces." How, then, can the Advertiser avoid being accessory to all the guilt incurred and all the disaster caused by the institution during all these years? It knew the guilt and the swindle, yet let women go on depositing their poor little hardly-gained capital for three years without opening its mouth. In one week from the time I first heard

of the Deposit I had my finger on its pulse!

Will the Advertiser claim that it did not know of the Ladies' Deposit? It says, "The affair was in no sense private; it was, *and bore from the start* the marks of being, a *gigantic conspiracy*." Can a gigantic conspiracy go on in public three years, and an enterprising newspaper in the same city know nothing about it, or an honest newspaper say nothing about it, or a decent newspaper turn about and trample upon country women for not having known all about it in the beginning, or for not turning a corner at the end as fast as a man?

Further than this, it now appears that as long ago as the preceding January the Boston Herald made an exposé of this affair which the Advertiser calls "the largest piece of knavery which has ever been perpetrated in Boston." This enormous knavery the Advertiser boasts of having demolished in three weeks, but what was the Advertiser doing all these nine months after attention was publicly called to it? Was not the very fact that attention was publicly directed to it without effect a strong indication of its solidity? Did not the Advertiser by its silence become part and parcel of a conspiracy to allure the unwary? Did they not set a trap for women to fall into? Or if it has taken the Advertiser, on the spot, and with all detective appliances, nine months to lay the wires in order to secure the rogues, why does it argue intellectual fatuity in women that they did not detect roguery at once?

The Boston newspapers said, — I will quote but one, the sentiment was common, — "Who are the fools [of the Ladies' Deposit]? Quite a large proportion of them were school-teachers. . . . Probably only a small portion of them were actually deceived, . . . there was . . . knavery in their folly." Here, then, is a gigantic conspiracy in which a large proportion of the conspirators are school-teachers. Have these school-teachers

been dismissed from their schools? Has a single one of them been dismissed on account of her connection with the Ladies' Deposit? Have the Boston newspapers made any effort to dismiss them? I have not heard of a case. I do not believe a school-teacher has been expelled for this offense. I do not believe the Boston press has attempted to discharge one of these foolish and fraudulent teachers. It is therefore guilty of the unspeakable crime of permitting without protest the young children, the future citizens of the republic, to be committed to the charge of knaves and fools, and to remain in such charge after the knavery and folly were exposed. Either the newspaper press has slandered the school-teachers, or it has itself been guilty of a betrayal of trust compared with which any pecuniary knavery and folly sink into insignificance.

In its eagerness to rival the exploits of the New York Times with the Tweed robberies, and of the New York Tribune with the Cipher Dispatches, the Boston Advertiser, by strenuous and long-continued exertion, inflated one poor, deaf, illiterate old woman into a formidable and gigantic conspirator. Under

the manipulations of the law she was speedily reduced to the more probable proportions of "a crazy old fool." But whichever or whatever she may be, there are no laurels on her brow for a man's wearing. The glory and crown of man is not in the discrimination, the justice, the watchful wisdom, revealed in him by the Ladies' Deposit or by his own. The argument against woman business, woman teaching, woman suffrage, is not that women are dishonest and imbecile, while men are wise and invincible. The glory of men and the safety of women is this: that men have wrought so faithfully, and fought so valiantly, and died so heroically, that security is achieved even for the defenseless; that the pink and pet of Boston, The Atlantic, which may not approve me, in the very heart of Boston which does not love me, gives me, in the chivalrous instinct of fair play, room to say my say, even against those whom it does love and approve; that when an army of men combine in a wild, petty, and cowardly folly, I—alone, a coward and a weakling like themselves—can tell them how poor a figure they make just as plainly, promptly, and safely as if I also were an army with banners!

M. A. Dodge.

SYMPATHETIC BANKING.

THE time seems to have come for presenting in a compact form the history of that curious swindle known as "The Ladies' Deposit" of Boston. On the 25th of last April Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, its "president" and head, was found guilty of the crime of "cheating" certain of her depositors; her motion for a new trial was soon after overruled, and though it is possible that some of her exceptions may be sustained, that she may again be tried, and that through

some technical defect in statute or indictment she may give justice the slip,—as she succeeded in doing when arraigned for another crime, six years ago,—yet the chances are rather in favor of her final conviction, and at all events the community may be said to have rendered its formal verdict upon her "deposit company" through the mouth of the foreman of her jury. It is not every swindle that deserves a chronicle. But the Ladies' Deposit possesses almost

every feature of interest which can characterize a fraud: it was successful on a large scale; it chose its victims in an original way; it was managed with much adroitness in many of its details; and yet in the total it was one of the most barefaced and preposterous cheats that ever presumed upon the credulity of an intelligent people. The manner of its downfall was also very instructive. So that swindle, swindlers, and swindled are each and all worth a little study. In what follows nothing will be set down as a fact for the verification of which there is not abundant proof: the author's opinions and guesses — of which he knows there must be many — will be branded with appropriate verbs and adverbs.

Precisely when and how the Ladies' Deposit came into existence will in all probability never be known. Much of its latest history is obscure, but going backward only a year from its decease, which was accomplished with Mrs. Howe's arrest last fall, one finds one's self in a region of myth, and utterly befogged between the mendacity of the managers and the reticence of the customers. Mrs. Howe herself — the very poorest of witnesses, to be sure — has said on several occasions, to newspaper reporters and others, that the idea of her benevolent enterprise originated among the Quakers of Alexandria, Va.; that it was first set agoing in a small way in Boston by Mrs. Dr. Caroline Jackson, and that she herself was first employed as its "agent" five years ago last autumn, under the "presidency" of Mrs. M. A. Rogers, a lady whom, whether dead or pursuing health in Florida, as she is variously reported — it would not be safe or easy to follow. The date last named is quite incorrect, Mrs. Howe, as will by and by appear, being otherwise occupied in the fall of 1875. Perhaps at that early time Mesdames Jackson, Rogers, and Howe began to assimilate the intellectual material out of which

they afterwards spun their web, but it is not until more than three years later that any sure trace of their active operations can be found. Of the hundreds of "bank" pass-books put into the hands of Mrs. Howe's assignee in insolvency the oldest had for the date of its first deposit April 1, 1879; the title of the concern being then, apparently, the Pacific Loan Company, and the rate of interest paid to depositors *two per cent. a week*. The experiments upon the name and several other indications make it probable that the business was at that time in its extreme infancy, and that the whole of its rapid little life was included within the space of less than two years. If it existed any earlier, it must have been as a mere germ. The pass-books given to depositors were always of a very cheap and common sort, but those of the initial series were so small, so scrubby in paper and binding, and so illiterate in the style of their entries as to be actually comical. They would discredit the humblest grocer. It was some time before any printing was seen upon them, the "regulations" and promises of the establishment being originally communicated to customers by word of mouth; and when at length the fateful words appeared which have played such an important part in sending Mrs. Howe to jail they were substantially in the form which has become so familiar to Bostonians, and which will presently be reprinted here. The promissory note given to the depositor was also modeled, as soon as a printed blank was used for the purpose, upon the now familiar style, except that the name of Mrs. M. A. Rogers appeared at the top as "president," and Sarah E. Howe, or S. E. Howe, signed as "agent." The promise of two per cent. interest per week was soon abandoned, and in its stead the payment of eight per cent. a month "every three months in advance" was undertaken. For about a year — it seems incredible, but it is true — the

concern carried on business after this fashion, beginning with a few small customers, and increasing its operations steadily but swiftly, without the least public notice being taken of it or its doings. On the 8th of January, 1880, the first newspaper comment ever made upon the Ladies' Deposit appeared in the Boston Herald; and with that event, in which the characteristic alertness and enterprise of the paper were well shown, the mythical period of the enterprise may be said to end and the semi-historical to begin.

The story of the Herald's original attack upon this swindle is highly instructive. Its reporter, who was detailed to attend to the matter, apparently first tried in trousers to get the facts, and succeeded in getting little else besides snubs. He therefore resorted to stratagem, dressed himself as a woman, and in the guise of a possible depositor went to No. 2 Garland Street, the modest brick dwelling-house at the South End in which the Ladies' Deposit first saw the light, questioned the person in attendance, a "tall, slim maiden of thirty summers, with dark hair and keen, searching eyes," — presumably Miss Crandall, who has figured as maid of all work, "clerk," and "bookkeeper" for Mrs. Howe, — and obtained a good deal of the information and no-information which has since become common property. He told his experiences in a very lively "local" article, under the caption *How's This for High? Eight per Cent. a Month paid by a South End Bank. For Women Only. How this Remarkable Enterprise is Conducted.* And then for the first time the text of the notice, pasted within or indented upon the cover of each pass-book, was publicly printed. This was as follows: —

REGULATIONS.

The Ladies' Deposit is a charitable institution for single ladies, old and young.

No deposit received less than two hundred dollars, nor more than one thousand. Interest at the rate of \$8.00 on a hundred per month is paid every three months in advance. The principal can be withdrawn upon call any day except Sunday.

No deposit received from persons owning a house.

Office hours from nine to twelve M., one to four [or sometimes five] P. M.

The promissory note, also given to each depositor, ran as follows: —

LADIES' DEPOSIT.

E. C. HOWE [or M. A. ROGERS], PRESIDENT.

BOSTON, — — —, 188 .

Twelve months after date I promise to pay to the order of — — —, — — — hundred dollars. Value received.

(Signed.) S. E. HOWE [or J. A. GOULD], Agent; or (rarely) A. S. CRANDALL, Clerk.

The reporter's interview with Miss Crandall was detailed very amusingly, and special attention was called to her answers made to plain questions as to how it was possible to pay such interest, and who her references were: "We never disclose the methods by which we do business;" "We do not solicit;" "You need not deposit unless you wish;" "We never give references," etc., etc. The tone of the article was contemptuous and incredulous, but the fact was plainly stated — and quite properly, too, — that up to date none of the promises of the concern had been known to be broken. On the following day, January 9, 1880, another short "local" appeared, reporting some of Mrs. Howe's own dark sentences, in which she referred to the Alexandrian origin of her enterprise, "which was long known" in Virginia "as the Quaker Aid Society," spoke of it as a charity, and refused to tell how her funds were invested, because *she was afraid of the displeasure of her*

superior officers. (A remarkably fine touch of invention even for Mrs. Howe!) This second article disclaimed any intent of reflecting unfavorably upon Miss Crandall's personal character, but in a variety of ways expressed or implied the reporter's conviction that the concern was a fraud. On Saturday, January 10, 1880, the Herald — as an act of fairness, no doubt — printed a letter from Mrs. Howe replying to its strictures. This letter is a curiosity, and but for the prime necessity of condensation should be given here in full. In its composition Mrs. Howe probably had much assistance, — not improbably the assistance of some legal gentleman, — and its style is really admirable in respect of vigor and conciseness. The substance of her answer was this: that the men had better attend to their own concerns; that she did not do a general banking business, did not have a sign on her house, did not in any way "*solicit*" deposits of anybody, kept all her promises, and had been guilty, so far as she could discover, of no offense except that of refusing to disclose to prying reporters the methods by which she managed her private affairs. The master stroke of the letter was in one of its first sentences, in which she spoke of "the writer" of the articles in the Herald as "*prudently refraining from any direct charge of dishonesty*, while insinuating such a charge." The Herald thereupon dropped the matter, and Mrs. Howe was thus left with the last word, in which she had bidden the paper mind its own business, had assumed a most magnificent air of indifference to public patronage, and had said almost in terms that she was ready with an action for libel against the newspaper which dared directly to assail the honesty of her enterprise. The effect of all this upon many of the simpler readers of the paper must have been to display Mrs. Howe in the light of an injured and defiantly virtuous woman, while it advertised

her scheme in a seductive fashion as one which had always kept its splendid promises. Mrs. Howe and her crew have often boasted of the good which came to them from this their first passage at arms with a newspaper. Their testimony is generally of little worth, and the *post hoc* is not to be confounded with the *propter hoc*, but it is unquestionably true that the rush of depositors was in the year 1880, and after the publication of the Herald's articles. Of the seven hundred and thirty women who had proved their claims in insolvency against Mrs. Howe's estate at the adjourned second meeting, fewer than one hundred and thirty-five had begun to deposit before the middle of January, 1880. The fact was that in the Herald, as in many other leading newspapers, a sharp distinction was made between the "local news" and "editorial" departments. The story of the Ladies' Deposit was told as a matter of news by a reporter, whose strictures were in fact, in spite of occasional flippancy of phrase, sound, sensible, and full of wise warning. Mrs. Howe's threat was of course beneath consideration, but for some reason or no reason the matter was not taken up editorially, and the Herald as a paper did not throw its weight against the swindle. If in the beginning of the year 1880 it had begun a resolute and persistent attack, there is little reason to doubt that Mrs. Howe and her business would have succumbed in a few weeks, and the honest portion of the community have been saved some thousands of dollars of its earnings.

The Ladies' Deposit now began to bud and burgeon like a healthy young bay-tree. In the spring of 1880 Mrs. Howe found her quarters in Garland Street quite too contracted for her business, as well as for her personal comfort, and looked about her for a more spacious and elegant establishment. She discovered a house suited to her mind in a beautiful block on Franklin Square,

and without an instant's haggling about price agreed to pay the owner — a gentleman of high standing, who knew at the time nothing of her except that she was a little deaf, very civil, and exceedingly flush with her money — the sum he asked, which was twenty thousand dollars. Her only stipulation was that he and his family should vacate the premises within a fortnight, it being, as she said, necessary that she should take possession at once. Serious illness in the gentleman's family made his prompt removal impossible, and he supposed their business relations had been ended at once and forever: but Mrs. Howe, with scarcely a pause, renewed the negotiations, which at a first interview she had begun but never completed, for the purchase of another and still finer house belonging to the same gentleman and in the same block. His price for this building and its lot — which were situated at the corner of Washington and East Brookline streets — was forty thousand dollars. He mentioned this as the sum which he wished to get, the amount being considerably less than he had originally paid, and used no persuasion or argument whatever. Indeed, he needed to use none; he had scarcely named his price before Mrs. Howe had closed with him, and but for his scruples would have paid him a considerable part of the purchase money on the spot. Within a day or two she did pay him the entire amount due for his equity — twenty thousand dollars — in hundred-dollar bills, bunched together with rubber elastics, and produced, apparently, from the depths of a bureau drawer. A few hours later she had also settled with the mortgagee for his twenty-thousand-dollar claim, and the house and land, No. 2 East Brookline Street, Boston, were the unencumbered property of Sarah E. Howe, wife of Flormund L. Howe, then registered by herself at the City Clerk's office as a married woman, carrying on the business of

"financial agent." The estate was assessed that year at twenty-six thousand dollars, but Mrs. Howe, as can readily be imagined, was quite indifferent to any trifling question of fourteen thousand dollars, more or less. The deed was passed May 13, 1880, and directly afterward Mrs. Howe, her retinue of female servants and assistants, her husband, her Ladies' Deposit and its funds and effects, were transported to their sumptuous new quarters. A good deal of money had been expended on repairs, on a new conservatory, and on plants, pictures, plate, and furniture. The entire establishment, real and personal, must have cost at least fifty thousand dollars. Nothing succeeds like success, and business now increased enormously. Branch offices were established at New Bedford, and at No. 77 West Brookline Street, Boston. Mrs. Howe, who had previously seemed a little shy of the eye of society, during the summer of 1880 ventured into a modest watering-place or two; everywhere living in a generous way, spending freely and with kindly ostentation, and, as the almoner or cashier of an orientally munificent charity or bank, bearing her blushing social honors — with becoming indifference — thick upon her. The autumn came, and with it a killing frost, which nipped the root of all her gains and glories.

The destruction of the Ladies' Deposit was the remarkable result, as The Nation well expressed it, "of a conviction by newspaper." The truth about Mrs. Howe was simply this: that she was a miserable old rogue, who, beggared in reputation and poor as a church mouse, had opened a swindling savings bank, and caught the savings of depositors by a promise, which she could not perform, to pay a hundred and twenty-six per cent. interest a year; capital she had none, save her own inventive impudence and audacity; she had no more hold upon the Quakers than she had upon the Pope; and the "charity

fund of a million and a half," which she had often declared to be the support of her institution, was a pure fabrication of her brain, there being no such fund of the amount of even a five-cent piece. The object of the whole scheme was just to enable her and her satellites to live easily on other people's money. All this is quite plain now, and many a reader of *The Atlantic* will say, with a shrug, that it was equally plain to people of common sense nine months ago, or the moment they read the "regulation" promises of the Ladies' Deposit. No doubt; but many things which are plain to the sensible and thoughtful require demonstration to the foolish or heedless. The task undertaken by the *Boston Daily Advertiser* last fall seemed formidable then: the intelligence of the community was all arrayed on the side of the paper, but the amount of dullness and folly to be encountered could be gauged by the fact that nearly a half of a million of dollars had been actually intrusted to Mrs. Howe by her dupes. And she and her gang defended themselves, of course, to the very best of their ability; not very cleverly, it is true, but with some low cunning, and with the fury of rogues who knew that their all was at stake. The *Daily Advertiser*, as it happened, practically sustained the burden of the struggle in behalf of the public,—many other journals giving their countenance and timely sympathy, but none other keeping the sword in hand,—and the triumph of the paper bore striking testimony to the power of the press in America when wielded vigorously, persistently, and courageously, in the interests of honesty and sound sense.

The chronology of this campaign against evil is worth a glance. On Friday, September 24, 1880, the Ladies' Deposit was at the acme of its prosperity, having, according to the best estimate that can be made, about twelve hundred depositors, to whom it owed about

\$500,000, and was attracting new customers at the rate of about a dozen per diem. On the next day (Saturday, September 25th) the *Advertiser* printed its first article upon the swindle, and for the succeeding three weeks never once intermitted its attack. On Tuesday or Wednesday (September 28th or 29th) a "run" began upon the concern, which continued throughout the week, reaching its height on Friday, when the sum paid out amounted, according to Miss Crandall's subsequent sworn testimony, to about \$40,000, and resulting in the return to depositors of a probable total of nearly \$80,000. On Monday, October 4th, Mrs. Howe announced a partial suspension of payments; and this proved to be final, except as to the payment of interest and of principal due, according to the terms of her promissory notes, all of which were for one year, and very few of which had then matured. A pronunciamiento that she would pay all claims "legally due" was made through the *Boston Globe*, and was evidently framed after taking legal advice. Not sound advice, however; and on Saturday, October 9th, the *Advertiser* published an opinion of seven of the foremost lawyers of the city, to the effect that, notwithstanding her one-year notes, she was immediately liable for principal deposited, on the printed promise of the pass-books, "The principal can be withdrawn upon call any day except Sunday." There was then a three days' lull, of the sort which precedes a thunder-bolt. On Wednesday, October 13th, two attachments were put upon her real and personal estate. On Thursday, October 14th, a storm of legal process burst upon her; her gorgeous house, with its contents, came into the hands of the deputy sheriffs, and the Ladies' Deposit was no more. In just two weeks and five days from the publication of the *Advertiser's* first article, the destruction of the preposterous fraud known as the "Ladies' Deposit," or "Women's Bank," was

achieved. Fortunately for the interests of justice, the one thing which remained to do was done; and on Saturday, October 16th, Mrs. Sarah E. Howe and Mrs. Julia A. Gould (the latter a woman who had held the position of first mate in the pirate ship for several months, and whose signature as "agent" was upon most of the deposit notes) were arrested at the instance of the district attorney, upon the complaint of several of their victims, were held to bail in the sum of \$20,000 and \$10,000 respectively, and in default of such bail were sent to the jail of Suffolk County.

Leaving these two ladies thus securely lodged for a little while, let us now return to the story of the downfall of the "bank," and the intellectual and moral phenomena connected therewith. But first it seems proper to show, so far as may be, the nature and scope of Mrs. Howe's fraudulent undertaking, and something of the career and character of the woman herself. The trick, it is to be noted, is not a new one, but has been played successfully at least once within the past twenty-five years in each of the countries of France, Italy, and Bavaria. Its latest European form, the "Dachau bank" of an ex-actress, Adèle Spitzeder, which was operated in Munich from 1869 to 1872, and by which the Bavarians were cheated out of millions of dollars, is intrinsically the most interesting of these swindles, and is specially so to us because it had so many points in common with the Ladies' Deposit of Boston. No one, indeed, who has studied the stories of the two together can doubt that in some way or other, directly or indirectly, Fräulein Spitzeder's plan was the inspiration and model of Mrs. Howe's. Both opened banks of deposit, promised preposterous returns of interest, and successfully invited loans of money from the public. Neither had any pecuniary capital, or offered any security, the sole and sufficient reliance of each being

upon her own impudence and the combined cupidity and credulity of her customers. Each made friends by playing the Lady Bountiful upon occasion, had a mixed party of gulls and knaves committed to her cause, drew herself out of poverty and into luxurious comfort by means of her bank, ended her career in prison, and left assets enough behind her to pay her creditors a dividend of about five per cent. The absolute essentials to long-continued success, as each swindler knew, were the prompt payment of the ridiculous rate of stipulated interest, and the prompt punishment in a depositor of any want of faith by a return of her principal and a haughty refusal ever to resume business relations with her. This latter operation, a very shrewd kind of moral "bulldozing," Mrs. Howe and her assistants used to perform magnificently and with great effect. Each counted with certainty upon a very rare withdrawal of principal, so long as the extraordinary interest was paid and the customer's confidence was unshaken. Many persons — and the writer admits to being one — at first found a little difficulty in understanding how such a concern could pay twenty-four per cent. a month quarterly in advance, even for a couple of years, without investing its funds or receiving help from without. But the explanation is really quite simple: when once the popular faith begins to be established in such a bank, the principal flows in for some time in an ever-increasing stream, and for quite a long period there is more than enough money always on hand to meet the *current* demand for interest, and leave the operator a handsome margin for silks, jewelry, hot-house flowers, and all other proper living expenses, — although, of course, at every moment the concern is in fact utterly insolvent. In the case of the Ladies' Deposit some of the figures already given illustrate this well enough: the number of depositors in 1880 was

five times as great as in 1879, and the receipts from the first quarter of the former year were therefore far more than enough by themselves to meet all the demands for interest then accruing on deposits of 1879, to take care of the usual small withdrawal of principal, and to give Mrs. Howe and her friends everything which they needed for their comfort. To keep such a concern alive there must be a like increase of deposits upon a geometric ratio all the time, and such a rate of advance cannot possibly be maintained for many years. The longer the thing lasts the wider is the circle of its final disaster and injustice, and the duty, therefore, of every honest *man*, whatever the duty of honest woman may be, is to destroy such an enterprise as soon as it is unearthed. Mrs. Howe quite surpassed Miss Spitzeder in scrupulous obedience to the spirit of their common scheme. The latter sometimes — though rarely, to be sure — made investments of her deposited funds; the former never did such a thing, excepting once, when she lent a few hundred dollars to a furniture dealer; and her Ladies' Deposit had not a single cent of "*income*," in the banker's sense of the word. Mrs. Howe, in fact, carried on her business in all its branches with appropriately Spartan simplicity. She took her depositors' money; kept it in the drawers of a *chiffonnière* in the business parlor by day, as Mrs. Gould has often said, carried it off in baskets at night, and put it somewhere — probably under her bed — for safe keeping; paid out interest and principal from it when there were calls for such disbursements; bought her own house and land and furniture and fixtures with it; and always treated it entirely as her own, — which, indeed, in an important sense, it was. For this sort of banking none of the frippery of modern masculine book-keeping was needed, and none was used; the accounts of a Fiji Island fish dealer could not have been kept

more simply than those of Mrs. Howe, the Boston "financial agent," and Miss Crandall, who testified in court that she did not know the difference between a day-book and a ledger, was the very woman to serve as her chief clerk. Such a system of accounts works peculiarly well when the bank ends as the Ladies' Deposit ended. At the adjourned third meeting of its creditors eight hundred and eighty-one claims, aggregating just about \$271,000, had been presented; it may be guessed that about three hundred depositors have got the \$100,000 or so which was due them in full, and that perhaps two hundred others have never offered their claims. On the credit side there is — or rather was — the forty-thousand dollar house, which has recently brought, by its sale at auction, \$21,000, out of which \$1000 has been paid to Mr. Howe for the release of his courtesy, and \$5000 obtained from the sale of the furniture: only that; and nothing more. How the rest of the money went the "books" of the concern of course give no idea, and nobody knows or will ever know; Mrs. Howe and her followers and friends had two jolly years out of it, at all events, and some of them very likely could account for certain thousands, if they had a mind. Mrs. Howe's scheme also worked a peculiar kind of inverted highwayman's justice, as we know: she took from the poor to give to the poor, so that divers of her early customers got their money back again twice over; and perhaps some of her humble depositors, who lost all they gave her, can derive a little cool comfort from the thought that a portion of their hard earnings were handed over to a fellow-toiler who had previously drawn two hundred per cent. on her principal. In audacity the German operator somewhat surpassed her American imitator, but in cunning the latter absolutely excelled. Mrs. Howe — or whoever elaborated the original conception of her bank — recognized

the decided superiority in sensibility and inquisitiveness of the average Bostonian over the average Bavarian, and her operations were conducted, especially at first, with an almost exquisite tact. The air of reserve and coyness with which the management enveloped itself acted like magic upon the credulity of the ordinary uneducated woman. Miss Susan Smith went to the Ladies' Deposit with her two hundred dollars in her pocket, a little timorous, somewhat dubious, rather incredulous. To her surprise, she found that her patronage was by no means solicited, — was not even wished, unless she was exactly the right sort of woman and precisely met some four or five conditions. In a few moments she began to burn with desire to enter the inclosure thus jealously guarded; and if she succeeded — as she generally did in the end — in persuading the person in charge to take her little all, she departed with a sense of deep gratitude that she had been permitted to become a depositor. The same idea, a little varied, was beautifully carried out in the request, delicately but firmly made in almost every case, that the customer would not gossip about the Ladies' Deposit. If, indeed, she had a particular female friend, who was excessively worthy and greatly in need, and who happened to have two hundred dollars or more, such a friend might, as a favor, be very quietly informed of the privileges of the establishment; but there was to be no babbling into the world's rude ear about these sacred mysteries of Eleusis. All this showed a fine knowledge of human nature, and in practice worked charmingly; the method resembling that often used in selling tickets to a charity ball, where it is mysteriously whispered to a few that the company will be *very* select, and admissions *very* hard to procure. Nice little points were also made in fixing the minimum deposit at two hundred dollars, and the maximum at one thou-

sand dollars. Mrs. Howe did not propose to bother with the small savings of the virtuous poor, — only with good large lumps; and the naming of the larger sum seemed business-like and harmonious with the "charity" idea. The story about the huge Quaker fund upon which the establishment rested, and the accompanying theory that the Ladies' Deposit was a charity, appears to have been Mrs. Howe's one concession to the reasoning powers of her customers: it was a small concession, and, as Mrs. Howe now sees, ought never to have been made. The scheme of the Ladies' Deposit as a business enterprise was on its face so monstrous and so hopelessly incapable of explanation that its manager seems to have doubted its ability to stand alone in Boston. Spitzeder, who never conceded anything to the intelligence of her clients, could have given our countrywoman a lesson on this point. Mrs. Howe should simply have replied to all questions, "I do not disclose my methods of doing business, and I do not care for your patronage;" in every other respect she should have done exactly what she did. The prosperity of the Ladies' Deposit would have been a little slower in coming, but it would have come; and, though the bank must of course have exploded just the same, its president need never have suffered the disgrace of imprisonment for "false pretenses." There was, however, one feature of Mrs. Howe's plan which was both masterly and unique, and which gave what the patent lawyers call "novelty" to her improvement upon the Spitzeder invention. The Bavarian took money from high and low and rich and poor, from men, women, and children; the American kept a bank of women, by women and for women, simply and solely. Mrs. Howe, whose contempt for her sex's powers of understanding was evidently thorough and profound, reasoned out the most original feature of her plan in this way:

"To achieve success in a community so shrewd and enlightened as this, I must confine my dealings to those who as a class are in business affairs the most credulous, the most ignorant, and the least protected, — that is to say, to unmarried women and widows, in humble or moderate circumstances." If it had been practicable to weed out fathers, brothers, sons, and sweethearts, as well as husbands, from among her constituents, she would, no doubt, have been glad to do so; but such a wholesale exclusion would have been suspicious, and would have left her very few patrons; single women and widows, on the other hand, were numerous, and naturally the recipients of "charity." But Mrs. Howe always remained true to her distrust and dread of the creature man, and in many cases, when her fingers must have itched to get hold of a bunch of bank bills, she prudently "forbore" their "touch upon her palm," because she discovered in the background the shadow of some vigorous male personage whose influence with the female applicant was ominously great. It is putting it mildly to say that the success of her enterprise did not discredit the wisdom of its most characteristic part.

Mrs. Howe's own personal history now demands a paragraph by itself. The chronicle is unpleasant in many ways, but it will not be necessary to offend the taste of the reader with its most unsavory particulars. Sarah Emily Howe was probably the daughter of a man named Chase and a woman named Burr, and was probably born in Providence, R. I. The date of her birth is of no particular consequence to the public, but, as she has quite forgotten it, and represented on her entrance into the jail last fall that she was fifty-four years of age, perhaps she may herself be interested to learn that she is at least sixty-two years old, having been married in Seekonk, November 28, 1835, to one James M. Solomon, a half-breed negro

or Indian, who is now living in Rhode Island. With this man she lived some thirteen years, and then the pair separated, the marriage being undoubtedly null and void, because the ancient statute against the union of persons of different colors was in force at the time the ceremony took place. She next contracted a marriage with a man named Lane, or Chase, Mr. Solomon — and this is the only thoroughly droll incident in her career — playing the part of a most active and diligent promoter of her second union. Mr. Lane is reported to have died at sea; her third marriage, which was with her present husband, Florimund L. Howe, took place in Manchester, N. H., in 1852, where he was pursuing the double vocation of house-painter and dancing-master, she the allied trades of clairvoyant and fortune-teller. All her early life is enveloped in an atmosphere of petty crime, of which it is not worth while to give the particulars. After her final marriage she and Mr. Howe wandered about the country for several years, picking up a precarious subsistence. He served in the war as a musician, was honorably discharged in 1864, and soon after the pair came to Boston, where they were befriended by relatives. Her behavior, which had often been "queer" before, soon took on such extraordinary shapes that an application was made by some of her acquaintance for her commitment as an insane person. Her case was tried before Judge Ames, of the probate court, and after a long hearing — in which she stoutly, and with the help of able counsel, resisted the complainant's charges — she was on the 20th of April, 1867, found insane by a jury of six men, and sent to the State Lunatic Asylum in Taunton, whence, after a confinement of about two years, she was, it is understood, discharged as "well." This is believed to be the only case ever yet heard in Suffolk County by a jury of six, under the statute of 1862, touching insane persons. In 1871 she was

again in Boston with her husband, and did business as a "female physician" and clairvoyant, told fortunes with cards, cast horoscopes at twenty-five cents apiece, and in short practiced all the arts she knew, but was pitifully poor most of the time. In 1875 she committed a very elaborate set of frauds, which carried her before the criminal courts. She had bought a few hundred dollars' worth of furniture from a respectable lady, — one Mrs. M., — and was to give back a first mortgage for most of the purchase money. Just as the furniture was delivered Mrs. M. fell sick, and the making of the mortgage was delayed for a month or two, at the expiration of which time Mrs. Howe, upon request, executed the promised conveyance. In a few weeks, however, it appeared that Mrs. Howe had slipped in no fewer than four earlier mortgages to two other persons, without disclosing the fact to Mrs. M., having executed one pair of deeds as Sarah E. Howe, and one pair as Sarah E. Chase, to the great discomfiture of the person who lent to her under the latter name; and she capped the climax by giving a sixth mortgage on the same property, signing thereto the name of one of her neighbors. It would be hard to say how many different crimes Mrs. Howe committed in this affair, but she was complained of for only one, — that of "unlawfully conveying mortgaged property," — was tried before the municipal court for criminal business in Boston, convicted, and sentenced to "one year in the common jail." From this judgment she appealed to the superior court, was held to bail in the sum of five hundred dollars, and, being so poor and friendless that she could not procure bondsmen even to that amount, was obliged to go to jail, and there to remain for six weeks, pending her appeal. In the superior court the indictment was found to be faulty; the jury, by instruction of the judge, brought her in "not guilty, by reason of a variance," and she

was suffered to go free. In 1879, when the surplus funds of the Ladies' Deposit began to be available, she settled with Mrs. M. for the sum out of which she had thus previously defrauded her. She was suspected, with the best of reason, of several other serious offenses, but was never convicted of any others, to the writer's knowledge. This is not the career of a great criminal, but of a miserable adventuress, of a woman always sorely distressed to get a living, of one wretchedly brought up and much to be pitied. She had very little early education, and remains to this day illiterate, and in many ways very ignorant; but she has always been a keen observer, a quick learner, and a shrewd student of human nature. It would be more nearly correct to call her unmoral than immoral; for from her extreme youth she appeared to have a serious constitutional difficulty in discerning the difference between right and wrong, between her own property and her neighbor's. All her thieving has been marked by a grand air of unconsciousness rather than by eager, covetous greed. Her disposition seems to be somewhat good-natured and generous, and to show a kind of native *bonhomie*, and at the height of her prosperity as a "banker" she became very popular with a certain set, which was especially rich in mesmerists, fortune-tellers, and female physicians of an irregular sort. In one respect, as all disinterested persons who have known her well will testify, she is really distinguished: she is one of the most exuberant, spontaneous, imaginative, and unnecessary liars that ever breathed, decidedly preferring falsehood to the truth even when the two seem equally serviceable. She has a great natural gift of utterance, and a singularly plausible manner, and has often overpersuaded the incredulous in the very teeth of their better judgment. There is a touch of craziness every now and then in her looks and words which is quite

suggestive of the Taunton episode, but which is not inconsistent with her possession of abundant cunning. That she is not a rogue of the first order can be inferred from her investing in her own name in a house, and from her paying out so much of the Deposit money during the run, instead of eloping with it. Having sailed prosperously so long, and weathered one heavy gale, she evidently thought she could save her ship even in a great typhoon; a clearer-sighted rascal would have seen that the game was up. Besides this, Mrs. Howe was ignorant enough to believe that her house could not be taken from her so long as she had the deed of it in her pocket. There is of course great doubt whether a person of her calibre could have conceived and operated the Ladies' Deposit without help from some mind of greater strength, and more erudition in the art of cheating, and this is a doubt which will very likely never be solved. Up to this time Mrs. Howe is the only person who can be certainly identified as the brain and fingers of the swindle.

It would be vain to attempt, in the space that *The Atlantic* can spare, a minute account of the newspaper work of the three weeks in which the downfall of the Ladies' Deposit was wrought. Nothing at once more exciting, varied, amusing, pathetic, instructive, and satisfactory has been known in the history of our journalism. There were good things about the matter in all the Boston papers; bright bits came from the country towns, from New York and the West, and the *Advertiser* was filled from day to day with interesting and clever articles. Such a rallying in of volunteer correspondents was certainly never seen here as to quality. Bright men started up like the seed of Cadmus, each with some keen, or sensible, or witty, or learned contribution to the war against fraud. Amongst them the story of all the European prototypes of Mrs. Howe's bank was vividly told; several of them,

who had previously looked into and seen through the swindle, told their experiences with the lady "managers;" one of them, who signed himself "Drowsy State Street," showed in figures which must have given Mrs. Howe a cold shiver exactly how her scheme could be made to work in practice. Yet some of the argument made both by the paper and by its special contributors seems almost childish now. In hundreds of different ways the intelligent reader was entreated to take notice of the fact that two and two make four, always made four, never made five, or sixteen, or three hundred, or seven thousand. Mrs. Howe was handled rather gingerly at first, as if there were a bare possibility that she might be something better than a thief. Her Quaker fund of a million and a half was discussed at times almost gravely, and readers were requested to consider whether it was likely that such a sect ever had such a fund, or would ever have such a fund, or would intrust such a fund if they had it to such a woman as Mrs. Howe, or would leave it without watching it, etc., etc. Pretty soon Mrs. Howe was challenged to tell what her investments were, who subscribed to the Quaker foundation, how she had climbed from penury to luxurious ease in three years, and where she got the money to buy her fifty-thousand-dollar house. The air, indeed, was vocal with challenges to common sense, and dumb while the answers were awaited. In spite of the self-control generally practiced, the thorough contempt of most of the male writers for the credulity of the female victims often cropped out. It had come to light that Mrs. Howe's customers — who, although principally in Boston and its suburbs, were scattered widely through the rest of Massachusetts and New England — were counted by hundreds, and included many ladies of good social position, some teachers, and a few authors and artists; that for about six months there had been a per-

fect craze among women to become depositors; and that divers of them had begged and besought their male friends to lend them money at six per cent. in order that they might live on the ninety per cent. of profit to be made by the deposit. One old woman was discovered who had mortgaged all her worldly possessions for a thousand dollars, and handed the sum over to Mrs. Howe without a tremor. One person, who had made a like deposit of all she was worth, was reported to have gone to Europe, where she found it easy to live on her income of nine hundred and sixty dollars per annum. The idea that there was any degradation in being pensioners upon "charity" never occurred, so far as the writer has heard, to any of Mrs. Howe's customers, — not even to those who were well to do and quite capable of taking care of themselves. The men sneered at all this so contemptuously that the spoken rejoinders were generally meek and timid. Generally, but not always. Not a few of the customers mustered the courage to say their souls were their own, and some of them even went farther than that. At the bank itself, every day, in the very midst of the "run," dozens of energetic females were to be seen, furious at the papers, sorry for the "persecuted" manager, and firmer than ever in their faith in the Ladies' Deposit. It was not uncommon for them to lift their hands to heaven and implore its continued blessing upon Mrs. Howe's head and the "divine charity" of which she was president. Very often they gave expression to the pleasure which they had taken and still expected to take in transacting business at the Ladies' Deposit, for Mrs. Howe, with excellent judgment, had grown franker, easier, and more friendly as her circle of operations had widened. One elderly woman at one of these *séances* sketched in very vivid language the difference between the treatment she received at the men's savings banks, where they grabbed her money without a thank

you, and threw her her pass-book without a word, and at Mrs. Howe's, where she was urged to take a chair, kindly thanked for her deposit, encouraged to present the questions connected with her "winter suit," and where, as she expressed it in one felicitous word, the banking was "sympathetic." On the other hand, the male writers not only sneered at the women who deposited for their ignorance and credulity, but lectured them for their dishonesty in accepting or seeking an amount of interest which of course must be stolen from some other women, — a charge, in the writer's opinion, most unfair and unkind, for no woman whose understanding allowed her to trust the Ladies' Deposit could have been capable of grappling with the question as to where her interest came from. There was one class of Mrs. Howe's adherents who surpassed any who have yet been mentioned: a couple of hundred or so of these to this day admit no decline in their faith, and say that if Mrs. Howe were allowed to go free she would soon pay all she owes to such as had always clung to her. Many of these persons are evidently "stool pigeons," and perch suspiciously near to the "president," but some of them are as evidently sincere, and their existence proves the power of Mrs. Howe's personality as well as the fathomless folly of human nature. Out of these devoted dupes the attempt was made — and for a little while with some promise of success — to raise a subscription fund of \$1000, in order to secure the services of General Butler in defense of the woman who had robbed them. Of any one of this sort Mrs. Howe might say as Iago of Othello, — with a very slight change of Shakespeare's text, — "I have made her thank me, love me, and reward me for making her egregiously an ass, and practicing upon her peace and quiet." The most ludicrous features of the whole business were the suggestions that the hostility of the men grew out of their

jealousy at female success in financiering which they could neither understand nor equal, and that a feeling of "galantry" ought to have deterred them from so vigorously attacking the schemes of a number of "ladies." It looked a little as if some rather intelligent women were touched by the latter idea. But it was too absurd a point to argue: the policeman who stops the hand of a murderess or even of a female pick-pocket may surely be pardoned for denigrating her crimps. On the 2d of October, it is to be noted, Mrs. Howe appeared in her own defense in a long communication addressed to the Advertiser, in the composition of which she had plainly been helped. This letter was simply a piece of insolent vulgarity, without argument or even sense, and showed from beginning to end the hand of a desperate adventuress. It followed hard upon the appearance of a certain carpenter at the Advertiser office, whom Mrs. Howe had sent to the editor upon a vain message of peace, and whose services as ambassador she had secured by the payment of five dollars in advance.

During the three weeks in which the Ladies' Deposit was the subject of all this varied comment, not a person of any recognized position in the world of society, of business, or of thought had a word to say in support of the fraud, or attempted to weaken the attack upon it, with one notable exception. On the 5th of October, there appeared in the columns of the Advertiser a letter signed by Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, of Hamilton, in which the critics of the Ladies' Deposit were criticised, and the concern and its "president" defended. It appeared at first to those who read this letter that there must be some mistake about its authorship. To be sure, there were touches in it of Miss Dodge's keen wit, traces of her shrewd humor, many of her characteristic vivacities of style; but where were the clearness of sight, the swift intuition, the "saving common

sense," by which so much of her writing had been distinguished? Where, indeed? Anger seemed to be the inspiration of the epistle, and in many places its words "breathed a kind of fury," and struck here, there, and everywhere, like the blows of a man blind with impotent rage. What the production as a whole meant, or was meant to mean, few persons after reading it could tell, unless it were the old familiar truth that the men were a poor set of sneaks, incapable through their dullness of comprehending feminine enterprise, through their baseness of appreciating feminine benevolence. Miss Dodge's comments upon the Advertiser's articles were very amusing. Its trustworthiness in reporting she pulverized by triumphantly showing that the paper had contradicted itself as to the regulation hour of closing the bank for business, and had in one place insisted that that hour was five, when in point of fact it was four! The chronicle of Mrs. Howe's career she characterized as "scullery scandal," — though every word of it was true, and its most important statements could be verified by reference to court records which were cited, or to living persons whose names were given. Finally, in one peculiarly unfortunate sentence Miss Dodge let it be seen that she had a very faint conception of what she was talking about. She quoted from the Advertiser, "Every one with a moment's thought knows it is impossible to fulfill its [the Deposit's] extraordinary promises [of interest] except for short periods," and this was her reply: "Very well. It is only necessary to fulfill them for short periods to secure every one against loss. How short? In nine months and two weeks every woman receives her whole capital back again." "Bredren, if ebery one of you would jus' come early, ebery one of you could have a front seat," said a darkey preacher to a crowded congregation that complained of insufficient sittings; which anecdote coupled with

Miss Dodge's own words "is enough" and "will serve," as Mercutio says, to demonstrate just how well she understood the situation at Mrs. Howe's bank. It is not the writer's purpose to moralize Miss Dodge's letter, and her sufferings from press and magazine ridicule just after its publication must have expiated any fault she committed; but no record of the decline of the Ladies' Deposit would be complete without a mention of her contribution. The truth seemed to be that Miss Dodge had attempted, with some personal sacrifice, to help certain poor acquaintances to comfort by depositing for them in this bank, and that the newspaper attacks which soon followed ruined her kindly projects. She was naturally disappointed, and perhaps not unnaturally angry. But the extreme rage even of a clever woman will not enable her to write a sensible letter on a difficult subject of which she has no knowledge. Afterward, in the *Boston Journal*, Miss Dodge hedged a good deal, — so much so, indeed, that her last utterances were darker than Delphic oracles. In the light of subsequent events her public attitude has an intensely comic look. One may picture the situation as something like this: Miss Dodge, clad in flamboyantly feminine garments, surmounted by a brilliant sunshade of a golden red, sits tranquilly in the midst of a plain upon a camp-stool. She is presently aware of a squad of journalists rapidly approaching from the front. "Madam or Miss," says the chief of the troop, "permit us to inform you that a furious cow is making at your rear, with intentions evidently hostile to you and your parasol." "And why so officious?" sniffs the lady; "why so critical of the conduct of a cow? Poor spiteful man, look to your own sex. Are the bulls all peaceful and harmless? Answer me that?" "They are not, I confess it," the journalist replies, "and numbers of them now gore at large; but really, Miss,

this cow, which is now quite near you, has a very bad reputation, and" — "Indeed!" Miss Dodge interrupts, "has she so? And how did you learn that? Have you seven affidavits in your breast-pocket to make good your charge?" "Not quite seven," the reporter stammers, "but I have three, and very strong ones, too." "Tell me, then," rejoins the lady, "what color do you claim that this animal's eyes are?" "Dark green, I should say," gasps the penman; "but really I have not" — "I thought as much," shrills Miss Dodge, "miserable lying caitiff, with your three little wretched bits of scullery scandal trying to ruin the fame of a cow that has sky-blue orbs! And has it occurred to you that the presence of you and your low companions might excite a beast otherwise harmless to injurious rage? I can inform you, however, that the cow which you thus cruelly asperse is the most gentle and charitable quadruped" — And upon this word the catastrophe comes, Miss Dodge and her theories go up together, and her parasol is carried off on the animal's horns. We chastely avert our eyes. The lady herself must be on her feet again very soon, and it will be interesting to know which of her theories survives the shock, or whether she admits that she and they were tossed at all. Most *men* will probably remain firm in the opinion that her disaster was the result of her sex, her parasol, and the cow's disposition combined.

The remainder of the story may be quickly told. On the 18th of October, 1880, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Gould were brought up in the municipal court of the city of Boston for criminal business, waived examination, and were held to bail for their appearance in the superior court in the sums specified at the beginning of this article. In a few weeks they both obtained bail and were set at liberty; but a little later Mrs. Howe was surrendered by her bondsmen and returned to jail, where she has spent

most of the time since her original arrest. Her trial in the superior court before Mr. Justice Aldrich occupied several days, and she was defended by A. O. Brewster, Esquire, and C. H. Crosby, Esquire, with all possible vigor and devotion. The indictment against her was in five counts, and charged her with "cheating by false pretenses" — a crime distinguished in our statutes from "common cheating" — five different depositors. The false pretense alleged and proved was her statement of the existence of a Quaker fund of a million and a half upon which her "bank" was founded, which false pretense induced the women named in the indictment to give her their money. The government did not ask for a conviction upon the fifth count. The judge conducted the trial with the utmost care and with scrupulous impartiality. The government was ably and powerfully represented by Mr. M. O. Adams, the assistant district attorney. The jury took a little more than an hour to deliberate, and rendered a verdict of guilty upon each of the first four counts, and of not guilty on the fifth. The prison-

er's exceptions to certain of Judge Aldrich's rulings are still pending, as has already been said. A "true bill" was found by the grand jury against Mrs. Gould, but she has not yet been tried. Soon after Mrs. Howe's arrest her depositors attempted to find and take her property, and various legal proceedings were begun for that purpose, in all of which Mrs. Howe, aided by her attorneys, was as obstructive as possible. It was not until November 5, 1880, that she was adjudicated insolvent, under the "involuntary" process; and a fortnight later Augustus Russ, Esquire, was appointed her assignee, with results which have already been substantially set out. From the first to the last of the whole business the police and detective force of the city of Boston stood simpering by. The matter transcended all their experience and precedents, and they were as helpless, as useless, and as mute as so many oysters in the bed of Charles River. This is not the first instance, nor is it the tenth, in the history of this country in which crimes have been discovered and criminals brought to justice through the agency of the newspaper.

Henry A. Clapp.

PHILIP'S DEATH CELL IN THE ESCORIAL.

HERE Philip died. A dark, low-vaulted room,
 With one cramped window, void of heaven or day,
 Through which a vision swells of columns gray
 Lifting a great gray dome; and in the gloom
 Rise jasper altar-stairs. Above them loom
 The stretched arms of the Cross, — Life, Truth, and Way
 All centred there to him who, dying, lay
 Here where I stand, — dying with Herod's doom
 Full fastened on him. And I seem to be
 Alone with Philip's presence, and to grow
 Incorporate with the time and man; to see
 With clearer eyes how hate to man may flow
 From love to Christ outpoured mistakenly,
 And ask, Shall such be crimson, or as snow?

A. A. Adees.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE new books concerning Madame de Staël (*Le Salon de Madame Necker* and *A Study of the Life and Times of Madame de Staël*) will probably renew the everlasting riddle of Madame Récamier. In Dr. Stevens's book we are again confronted by that gentle sphinx, smiling, shedding tears, sympathizing right and left as usual, making as many conquests in her Indian summer as in her May. Two distinguished men, who never bowed the knee at her shrine, have declared that by observing her dispassionately they discovered her secret. One of these was the celebrated lawyer and orator Berryer. There were strong influences to propel him within the circle of her sempiternal charm. Châteaubriand and Berryer were the most eminent members of the Legitimist party, and Châteaubriand and Madame Récamier were the sun and moon of the adoring group which assembled in her little drawing-room at the Abbaye aux Bois. But while Châteaubriand had withdrawn from the world, and stood apart, like the solitary column of the Colonnas, Berryer was in the fervid activity of professional and public life and social success, the standard-bearer of the white banner of the Bourbons. His personality and self-assertion were too marked to permit him to make one of Madame Récamier's coterie, all men of talent, learning, or distinction, but among whom Châteaubriand alone was recognized as illustrious. So Berryer frequented the Abbaye aux Bois, not as a worshiper, but as a spectator, and he came to the conclusion that Madame Récamier's irresistible attraction lay in her art of listening. He said that she had cultivated it as an accomplishment, and showed marvelous study and skill in the degrees and shades of her silence and attention; that a man in talking to

her always felt her presence, never her individuality,—she belonged to him for the moment.

The other recalcitrant is Mérimée, who asserted that her spell consisted in a few phrases of direct and rather coarse flattery, repeated like a litany in the ear of every man to whom she talked. His harsh judgment is confirmed in a measure by Sismondi, who in one of his letters or diaries records with impatience the arrival of Madame Récamier at Coppet, where Madame de Staël's brain-club was in session, and says that now there will be no more conversation, as the beauty talks with only one person at a time, apart, and in an undertone. This account accords with Madame Sophie Gay's description of Madame Récamier's appearance in Madame de Staël's drawing-room one night when the Duke of Wellington was expected there, and the lady of the house going aside and whispering with her until the duke was announced.

There is a convergence in the testimony of these witnesses which strengthens Berryer's theory. Mérimée was not a talker himself; his laconisms and epigrams did not give Madame Récamier scope to exercise her accomplishment, and he mistook the intention of her flattering murmurs. If listening was her one talent, it is easy to understand why she preferred a sort of public *tête-à-tête* to general conversation. But the mystery evaporates. To be the most beautiful woman of one's time cannot be given to every daughter of Eve, nor, alas, to have a sweet temper and amiable disposition; but it has never been asserted that these gifts, or even these in conjunction with graceful manners, explained Madame Récamier's magical power over men. If, however, it lay in the perfection with which she listened,

it is an open secret, and ladies all, you have the recipe; it remains only to apply it!

— As old copies of favorite pieces of music grow tattered and tumble to pieces with much playing, and are replaced by new ones, I am surprised and sorry to see that the dedications have disappeared from the new editions. I find no exception; it is the same whether published by old or new houses. There may be a reason for this, and I hope that there is, and a good one, as otherwise it is a species of robbery. After a composer's death, the fame of his works belongs to him, the profit to his publishers, the sentimental association to those to whom they were originally inscribed. The dedications are data for the men's memoirs. There are, no doubt, unwritten ones, not always understood even by those to whom they are addressed. The young daughter of Count Esterhazy, one of Schubert's generous friends, herself the ideal love of his short, sad life, asked him once why he never dedicated anything to her. "Everything I write is dedicated to you," he replied. So, doubtless, said Chopin to George Sand, whose name, written so indelibly on his life, appears on no composition of his. These dedications belong to the inner, secret history, which is told only in the music. But on the title-page of the first copy is generally the name of a splendid patron, like Beethoven's Prince Lichnowsky; of a woman of fashion, whose smiles have encouraged the artist, and perhaps brought him into notice; of a brother or sister musician, composer or performer; sometimes of an humble, obscure friend. With many of these, noble or obscure, the dedication is their best title to remembrance, and the honor which was paid them by a genius should connect their memory with his. All dedications have historical value; Thackeray's to the tailor who gave him credit is a touching bit of biography. In taking a number of books from the shelf

at hazard, I find the original dedication in the latest editions. If this right of property be respected in literature, why not in music?

— The pang of envy with which we listen to Jones when he tells of his intimate acquaintance with famous authors, artists, etc., admits of consolation. Jones has often purchased his privilege at a considerable advance beyond its value. If he is a man of sensibility, he has suffered much disappointment in the destruction of those ideals which his synthetic fancy had created from qualities apparently indicated in the artists by their various works. Until calloused by experience, he must have been pained to find that Apollo was not Apollo unless padded with his art, and that the god was, morally, a very knock-kneed, undeveloped divinity. This ruinous effect of a near approach to the creative sources brings unwelcome doubts as to whether art has any essential connection with morals; and even after overcoming our skepticism we are still confronted with the paradox so frequently exhibited by artists whose cleverest strokes are made in delineating the very qualities which they personally lack.

It is commonly assumed that when work shows a delicate appreciation for some lofty idea its creator must be actuated, in his private relations, by a corresponding sentiment. But if we accept the logical import of Jones's evidence, we are led to the conclusion that so long as the world yields moral material to work in, artists may, without much detriment to their visible standard of production, dispense with a direct interest in questions relating to the rectitude of their own actions. That sensitiveness to the beauty of virtue which is evinced in their works does not argue a corresponding thinness of the moral epidermis.

This is an unfailing source of wonder to Jones. It nonpluses him that Mrs. Q., who leaves her sick baby in order to

appear in society, can sing lullabies with such exquisite tenderness; and that T., the actor, is able to portray such delightful constancy, when his domestic affairs are known to be in hopeless confusion. Happily for those concerned, Jones turns from the ruins of one ideal to the construction of another. This touching, obstinate faith may compensate for all the short-comings found among instances like those referred to; but it does not help us to answer the puzzling question how artists are often able seemingly to refute the aphorism that "something cannot come from nothing." The usual way of getting over the difficulty is to accuse our own powers of perception, and to assume that the poet, actor, painter, possesses, in some unfamiliar form, the virtue of which his works show a fine conception. Taken in the broad sense, which regards him as one of nature's forces, working always and by impulsion towards what is highest, such a view is not wide of the mark; but it shows him as he should be, rather than as we find him. The present question is personal, not general. A dealer in artists' materials is not reconciled to the theft of his brushes because they are to be used in painting a picture of Honesty.

The moral temperament examines everything from within, outwards. Its interest is first awakened by the indwelling intent, and from this it proceeds to external effects, which are regarded as of secondary importance, being but reflections of the real and valuable. It perceives beauty only from the central point of morality, and weighs it in its single regard to the social welfare.

The æsthetic temperament stands without, and looks inwards. It sees, first, beauty; then, if its vision be clear enough, virtue. Its antennæ are so acutely sensitive as to reveal to it the harmonies not only of sensuous, but also of moral, things. Its attention is absorbed by these harmonies, however, and

there is needed the addition of a sympathy with that which lies beyond, if it is ever to see and reach so far. This sympathy is not akin to the so-called "feeling" betrayed by the best artists. The former incites to a moral act; the latter to the reproduction of the beauty contained in such an act. Pure morality arrives at beauty through goodness; pure æstheticism reaches goodness through beauty. By the latter progression goodness is indeed reached, but in the impersonal form, as a result of law.

It is at this point that we are apt to become perplexed, when we descend from generalizations, and undertake to consider the artist as an individual. We see him constantly making little journeys towards the moral centre, and we are surprised that he has not long since reached it. At a certain place we lose sight of him. The work leaves its author behind, shakes off his fettering personality, and becomes part of a divine whole, as a spirit is said to be merged in the essence of Brahma.

The man who remains unsatisfied with his expression of a lofty idea in art until he has followed that idea still farther, and made it a part of his moral code, does just what we expect of him. He has produced something grand and elevating, — has strengthened his soul by the intelligent exercise of his genius in order to reach an aim greater than that which forms the immediate office of art. The type which puzzles us consists of such as stop short at the point of revelation. They are endowed with an intellectual appreciation, delicate sensibility, æsthetic sense, — call it what you will, — that enables them to conjure up from the materials which creation offers conceits which are often not inferior to those of the first-mentioned type; but, having made them perceptible to others, they rest content with the beauty they have brought into the world. Such people look at a stone arch for its pictorial effect; the question respecting

its strength is of comparatively small importance to them. They do not, indeed, omit this element from their calculations, for they know its æsthetic value; there being, however, no probability that they will ever stand upon the arch, their interest ceases when their own end is served.

An artist can render to us only the likenesses of his impressions; but whether the latter have accorded with his individual virtues, or been influenced by the mere desire to accomplish art's proximate object, — to please, — is not discoverable from his impressions as reflected in his work, because these may consist of only a perfect intellectual appreciation of the manner in which this or that virtue makes itself manifest. When weaknesses are shown, it is not because they exist in the artist's character, and must therefore force themselves into notice, but because they happen to preponderate over his æsthetic capabilities. His art is not large enough to hide him. If, however, he is able to give full expression to a love for beauty, his failings may be veiled by the inherent morality of his work. In this way, we can imagine a devil lost to his own devilry by an overpowering attraction to the beautiful, and giving his own nature the lie by the production of highly moral works. As the artist's picture, poem, statue, gives us only the representation of a thing, and not the thing itself, so his relation to virtue may be simply external, connecting him, in proportion to his degree of talent, more or less completely with its indications, but not, as an artist, with its internal experience.

Every one is ready to laugh at the story which Mr. Lewes tells of a French actor, whose person was unsafe in public because of the ire roused against him by his truthful delineation of the character of a villain; yet the public sentiment in this case is perhaps no more to be ridiculed than a private prejudice

which, founded upon the similar ground of an art manifestation, should induce the opposite conclusion, and cause one to regard the artist as a necessarily model man.

— A while ago one of the members of the Contributors' Club remarked that some Americans consider the German ideal of wifehood the true one, but deprecated any general imitation of the German wife by American women.

Now, although the English authoress of *German Home Life* gives a painful picture of the narrowness, drudgery, and ungrace of the lives of matrons in Germany, and compares them most unfavorably with her own countrywomen, and though my fellow contributor intimated that few American ladies ever iron a shirt-front, peel potatoes, or are scolded over the household bills, the evidence before us favors the belief that our ladies are constantly undergoing just those experiences, or their equivalents. As for the housekeeping-book, is there a family in the land, of which the husband holds the purse-strings, where it is not the unfailing *casus belli*? I mean where the married pair have any disagreements at all. Of course there are pairs who never have any differences, and their situation, as Dr. Watts said concerning the conventicle, must be

"Like a little heaven below."

But my contributor admits that the German wife is contented, and assumes that her contentment with her shirts and potatoes indicates an inferiority; and, conversely, that the American is not contented; she has, in fact, a soul above buttons. Now, I maintain that by so much as the German *hausfrau* is satisfied with her lot, to that extent has she the advantage of her American sister, for many reasons. The portraiture in *German Home Life* notwithstanding, I must give the experience of a gifted American girl, who spent six years in various German families in Hamburg and Berlin, as contradicting the asser-

tion that German husbands are not attentive to their wives. This lady stated that she had been much struck not only with the skill of the German housewives, and their entire supremacy in their homes, but with the devotion of their husbands to them. She said that the matrons went constantly to theatres and gardens with their husbands, who also escorted them, as a matter of course, to all the social gatherings which they were pleased to attend. Everywhere the presence of married ladies was observable.

Thus it appears that the German wife, hard as her labors are, is rewarded by a certain social consideration, and a certain amount of out-door diversion, which no doubt is the secret of her contentment. She also entertains her friends according to her means, and enjoys the approval which her culinary successes call forth from them. But the American wife differs from the foreign in several prime respects, especially in our highly respectable and educated New England. First, because in the depths of her free-born soul the ideal existence does *not* include housework, while the real article compels much of it, generally complicated by incompetent servants. Secondly, the American wife pays a degree of homage to the demon of style, which the German does not. In the American wife's house there must be upholstery and carpets, upon her clothing all the varieties of trimming it is able to carry, and everything about her must be as orderly and as ornate as her own ingenuity and exertion can make it. Not so with the German matron, who puts the money those things cost into hospitality, and the delightful pleasures of music, drama, and a hundred little inexpensive excursions out-of-doors. Consequently she is less nerv-

ous and debilitated with the care of her six or eight children crowded into a flat than the American in her four-story house, with few or no children. For the American matron tries to be a good manager, careful mother, skillful cook, nurse, dressmaker, general decorator, philanthropist, and active church member besides, and runs up and down stairs sempiternally to do it all. The German woman leaves the church to the government, wears dowdy dresses, and when she goes out visiting takes her bit of exquisite fancy-work or knitting to employ her fingers; she is not counting the minutes, card-case in hand, to make sure that her full-dress "call" is not too long! The American matron *must* be well dressed, though her husband is usually conspicuously absent from her side; so we judge that she arrays her person, as she regulates her conscience, in accordance with some higher law, and not with a view to selfish advantage.

Summing up the difference between the two, we find it as follows: The German matron is less beautiful and ethereal, less dainty in her surroundings. But she has more real pleasure and greater social prestige, though there is less *show* of compliment to her, and she is not troubled with vain ambitions nor weak nerves. The American woman is a more complex creature; more outwardly charming, less inwardly harmonious. She is the slave of appearances, willing or not, and once married is, in Solomon's expressive phrase, "a fountain sealed." If she have children, she is practically lost to society until they are nearly grown up, and she is too fatigued with the effort of rearing them to care for anything but the eventless quiet of a forgotten middle age.

For my part, I think that the German matron has the best of it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science. In the International Scientific Series, the latest volume is Karl Semper's *Animal Life as affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence*. It is an attempt to apply exact investigation to the doctrine of variability. The book is furnished with two maps and one hundred and six woodcuts. (Appleton.) — The *Endowment of Scientific Research* is the title of an address given by Prof. George Davidson before the California Academy of Sciences, of which the author is president. His claim is that the State should furnish the endowment. — Dr. St. George Mivart's monograph on *The Cat*, an introduction to the Study of Back-boned Animals, especially mammals, has been published by Scribners in an octavo volume, apparently from English plates, certainly in a fair page, with abundant illustration. The work is necessarily a contribution also to the question of the origin of species. — A second series of Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects, by H. Helmholtz, translated by E. Atkinson, has been published by Appleton. One interesting topic is on the relation of optics to painting, and the essays and addresses are marked by candor and freshness of interest. — In the International Scientific Series, the thirty-second volume is entitled *General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves*, by Dr. J. Rosenthal. The volume is in some sense a pioneer work in the subject. (Appleton.) — *The History of a Mountain*, translated from the French of Eliséé Reclus, by Bertha Ness and John Lillie (Harpers), is a poetic rather than fanciful biography of mountain forms; one may be glad that science is here popularized in a genuine and not artificial manner. — *Electric Meteorology* is a pamphlet which comes to us from G. A. Rowell, at Oxford (Slatter & Rose), and is an endeavor to show the general agency of electricity in the cause of rain and its allied phenomena, with an appeal for the consideration of the theory advanced. — Mr. Alexander Ramsay sends the first number of *The Scientific Roll and Magazine of Systematized Notes* (London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co.), the application, apparently, to current scientific literature of the method used for furnishing lawyers with the points of recent decisions. — From G. Reimer, Berlin, we have received Zinn, eine Geologisch-Montanistisch - Historische Monografie, von E. Reyer. Industrial statistics form also an important feature.

Lexicography. A *Handbook of English Synonyms* is a compact little book of a hundred and fifty pages, giving in alphabetical order a large number of words in ordinary use, with their synonyms, but with no definitions or distinctions. The object is to supply one with a better word than the one he has in his mind. The compiler is Loomis J. Campbell, who has had much experience with school-books. (Lee & Shepard.) — Mr. Alfred Leach has written a clever little book on *The Letter H, Past, Present, and Future* (London: Griffith & Farran; New York: Dutton), in which,

with serious intent, he gives rules for the silent *h*, based on modern usage, and notes on *wh*; the treatise is deliberate, but the author easily gets caught in the humorous toils of his subject.

Medicine and Hygiene. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's *Lectures on Diseases of the Nervous System, especially in Women* (H. C. Lea's Son & Co.), comes with authority from the writer's reputation; and if any one needs further assurance, let him read the catalogue of Dr. Mitchell's memberships on the title-page. — *The Wilderness Cure*, by Marc Cook (Wood), is a matter-of-fact, interesting report, by one who has tried it, of the therapeutic powers of the Adirondacks in cases of pulmonary phthisis. The record is by a layman, but is well supplemented by professional testimony. There is some evidence from the style of the writer that he had a resolution and a sanguinary temperament, which must count on the side of recovery.

Domestic Economy. D. Appleton & Co. have begun the publication of a series of Home Books, as they are called, devoted to all subjects pertaining to the home and the household. Three volumes have been published, *Building a Home*, *How to Furnish a Home*, and *The Home Garden*. The first is by A. F. Oakey, the others by Ella Rodman Church; all are illustrated, and from their limited dimensions are compelled to treat the subjects suggestively. We think more suggestion could have been had if the writers had written less; there is no room in such books for chat. It is a pity that something should not have been said of landscape gardening on a small scale, a subject which has only just begun to receive attention, but may well be made interesting to multitudes of small householders. — *Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes* is the title of a carefully prepared volume by Constance Cary Harrison (Scribners), which by illustrations and patterns and explicit directions offers to supply all aspiring and decorative women with works wherewith to make their homes blossom. If only one could supply taste as well!

Fiction. *The Sword of Damocles* is a new novel by Anna Katharine Green (Putnams), and belongs to the same class as her previous stories, *The Leavenworth Case* and *A Strange Disappearance*. Like them it ties hard knots and unties them with great elaborateness. — Mr. Perkins' *Daughter*, by the Marchioness Clara Lanza (Putnams), has a portrait of the heroine facing the title-page, and an explanatory note advising the reader that *Periodical Amnesia* was not invented by her. But would not the dedication have been sufficient guarantee? — It is but a thin disguise which was thrown off by Rev. W. M. Baker when he brings out his latest novel, *Blessed Saint Certainty*, as an extension in some ways of *His Majesty Myself*, which was published in the *No Name Series*. (Roberts Bros.) This novel has the incisive and irregular power which has marked other of his books. The

strength of conviction with which he writes goes far to redeem his novels from their artistic faults. — The latest novel of Feuillet which has been translated is *Bellah*, a historical novel, the scene laid in Brittany in the years of the French Revolution. (Petersons.) — The latest issues in the *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt) are *Matrimony*, by W. E. Norris (the reader may be assured that there is no nonsense about the title. The marriage does take place, contrary to the principles of some novelists of the day); and *A Matter-of-Fact Girl*, by Theo. Gift, who wrote the agreeable story of *Pretty Miss Bellow*. — In the *Franklin Square Library* (Harpers) the latest issues are, *My Love*, by E. Lynn Linton, — his love is *Stella Branscombe*, and her lover is *Cyril Ponsonby*, and with these two names the reader may let his imagination take wings; *Beside the River*, by *Katharine S. Macquoid*, which is dedicated pleasantly to *Robert Browning's Son*; *Harry Joscelyn*, by the industrious *Mrs. Oliphant*. — In the *No Name Series* the latest issue is *Mannella Parèdes*, which will be found sufficiently stimulating. — The second part of *Jules Verne's The Steam House*, with the subtitle *Tigers and Traitors*, has been translated by *Miss Agnes D. Kingston*, who translated also the first part. It is occupied with *Northern India*, and completes the work. — *Rocheport's* novel of *Mademoiselle Bismarck* has been translated by *Virginia Champlin* (Putnams), and published in the series of *Trans-Atlantic Novels*. What an advertising advantage these fire-brand public men have when they publish their *first* novel! — It is with a little reluctance that we class here the very interesting *Loukis Laras*, reminiscences of a *Chiote* merchant during the *Greek War of Independence*, by *D. Bikelas* (Appleton, Handy-Volume Series), so strongly does it appeal to the reader's historic taste. — The *Earl of Mayfield*, by *Thomas P. May* (Petersons), is a fresh issue of an old book, published anonymously. The novel deals with such late history as the war for the *Union*. The writer announces himself as a *Southern Unionist*; that he is a *Southerner* appears from the noble birth and fortunes of his hero, a *Confederate* private.

Philosophy, Theology, and Religion. Rev. W. R. Alger, in his essay, *The School of Life* (Roberts Bros.), develops the thought involved in the title, and by an ingenious use of the appointments of education throws light upon the development of human character in the conduct of life. — The *Boston Monday Lectures*, which for several years were the exclusive property of the Rev. Joseph Cook, were during the past winter distributed among a number of eminent divines, representing in general the evangelical school of thought, and the result is contained in a volume entitled *Christ and Modern Thought* (Roberts Bros.): the first lecture being by Mr. Cook; those following by *Bishop Clark*, *Drs. Hopkins, McCosh, Crosby, Robinson, John Cotton Smith*, and others. The lecture platform is certainly most valuable when there is, as here, a positive appeal to thought, and a well-planned conspectus of some great theme. — In the series of *English Philosophers* the latest volume is that devoted to *David Hartley* and *James Mill*, by

G. S. Bower. (Putnams.) Two short chapters are given of a biographical character, the rest of the book being an examination of the system, of which they were successive exponents. — *Christianity's Challenge*, and some *Phases of Christianity* submitted for *Candid Consideration*, is the title of a small volume of lectures, by the Rev. *Herrick Johnson, D. D.* (Chicago: Cushing, Thomas & Co.) Its title intimates the aggressive character of the treatment, but the aggressiveness is of the sort that is resenting an insult. — A *Companion to the Revised Version of the New Testament*, by *Alexander Roberts, D. D.*, one of the English revisers (Cassell), explains the reasons for the changes made. The volume contains a supplement noting the work done by the American committee. The book will be a convenient aid to those who wish to understand the scope of the revision without minute study of their own. — The *Fathers of the Third Century*, by *Rev. Geo. A. Jackson*, is the second volume in the useful series of *Early Christian Literature Primers*, edited by *Prof. G. P. Fisher*. (Appleton.) — The *Old Testament in the Jewish Church*, *Twelve Lectures on Jewish Criticism* (Appleton), will be read with interest, since the lectures formed the basis of attack upon the author, *Professor W. Robertson Smith*, of *Aberdeen*, who was driven from his chair. The revival of interest in biblical science is a noteworthy sign of the times.

Criticism. *Thomas Carlyle, the Man and his Books*, illustrated by personal reminiscences, table-talk, and anecdotes of himself and his friends, by *Wm. Howie Wylie*, has been published in the *Franklin Square Series*. (Harpers.) It was printed in England before the appearance of the *Reminiscences*, and may thus be taken as an independent piece of biographic criticism. In the same series appears *Lord Beaconsfield, a Study*, by the Danish critic, *Georg Brandes*. The author, following the line of his own studies, presents *Beaconsfield* as he finds him in *Disraeli's* writings. — *The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People*, by *John George Bourinot* (Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.), is a review of the journals, native literature, and educational movements in Canada. There are a great many names, and the author has a hopeful mind. He sees also that progress must be along the line of self-reliant nationality, and that Canada is still eminently provincial. — *Corneille and Racine*, by *Henry M. Trollope* (Lippincott), is a volume in the series of *Foreign Classics for English Readers*. The work is rather descriptive and summary than critical.

Social Sciences and Political Economy. *Coöperation as a Business*, by *Charles Barnard* (Putnams), is a lively account of the various coöperative enterprises which have succeeded. Its readableness is increased by the author's habit of looking at the enterprises as if he wished to embark in them all. One can in an hour or two get from this book a clear notion of societies which to the uninitiated appear complicated and mysterious. — *Mr. Steuben T. Bacon* has invented a ballot-box which is intended to circumvent all rascals who use it, and secure too the registering of honest

votes. He has published a little pamphlet, not descriptive of it, but as a plea for its necessity, under the title *The Ballot, Dangers from its Perversion: An Appeal and Method for maintaining its Purity*. The author may be addressed at 125 W. Concord Street, Boston. His sincerity and his ingenuity are equally commendable. — Col. J. W. Powell, the president of the Anthropological Society of Washington, has prepared and issued an abstract of the society's transactions, together with his annual address; the material is drawn largely from explorations among Indian tribes. — Two pamphlets containing information for emigrants have been published: one by John R. Procter, on the Climate, Soils, Timber, etc., of Kentucky, contrasted with those of the Northwest (Frankfort, Ky.: S. T. M. Major); the other upon Texas and her Capabilities, by W. W. Lang, of Marlin, Texas. — *Culture and Cooking, or Art in the Kitchen*, by Catherine Owen (Cassell), like many books of its class, protests at once against being called a cookery book. We should have supposed it was from its contents: hash, puff-paste, windsor pie, remarks on soups, potted meats, potato salad, — are all these creatures of the imagination? There are mingled observations on economy and servants, which probably deceive the author. — The Society for Political Education, New York, has issued a useful list, in its series of Economic Tracts, of books recommended for general reading, and as an introduction to special study on Political Economy and Political Science.

History and Biography. In Cassell's Popular Library has been published *The Scottish Covenanters*, by Dr. James Taylor, a brief compend of their history; its popularity will depend largely upon the sympathy of its readers. — Dr. Bartol's discourse on Mr. Fields (Boston: A. Williams & Co.) is not a biographic sketch, but a kind characterization, a sketch, indeed, with the mere incidents of his life omitted. — *The Life-Work of Elbridge Gerry Brooks*, by his son (Universalist Publishing House), is a biographic sketch, which undertakes to treat the subject not individually, but in its relations. Mr. Brooks might perhaps say that he had modeled not a separate statue of his father, but one figure on a bas-relief. — Mr. George T. Ferris continues his music series of brief biographic sketches in *The Great Violinists and Pianists*. (Appleton, Handy-Volume Series.)

Bibliography. The thirty-second annual report of the trustees of the Astor Library has been published. (Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co.) It is a legislative document, required by the act of incorporation, and indulges the reader with little beyond statistics.

Literature. A new and enlarged edition of Mr. Field's *Underbrush* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) was ready for publication just at the time of his death, and now appears in a pretty dress, a cheerful souvenir of the friendly writer. The last pages of the book contain sketches which were not in the first edition. — Mr. Frederic May Holland has translated Browning's *Sordello* into a brief story.

(Putnams.) — *Journal of a Farmer's Daughter* is the title of a little volume of prose notes on country life, with occasional poetical interludes, written by Elaine Goodale. The book is honest in its bearing, though not free from self-consciousness; we are a little impatient at this persistency of print. Might not Miss Goodale be a severer critic upon herself in the simple matter of publication? (Putnams.)

Books for Young People. How surprised De Foe will be when he reads this page to find Robinson Crusoe under this heading! It is issued in Harper's Franklin Square series. The edition seems to be complete. — The Harpers, who keep an eye on all classes of readers, have just issued a couple of books for the little folk, *The Young Nimrods in North America*, by Thomas W. Knox, and *Who was Paul Grayson?* by John Habberton. Both volumes are lavishly illustrated. If Mr. Habberton's story has for the juvenile mind as much charm as it lacks for the adult reader, it ought to be a very popular work. *The Young Nimrods*, as its title intimates, is a narrative of lively hunting adventures.

Business. Dr. T. Sterry Hunt publishes a report on *The Mineral Resources of the Hocking Valley*. (Boston: S. E. Cassino.) The Hocking Valley is in Southeastern Ohio, and Dr. Hunt gives an account of its coals, iron-ores, blast furnaces, and railroads. A careful map of the region accompanies the work.

Geography and Travel. From the Government Printing Office is issued Captain C. L. Hooper's report of the cruise of the United States revenue steamer Corwin in the Arctic Ocean. The cruise was on the Alaska coast and in the Behring Sea, and the report contains a little of various kinds of information respecting the country and its inhabitants, the sea, its ice, and its whales. — A new edition of D. Mackenzie Wallace's *Russia* has been issued by Henry Holt & Co. — *Seven Years in South Africa*, by Dr. Emil Holub (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an elaborate work in two octavo volumes, recording the travels, researches, and hunting adventures between the diamond-fields and the Zambesi (1872-1879). It is abundantly illustrated and furnished with maps. — *Random Rambles*, by Mrs. L. C. Moulton (Roberts), is a collection of short sketches of foreign life and scenes, desultory and untroubled about weighty matters.

Poetry and the Drama. The production of the *Edipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles at Sanders Theatre in Cambridge, has stimulated Mr. William W. Newell, a Harvard graduate, to render the play into English verse. This may be taken as one of the incidental advantages of the Greek play. It will be a pity if the representation does not inspire still further classic adventures. (Cambridge, Mass.: C. W. Sever.) — Volume XV. of the Harvard Shakespeare of Mr. Hudson (Ginn & Heath) contains *King Lear* and *Timon of Athens*; Volume XVI., *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Troilus and Cressida*.